

Europe edition

FTWeekend

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SATURDAY 21 MARCH / SUNDAY 22 MARCH 2015

Eclipse puts fears over solar power cuts in the shade

Europe's first major eclipse of the solar-power age, which drew millions of spectators across the continent in countries lucky enough not be covered in cloud, ended without disrupting electricity supplies. Some of the clearest views were in Svalbard, Norway (pictured).

Anxious power grid operators were keeping a close eye on supplies as the moon began to pass between the earth and the sun yesterday morning. There had been warnings of the prospect of disrupted supplies during the event, leading to an unusual amount of co-operation between Europe's grid operators.



Stan Honda/Getty

Obama moves to regulate fracking

◆ New rules to protect water supplies on federal land ◆ US energy sector condemns changes

BARNEY JOPSON — WASHINGTON

The Obama administration has taken its biggest step yet to regulate fracking on federal land by imposing new environmental safeguards on the technique that has turned the US into an energy superpower.

In a move that will be closely watched by other countries debating shale development, the administration said yesterday that it would introduce rules to prevent water pollution from fracking on federal land, where as many as 100,000 wells have been drilled.

The rules were condemned by the oil and gas industry, a reflexive foe of President Barack Obama. Brian Deese, a

White House adviser, said the rules would seek to strike an “appropriate balance” between safety and growth in an industry that has made a big contribution to the US recovery.

Sally Jewell, US secretary of the interior, said: “We need to update our regulations to make sure they can keep up with evolving technology.”

Rachel Pierson, an analyst at Beacon Policy Advisors, said: “This shouldn't stand in the way of the shale revolution at all. It's not extremely strict.”

Fracking involves pumping a mix of water and chemicals into shale rock at high pressure in order to shatter it and release the oil and gas trapped inside.

Environmental concerns have held

back fracking in Europe, despite growing concern over the region's dependence on Russian energy. France and Bulgaria have banned it.

The federal land to which the new regulations apply accounts for about 11 per cent of US natural gas production and 5 per cent of oil. The White House wants the rules to be a blueprint for state regulators, which supervise private land.

While the plunge in the oil price has chilled new developments, shale production has increased US oil output from 5m barrels per day in 2008 to 9.4m and made the US into the biggest producer of natural gas.

Ms Jewell said the new standards were “essential” to responsible development

The federal land to which the rules apply accounts for 11% of US natural gas and 5% of oil

and lauded the economic benefits of the shale revolution.

Some environmental groups are uncomfortable with Mr Obama's enthusiasm for shale oil and gas. Athan Manuel of the Sierra Club said: “When you look at above-ground climate policy he's done historic things. But on the issue of keeping fossil fuels in the ground they've been slower.”

Erik Milito of oil lobby group the American Petroleum Institute said the rules were “unnecessary” because they duplicated existing ones. The department of the interior says complying with the rules will cost less than 0.25 per cent of the cost of drilling a well.

Additional reporting by Megan Murphy

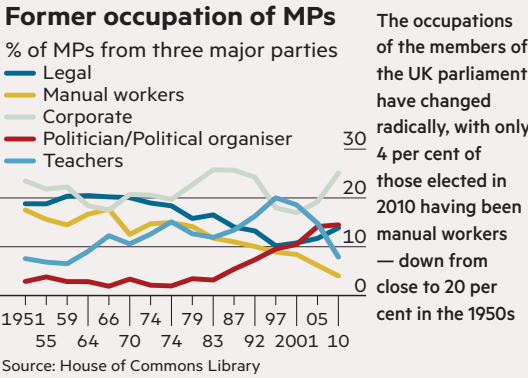
Briefing

- **Biogen hope for Alzheimer's drug**
An Alzheimer's drug being developed by Biogen has offered hope of a breakthrough after early trials showed it slowed down cognitive decline. — PAGE 8
- **Holcim and Lafarge rescue €41bn tie-up**
The cement giants Holcim and Lafarge have reconciled the differences over financial terms and top jobs that threatened to scupper one of Europe's biggest corporate deals. — PAGE 8; LEX, PAGE 20
- **Divided Israel exposed by election**
The unexpected re-election of Benjamin Netanyahu as Israeli premier this week laid bare division between richer secular Jews and their poorer, more religious compatriots. — PAGE 3; SIMON SCHAMA, PAGE 7
- **Ukraine oligarch urges nationalisation**
Igor Kolomoisky, one of Ukraine's most powerful oligarchs, called for “illegally” privatised state assets to be restored to state control as the country battles to plug a \$40bn hole in its finances. — PAGE 4

► **Renzi confronted with first scandal**
Italy's reformist prime minister Matteo Renzi suffered a setback when his infrastructure minister resigned after police unveiled a corruption ring involving €25bn of public works projects. — PAGE 4

► **Germans obsess over Greek stinkefinger**
Germans are engrossed with the question of whether, in 2013, Greek finance minister Yanis Varoufakis raised his middle finger at the country, where the gesture is called a *stinkefinger*. — PAGE 2

Datawatch



Music industry releases new challenge to Spotify

Report ► PAGE 10

Austria	€4.30	Macedonia	Den240
Bahrain	Dir2.0	Malta	€4.00
Belgium	€4.30	Morocco	Dhs50
Bulgaria	Lev8.75	Netherlands	€4.30
Croatia	Kn29.50	Nigeria	Naira715
Cyprus	€3.95	Norway	Nkr2.59
Czech Rep	Kc120	Oman	QR2.00
Denmark	DKr41	Pakistan	Rupee 250
Egypt	EGP25	Poland	z1 22
Finland	€5.30	Portugal	R15
France	€4.30	Serbia	NewDin90
Germany	€4.30	Romania	Ron19
Gibraltar	€3.00	Russia	€5.00
Greece	€4.00	Saudi Arabia	R15
Hungary	Hft100	Serbia	NewDin90
India	Rup170	Slovak Rep	€4.30
Italy	€4.00	Slovenia	€4.00
Kazakhstan	US\$7.00	South Africa	R55
Kenya	KSh500	Spain	€4.00
Kuwait	KWD150	Sweden	SKr50
Latvia	€7.59	Switzerland	SFr6.90
Lebanon	LBp9000	Tunisia	Din9.00
Lithuania	Litas17.5/€5.07	Turkey	TL11.50
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Germans miss boat on Dax windfall after share ownership drops by third

CHRIS BRYANT — FRANKFURT

German stocks touched record highs at the bourse in Frankfurt this week, but Angelika Stahl from the nearby village of Friedrichsdorf is not celebrating.

Crossing the Börsenplatz by the city's stock exchange, the city zoo employee says she does not own stocks and never will.

“Stocks are for people who already have a lot of money and can afford to speculate and to lose it,” she says, as tourists snap pictures of the exchange's bull and bear sculptures — the symbols of capricious markets. “They are too risky for me . . . I don't trust them.”

Ms Stahl, 58, is not alone. Only 8.4m Germans, or 13 per cent of the population, held shares or equity funds in 2014, according to Deutsches Aktieninstitut, a lobby group — down a third

since 2001. In the US, 52 per cent of families hold stocks, according to the Federal Reserve, while official figures in the UK put the figure at 18 per cent of British families.

The blue-chip Dax index — which includes household names such as Volkswagen, Siemens and BMW — closed above 12,000 points for the first time on Monday as investors bet that the weak euro would boost exports. But most ordinary Germans missed out on the paper windfall, with the gains accruing chiefly to international investors.

“When Germans hear the name Adidas, they don't realise it is also something they can invest in,” says Henning Gebhardt, head of European equities at DWS.

Germans have long preferred to park their money in low-risk savings and insurance products and are suspicious

of anything they consider smacks of speculation. The aversion to equities reflects a broader German discomfort with financial markets that has been on display throughout the prolonged euro-zone crisis — with politicians frequently blaming Anglo-Saxon markets and speculators for the turmoil, including one who labelled private equity funds as locusts.

But for German savers, such attitudes may no longer be tenable. Returns on bank deposits have dwindled since the European Central Bank cut interest rates to record lows.

Meanwhile, the Dax has gained some 21 per cent this year in euro terms and more than 200 per cent since February 2009.

As a result, Andreas Hackethal of Goethe University's House of Finance

Continued on page 4

World Markets

STOCK MARKETS				CURRENCIES				INTEREST RATES			
	Mar 20	prev	%chg		Mar 20	prev			price	yield	chg
S&P 500	2113.29	2089.27	1.15	\$ per €	1.079	1.062	€ per \$	0.926	100.65	1.93	-0.03
Nasdaq Composite	5040.70	4992.38	0.97	\$ per £	1.492	1.473	£ per \$	0.670	103.63	1.63	0.00
Dow Jones Ind	18188.34	17959.03	1.28	€ per £	0.723	0.721	£ per €	1.382	103.14	0.18	0.00
FTSEurofirst 300	1610.93	1597.56	0.84	¥ per \$	120.260	120.935	¥ per €	129.814	100.78	0.32	-0.01
Euro Stoxx 50	3731.96	3670.73	1.67	¥ per £	179.447	178.108	£ index	89.965	99.93	2.50	-0.02
FTSE 100	7022.51	6962.32	0.86	€ index	84.163	84.544	\$ index	104.759	100.58	-0.21	0.00
FTSE All-Share	3788.26	3758.09	0.80	Sfr per €	1.054	1.054	Sfr per £	1.457			
CAC 40	5087.49	5037.18	1.00	COMMODITIES					price	prev	chg
Xetra Dax	12039.37	11899.40	1.18		Mar 20	prev	%chg	Fed Funds Eff	0.12	0.11	0.01
Nikkei	19560.22	19476.56	0.43	Oil WTI \$	46.99	45.53	3.21	US 3m Bills	0.03	0.05	-0.02
Hang Seng	24375.24	24468.89	-0.38	Oil Brent \$	55.00	54.43	1.05	Euro Libor 3m	0.02	0.02	0.00
FTSE All World \$	285.57	281.23	1.54	Gold \$	1183.10	1166.00	1.47	UK 3m	0.57	0.56	0.00
								Prices are latest for edition Data provided by Morningstar			

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INTERNATIONAL

Eurozone crisis

Greek bailout summit ends in disarray

Leaders engage in verbal hostilities after meeting to agree funding deal

PETER SPIEGEL — BRUSSELS

Greece’s prime minister and fellow eurozone leaders emerged from a meeting early yesterday morning touting a breakthrough agreement to unlock much-needed bailout funds for Athens — only to fall into disagreement hours later about what it all meant.

Two days of intensive and occasionally heated negotiations at an EU summit in Brussels amounted to little more than a repeat of talks a month ago between eurozone finance ministers that officials then also hailed as the definitive agreement to get the final bailout review under way.

So similar were the two deals that, much like the one finalised last month,

leaders involved in the talks could not agree on what was agreed within 12 hours after a late-night meeting aimed at resolving all differences.

Athens is facing a severe cash crunch. It needs fresh sources of financing to pay wages and pensions at the end of this month following a €1bn revenue shortfall in the first two months of the year, according to Athens bankers.

At the centre of the dispute is what reforms Athens must undertake to access €7.2bn in rescue aid, and how eurozone lenders can verify that Greece’s radical anti-austerity government is actually implementing them.

Angela Merkel, the German chancellor, made clear at a post-summit news conference that the starting point for Alexis Tsipras, Greek prime minister, was a December 10 inventory of incomplete reforms promised by the previous Greek government. “The Greek government has the opportunity to pick indi-

vidual reforms that are still outstanding as of 10 December and replace them with other reforms if they . . . have the same effect,” Ms Merkel said.

It is a potentially incendiary demand since the document Ms Merkel referred to — a letter written by Greece’s then

‘Forget the commitment of the former government. There are no austerity measures’

centre-right prime minister Antonis Samaras and his finance minister Gikas Hardouvelis — was the focus of particular scorn for Mr Tsipras’s far-left Syriza party on the campaign trail.

Mr Tsipras insisted at his own press conference that Ms Merkel was mistaken. “Forget the commitment of the former government. There are no aus-

terity measures. There is no letter of Hardouvelis,” Mr Tsipras argued. “I asked [the other leaders]: do you expect me to . . . go through this evaluation and implement measures that Mr Samaras was not able to implement? The answer was no.”

The verbal hostilities resumed even though the crisis meeting — which also included French president François Hollande and Mario Draghi, European Central Bank chief — was described by the participants as amicable.

According to people briefed on the talks, Mr Tsipras opened with demands for additional cash with few strings attached, acknowledging his government may not make it to the end of April without an injection of bailout funds. But his push lasted only the first 10 minutes before the other leaders convinced him it was unachievable.

Instead, much of the session focused on logistical arrangements in Athens,

where Greek officials have thrown up hurdles to international bailout monitors seeking to access data to evaluate the country’s reform efforts.

Mr Draghi was particularly incensed, telling Mr Tsipras he believed the inspectors — from the ECB, European Commission and International Monetary Fund — had been badly treated by their hosts. Mr Tsipras countered that allowing such access would be a violation of Greek sovereignty. But he relented after Ms Merkel noted all IMF members are subject to annual reviews involving access to a country’s books.

The Greek finance ministry, meanwhile, signalled it was adopting a new conciliatory stance, saying officials “look forward to receiving” requests from the inspectors and would respond “in the same constructive spirit”.

Additional reporting by Kerin Hope in Athens
Editorial Comment page 6

Entertainment

London music clubs can’t get no satisfaction as commercial pressures rise

JAMES PICKFORD — LONDON

In the crimson, cavernous interior of London’s 100 Club, Jeff Horton points to a scuffed platform, clad with pieces of duct tape. “It’s the same stage that Muddy Waters, Johnny Rotten, Hugh Masekela and the Rolling Stones have played on. It hasn’t changed in all that time.”

Mr Horton’s basement club is a true survivor of the capital’s music scene, once liberally served with proverbial ‘sweaty dives’. Started in 1964 by his father, it has improbably retained its spot on Oxford Street even as the city around it has been transformed.

Yet in 2010 it teetered on the brink of closure under pressures that are coming to bear on music venues across the capital: high property prices, liberalised planning rules and an often hostile relationship with local authorities.

The number of live music venues in London has dropped steadily. In 2010 the city boasted 401; by 2012 there were 343, according to the Music Venue Trust, a representative body. In the past six months, venues including Madame Jojo’s, Escape Bar, Vibe Bar and Buffalo Bar have shut their doors.

The business model for running small, grassroots venues has become more unsustainable as costs and overheads have rocketed. Yet the industry argues venues remain a vital crucible for new talent, giving musicians an apprenticeship.

Mark Davyd, who heads the Music Venue Trust, said: “It’s the R&D arm of the music industry but we aren’t funding it adequately for it to be sustainable.”

He also called for more protection for venues from the tendency of local residents’ complaints to trump other considerations. “We shouldn’t be shutting venues because someone moves upstairs then complains about the music,” he said.

The 100 Club’s financial problems came to a head in the late 2000s. The UK smoking ban in 2007 put a big dent in audience numbers, wiping £100,000 off revenues that year at Mr Horton’s estimate. The ban was followed a year later by a five-yearly rent review and a rise of 40 per cent.

London has become “ridiculously expensive”, he said. When he took over from his father in 1984, the rent was £16,000 a year. Now he pays £200,000, on top of business rates close to £50,000. Ticket prices and the price of a pint have risen, but nowhere near as much. “Do the maths and you can see we can’t possibly increase the price of what we offer to match our rent rises.”

The club started a campaign in 2010 to prevent closure, attracting 40,000 friends on its Facebook page and help in the form of benefit gigs from Sir Paul McCartney and Ronnie Wood.

It was saved after Converse, the shoe brand, stepped in with a partnership involving events, branding and merchandising.

Such business imperatives are a far cry from the musical passions that motivated most venue owners, he said, but they cannot be ignored. “The days are long gone where you could just book a band, open the door and take a few bob behind the bar.”

Varoufakis Middle finger points to growing German obsession

STEFAN WAGSTYL — BERLIN

The big Greek crisis question consuming Germany this week was not about debt or financial restructuring — but the left middle finger of Yanis Varoufakis.

Did the radical Greek finance minister raise the offending digit in an obscene gesture aimed at Berlin? Or did he not? Germans are talking of little else in a debate fuelled by conflicting claims and commentaries that verge on the absurd.

The saga raises questions about digital media, satire and Germans’ view of their place in the world. But mostly it is a tale about a Teutonic obsession with Mr Varoufakis, the 53-year-old motorbike-riding Marxist who prefers jeans and leathers to a suit and tie; the finance minister of a penniless country who has the temerity to challenge Berlin.

“He’s a radical punk,” says Peter Littger, a social commentator for Spiegel magazine. “He is not like a typical politician. It’s not that we like him or don’t like him. We are intrigued.”

That intrigue boiled over last Sunday when Günther Jauch, one of Germany’s top television presenters, played a clip from a 2013 conference in Croatia while hosting Mr Varoufakis on his show.

In the video, Mr Varoufakis argues that Greece should default. “Stick the finger to Germany and say . . . you have to solve the problem by yourself,” he says, while raising his left middle finger.

Mr Varoufakis promptly denied flashing what Germans call the *Stinkefinger* and claimed the video had been doctored. Mr Jauch’s broadcaster stood by the video.

But then a German satirist intervened: Jan Böhmermann, a rising comedy star, claimed on his Tuesday television show that he had painstakingly faked the Varoufakis finger. He even showed video clips purporting to detail his forgery. A grateful Mr Varoufakis proclaimed his innocence and demanded an apology from Mr Jauch “for having used a doctored video to silence a conciliatory Greek voice”.

But the story took another twist: Mr Böhmermann’s network subsequently reminded viewers his programme was satire, implying the doctoring claim was not serious. And Skripta, the Croatian video company that made the 2013 con-



Generation gap: German finance minister Wolfgang Schäuble, left, with Yanis Varoufakis in Berlin last month. The finger video, below
Carsten Kroll/Getty Images

ference film posted on YouTube what it said was the original — complete with a Varoufakis *Stinkefinger*.

So why did Mr Böhmermann do it? A replay of his video clip suggests the ploy was less an attempt to target Mr Varoufakis than to ridicule a German obsession. “This is how we Germans are,” he says. “In one century we have twice devastated Europe, but when somebody shows us a finger, we go mad.”

The clip echoes one he made a month



ago, called “V for Varoufakis”, in which Germans are characterised as tough and trustworthy people who “started two world wars and almost won them both”. The Greek finance minister is portrayed as an avenging angel threatening Germany: the man who “put the Hell into Hellenic . . . Half God. Half Souvlaki”.

Even before *Stinkefinger* erupted, there was ample evidence that Mr Varoufakis was getting under Germans’ collective skin. The hip, athletic-looking Greek is the antithesis of their stern, 72-year-old finance minister, Wolfgang Schäuble. They were transfixed after Mr Varoufakis visited his counterpart in Berlin early last month in an ill-fated attempt to drum up support for the new Greek government’s leftwing policies. Mr Schäuble said the two men had agreed to differ. No, said Mr Varoufakis, they did not even “agree to disagree”.

Far from vilifying Mr Varoufakis, the German media generally treated him like a rock star.

“Varoufakis is without doubt a man

‘He’s someone you could imagine starring in a film like *Die Hard* 6. He’s an interesting character’

full of charisma,” the glamorous ZDF presenter Marietta Slomka said last month. “Visually, he’s someone you could imagine starring in a film like *Die Hard* 6. He’s an interesting character.”

In a piece headlined “What makes Yanis Varoufakis a sex icon” even the conservative *Die Welt* newspaper drooled over the “Varoufakis look”: the shirt over the trousers, the cowboy boots, the muscular motorbike and a flat full of art near the Acropolis.

But for the many Germans opposed to the Greek rescue, *Stinkefinger* is an opportunity to jab Mr Varoufakis. “Now he is the lying Greek. Anyone can now cut him down to Mister Stinkefinger,” *Bild* newspaper said. “Things can move so fast. Up like a rocket. Down like a turbocharger.”

Mr Varoufakis tried to calm things down yesterday with a blog entitled “Of Greeks and Germans: Re-imagining our shared future”. But few Germans noticed. They were too busy following the top Twitter trend #Varoufakefake.

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France. Local elections

Socialists struggle to stem march of National Front

As Hollande’s poll bounce fades, Le Pen aims to establish governing credentials

ANNE-SYLVAIN CHASSANY — AVIGNON

Darida Belaïdi takes a break in the sun after a morning canvassing the poor immigrant suburbs of Avignon, a world away from the southern French city’s papal palace and medieval ramparts.

She is one of 3,000 candidates from France’s governing Socialist party campaigning for this weekend’s local elections — many of them battling a resurgent far-right National Front (FN).

“Our electorate is not mobilised,” said Ms Belaïdi, who is running for a seat in the Vaucluse, one of the 98 *départements* (counties) whose councils are up for re-election. “We need to get them to vote. Because if it’s not us, it’ll be the FN.”

Ms Belaïdi helped fend off an FN attempt to take Avignon city council in municipal elections last year — a rare bright spot in a sweeping electoral defeat for François Hollande, the Social-

ist president. But a year later, Ms Belaïdi is campaigning to prevent her region from swinging to the right — and possibly Marine Le Pen’s far right FN — after 14 years of Socialist leadership.

The rise in Mr Hollande’s approval rating, from dire lows, following the Paris terror attacks two months ago, was shortlived. Opinion polls before tomorrow’s first-round vote put the anti-immigrant, anti-euro FN neck and neck with an alliance of centre-right UMP and UDI parties, on about 30 per cent support.

With an expected low turnout, some Socialist candidates may not make it to the second round next weekend because they will fail to make a 12.5 per cent threshold. The Socialists and their leftwing allies could lose more than 20 *départements* out of the 61 they control.

The UMP, led by the former president Nicolas Sarkozy, is likely to make the strongest gains, but the far right is likely to become the swing vote in a number of councils. Ms Le Pen’s camp may even take the presidency of a few councils, whose powers cover child protection services, secondary schools and roads. It

would be a breakthrough for a leader eager to establish governing credentials and a strong local party machine before the 2017 presidential poll.

Control of Vaucluse is within Ms Le Pen’s reach. The FN won 36 per cent of the votes in European parliamentary elections there last year — well above its

25 per cent national score. In 2012, Ms Le Pen’s niece, Marion Maréchal-Le Pen — a rising star in the party — was elected to the National Assembly as deputy for the area, aged only 22.

The FN has achieved some of its highest scores in southern France by exploiting anxiety over immigration and an unemployment rate that exceeds the national average of 12 per cent.

In Les Halles, Avignon’s indoor farmers’ market, Marie Benoît, 87, and her husband cheered loudly at the sight of

the FN leader and her niece, who had come to support party candidates this week. The two pensioners complained about rising crime and the growing number of women wearing the veil.

“I am against this government. Hollande is a jerk. He’s not doing anything apart from flying abroad and staying in luxury hotels,” said Mrs Benoît, “I voted for Sarkozy, but he is no better. I am not sure she’ll do anything either, but at least it will be a change.”

In a speech later, Ms Le Pen taunted the government, railed against Islamists seeking to impose their way of life and accused the EU of demanding “human sacrifices”.

Ms Belaïdi, whose Algerian mother removed her veil once and for all when she came to France in 1952, criticised her opponents’ “divisive” rhetoric and said it fostered racism. Earlier that morning, a man had thrown a campaign leaflet back in her face, telling her: “Go back to your country, dirty Arab.”

“What country?” she said. “I was born in France, my parents came in France when Algeria was French. What should I do? Change my face?”

Darida Belaïdi, Socialist candidate in Vaucluse: ‘Our electorate is not mobilised’

INTERNATIONAL

Poll result exposes Israeli divisions

Rather than a shift to the right, the election numbers point to a shrinking of the centre and a deep split between the wealthy, largely secular Ashkenazim and the poorer, more religious Sephardi Jews

JOHN REED — TEL AVIV

Gabriel Tamir and his brother-in-law Yuval Brayer are discussing rightwing Israeli leader Benjamin Netanyahu's surprise election victory this week over omelettes and salads at Café Landwer in wealthy north Tel Aviv. Both men supported the opposition centre-left, who looked set to win until the last minute. Defeat has left a bitter taste.

"I am very disappointed, even worried. The country is becoming more and more tribal," says Mr Tamir, a physician. "Instead of being melted together into a homogeneous society, we are becoming more and more separate."

Mr Brayer says of Mr Netanyahu: "He represents a national tribe — a tribe that believes in segregation, less liberal than I and my people are in terms of equal opportunities, human rights." He adds that voting patterns in the election exposed divisions between Israel's two main Jewish ethnic groups who comprise 80 per cent of the population: "This is Sephardim vs Ashkenazim."

With the votes now counted, Israelis are conducting a postmortem of Mr Netanyahu's unexpected win. While some commentators see the results as a shift to the right, the numbers tell a different story. The rightwing bloc's overall share of seats in the Knesset actually fell because Mr Netanyahu's Likud party cannibalised votes from other parties. He will need at least one centre-right partner alongside his party's far-right and religious allies to form a coalition.

Instead, analysts say, the political centre shrank as the campaign laid bare divisions in Israeli society between the rich, largely secular Ashkenazim of eastern European descent who support the centre-left, and the poorer, more religious Sephardi Jews of Middle Eastern descent who voted for the right.

The prime minister sprinted from behind in the last three days of the campaign after resorting to divisive language that exploited these identity politics and energised his demoralised rightwing base. His tactics included repeating the military code "Tzav 8", which is used to call up reservists, warning that Arab citizens of Israel — who number about 1m — were being bussed to polling stations by foreign-funded leftists, and repeating: "It's us or them."

Analysts say centre-left parties and left-leaning media also stoked divisions by repeating the phrase "anyone but Bibi" and attacking Mr Netanyahu and his wife Sara for the conduct of their household affairs, which fed an unexpected backlash of support for the prime minister.



Identity politics: Israelis sit in a café in central Tel Aviv, above, while two men watch Benjamin Netanyahu on television in the coastal city of Netanya



Tamar Hermann, a researcher at the Israel Democracy Institute, describes the fissure within Israeli society as "metro" vs "retro".

"Likud managed to mobilise the retro base in a very effective way," says Yohanan Plesner, the IDI's president. "There was a strong sense of an anti-Bibi campaign perceived by natural supporters of Netanyahu as an onslaught on their identity — the idea of the Ashkenazi elite trying to impose themselves on the rest of society."

Outside a convenience store in Kfar Shalem, a poor, Sephardi neighbourhood in south Tel Aviv, five men are drinking local beer at plastic tables. Most voted for Mr Netanyahu. Some backed Moshe Kahlon, a Sephardi centre-rightist whom the Likud leader wants as his next finance minister. The men say aspects of the opposition's campaign offended them. At a Tel Aviv centre-left rally a few days before the vote, the Ashkenazi playwright Yair Garbuz complained that Israel had been taken

'Metro' vs 'retro'

'Instead of being melted together into a homogeneous society, we are becoming more and more separate'

Gabriel Tamir, physician

'Netanyahu represents a tribe that believes in segregation, less liberal than I and my people'

Yuval Brayer

'We were afraid. We thought the Arabs would get into the security committee, and all the secrets of the state are there'

Moshe Mazrav, Sephardi Jew

'Herzog is a nerd. He wants the Arabs. He is against the people'

Yitzhak Levy

over by a "handful of amulet-kissers and idol-worshippers" — remarks widely criticised as anti-religious and anti-Sephardi, for which Isaac Herzog's centre-left Zionist Union later apologised.

"That playwright spoke badly about the people who kiss the mezuzah," says Moshe Mazrav angrily, referring to the cases containing a short passage from the Torah that religious Jews affix to their doorposts. "Most of the Jews in the world kiss the mezuzah."

The stoking of fears of Israel's Arab minority also played a role in the men's choice of candidate. "On Sunday night, we were in paranoia — we thought things were going really badly," says Tazdok Cohen. "We got WhatsApp messages that the Arabs were going to vote — we went crazy when we saw it."

Mr Mazrav, who says he was "not very happy with Bibi", was stirred to vote at the last minute. "When the saw the messages we were afraid," he says. "We thought the Arabs would get into the security committee [of the Knesset], and all the secrets of the state are in that committee." These fears were highlighted when a close finish between Mr Netanyahu and Mr Herzog looked likely earlier this week, and Ayman Odeh's Joint List Arab party said it might back a government formed by the centre-left, although he also made clear that he would not join a coalition.

"Herzog is a nerd. He wants the Arabs. He is against the people," says Yitzhak Levy, a religious man who washes bodies before funerals. Across the table, Yoram Chatuka adds: "If Bibi were the prime minister of the world, this world would be a better place."

Back at Café Landwer, Mr Tamir and Mr Brayer have dropped politics for the concerns of metro Tel Aviv, a place Israelis nickname "the bubble". Mr Tamir discusses a recent trip he took to Thailand, and another he is planning to Greece. "I am just bubbling myself into the bubble," he says. "It's like escapism."

Simon Schama page 7

Health warning

Common weedkiller labelled as cancer risk

CLIVE COOKSON — SCIENCE EDITOR

The World Health Organisation's cancer agency has declared the world's most widely used weedkiller a "probable carcinogen" in a move that will alarm the agrochemical industry and amateur gardeners.

The assessment by the International Agency for Research on Cancer of glyphosate, which is used in herbicides with estimated annual sales of \$6bn, will be of particular concern to Monsanto, the company that brought glyphosate to market under the trade name Roundup in the 1970s. Monsanto's current generation of herbicide-resistant genetically modified crops depends on farmers spraying their fields with glyphosate to kill weeds.

The IARC assembled 17 experts to assess five organophosphate pesticides. After meeting for a week earlier this month at IARC headquarters in Lyon, France, the panel decided that two of the chemicals were "possible" (class 2B) carcinogens and three were "probable" (class 2A) carcinogens. A summary of the assessment was published online yesterday in the journal Lancet Oncology.

Although malathion, another widely used insecticide, and tetrachlor vinphos were also given a 2A classification, the glyphosate ruling will make the most impact. The IARC has no regulatory role and its decisions do not lead immediately to bans or marketing restrictions, but campaigners are expected to use them to put pressure on regulators.

Philip Miller, head of global regulatory affairs for Monsanto, rejected the IARC classification, which, he said, conflicted with other official assessments of glyphosate safety.

Most recently the German government completed a four-year evaluation of glyphosate for the EU, concluding that it was "unlikely to pose a carcinogenic risk in humans".

Islamic regime. Popular myth

How nuclear accord could put new Iranian hero in the history books

Legendary status awaits

whoever can claim credit

for any deal with the west

NAJMEH BOZORGMEHR — TEHRAN

In a country that reveres its heroes, few can rival Mohammad Mossadegh, the ousted prime minister of Iran. Overthrown in a US-backed coup in 1953, the champion of oil nationalisation is famed for standing up to western interests.

This year, on the 64th anniversary of the oil nationalisation that helped seal Mossadegh's heroic status, Iran will engage in nuclear talks in Switzerland.

If an agreement is reached between the Islamic regime and the world powers — US, UK, France, Russia, China and Germany — it could prove to be a turning point in the country's history, ending a decade long stand-off over its nuclear capability. A comprehensive deal could be possible by July.

For a country with a tradition of not only strong leaders, but also of venerating mythological and political heroes, a foreign policy success such as the nuclear deal begs the question not only of who will be benefit politically from any agreement, but also who history or popular myth will record as its hero.

Hassan Rouhani, Iran's centrist president, may yet secure most of the credit. During the 2013 presidential election campaign, he promised to "reconcile with the world". Under the guidance of Mr Rouhani — a former top nuclear negotiator and a veteran regime insider — Iran signed an interim nuclear deal with the six powers just months after his surprise victory.

Mohammad Javad Zarif, Iran's foreign minister and current nuclear negotiator, has also emerged well from the talks, praised by Iranian analysts and

western diplomats alike for his diplomatic expertise.

But, conservatives say, if there is to be a hero of the talks, it has to be Ayatollah Ali Khamenei, Iran's supreme leader and ultimate decision maker. He has consistently thrown his support behind the talks and has so far successfully curbed hardliners.

Hardliners are reluctant to allow Mr Rouhani too much glory, fearing that it would help his chances at next year's crucial parliamentary elections.

"Rouhani and Zarif will quickly come out and say the deal has happened thanks to the leadership of Ayatollah Khamenei in order to prevent antagonism of hardliners," said Saeed Laylaz, a reform-minded analyst. "This is while Rouhani has no choice but to cautiously sell it as his own victory, too, to win the next parliament and be re-elected [in 2017 presidential poll]."

Such complicated politics may mean it is left to the history books to decide the true hero of the talks. Indeed, in Iran's tradition, which has its roots not only in Shia Islam but also in Persian mythology, often it is only after they die that heroes are properly recognised.

Most famous of all is Arash the archer. Overcoming criticism that he had sold out to Persia's enemies, in an echo of



A statue of Arash, whose arrow set the northern border of Persia

today's nuclear talks, he was tasked to negotiate with them. He agreed that Persia's borders would be defined by a single shot from his bow.

All his energy went into an arrow shot from Iran's highest mountain and he died. The arrow landed in central Asia, determining the northern border of the Persian empire. Arash earned adulation through the generations for his sacrifice and devotion to the motherland.

In a, perhaps unconscious, acknowledgment of the myth, Mr Rouhani has told the country's leaders he is prepared to make big sacrifices. "Mr Rouhani has told the country's top leaders that he is ready to be hanged for a nuclear deal but Iran must sign the agreement to save the country," said one political analyst with access to regime insiders.

No one thinks that Mr Rouhani will face the same fate as Arash, but there is little doubt there have already been sacrifices made by the moderate camp. Akbar Hashemi Rafsanjani and Mohammad Khatami, the two former presidents whose backing for Mr Rouhani at the polls swung it for him, have come under increasing pressure. Mr Rafsanjani's son, Mehdi, has been sentenced to 15 years in jail for corruption. The media have been banned from publishing pictures or comments from Mr Khatami.

In the end, a mere nuclear deal may not be enough for anyone to join the pantheon of Iranian heroes. "Hardliners are paranoid about a reformist or moderate hero. But how can anyone become a hero when hundreds of billions of dollars have been spent on the nuclear programme only to get a few thousand centrifuges spinning?" said one analyst. "Rouhani, Rafsanjani and Khatami have only prevented a major crisis but Mossadegh created a massive change not only in Iran but the Middle East by oil nationalisation."



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INTERNATIONAL

Italy Premier confronted with first scandal

Matteo Renzi, Italy’s reformist prime minister, survived for more than a year in office without facing a big scandal. But this week, it happened.

Maurizio Lupi, the minister of infrastructure and transport, was forced to resign yesterday after prosecutors and police unveiled a ring of corruption involving some of the most high-profile public works projects – worth €25bn – in the country.

Some of the alleged wrongdoing happened in Mr Renzi’s own backyard – one of the rigged contracts related to the high-speed rail link in Florence, where Mr Renzi once served as mayor. It also struck at the heart of his efforts to bolster Italy’s image around the world: work on “Palazzo Italia” at the Milan expo, the world’s fair due to open in just over a month, was also illegally awarded, prosecutors said.

The scandal is unlikely to inflict much political damage on Mr Renzi, whose centre-left Democratic party remains by far the dominant force in Italian politics.

But it nonetheless casts a shadow over hopes that Mr Renzi can really

deliver a clean break from the past in Italy. Wolfango Piccoli, an analyst at Teneo Intelligence in London, said: “This just shows once more that there is a clientelistic network in Italy that is able to work with the centre-right and centre-left and has penetrated the bureaucracy at the highest levels.”

To counter that perception, Mr Renzi is ramping up pressure on parliament to pass tougher measures to combat corruption.

Mr Lupi, 55, has not been charged nor is he among the 50 people under investigation. “I’m leaving with my head held high,” he said.

According to prosecutors, the main figure in the corruption ring was Ercole Incalza, who is under arrest and has denied the charges. For years, he was the point person in the ministry of infrastructure for the largest public works, funnelling engineering contracts for the big public works to Stefano Perotti, a businessman, who is also under arrest. Mr Lupi had frequent contact with both as minister, putting him in a vulnerable position ever since the allegations surfaced on Monday.

James Politi, Rome



Maurizio Lupi: ‘I’m leaving with my head held high’

Giuseppe Lami/Epa

Ukraine crisis

Oligarch urges state takeover of privatised industrial assets

Billionaire calls for open tender to help raise cash for struggling economy

ROMAN OLEARCHYK AND GUY CHAZAN

One of Ukraine’s most powerful oligarchs has called for some of the country’s prized industrial assets to be nationalised, claiming that their privatisation was a criminal conspiracy to rob the state of billions of dollars.

Igor Kolomoisky, a billionaire businessman, told the Financial Times that Ukraine should not receive any new funds from the International Monetary Fund until all “illegally” privatised property had been restored to state ownership.

“Ukraine is going round begging for money . . . and here is money that is due to the state. Return these enterprises, put them up for sale in an open tender and you will get 10 times more than you did [before],” he said, adding that any new auctions could raise tens of billions of dollars.

Ukraine has secured a \$17.5bn rescue package from the IMF, and last week started talks on restructuring \$15bn in debt, as it seeks to plug a \$40bn hole in state finances over the next four years.

Mr Kolomoisky’s proposal represents a political bombshell, and a direct challenge to his fellow oligarchs who scooped up state assets at often knock-down prices in the privatisations of the 2000s. Critics say his motives may be less patriotism or a sense of fair play than a desire to gain advantage over his business rivals in the febrile atmosphere of post-revolutionary Ukraine.

But opening up past privatisations could raise concerns over the sanctity of property rights in Ukraine and destabilise its already fragile business climate, experts warn, at a time when the country is struggling to cope with a deep economic crisis brought on by the war against Russian-backed separatists in the east.

Arseniy Yatseniuk, Ukraine’s prime minister, reacted cautiously to Mr Kolomoisky’s proposal, saying it could “open a Pandora’s box” if the decision on whether privatisations were right or wrong were made by a “corrupted judiciary”.

Mr Kolomoisky’s call comes amid intensifying disputes between Ukraine’s oligarchs. The most public of these is the multibillion-dollar legal battle being heard in the High Court in London that pits Mr Kolomoisky against Viktor Pinchuk, a rival tycoon.

The two are fighting over ownership of a Ukrainian iron ore mine, KZhRK, part of a state-owned conglomerate known as Ukrudprom sold off in 2004. The case is being closely watched amid concern it could set a precedent for disputes over further assets.

Mr Pinchuk, son-in-law of Leonid Kuchma, Ukraine’s then-president, claimed in his lawsuit that Mr Kolo-

moisky and business partner Gennady Bogolyubov bought the stake in KZhRK on his behalf, but then reneged on an agreement to transfer ownership of the shares to him.

However, Mr Kolomoisky said both he and Mr Bogolyubov reject this version of events. In court filings, Mr Kolomoisky claimed Mr Pinchuk demanded the stake in KZhRK in return for Mr Kuchma signing the legislation privatising Ukrudprom. Speaking in parliament, he accused Mr Pinchuk of effectively trying to “extort a bribe”.

In a statement to the FT, Mr Pinchuk’s office said he rejected “all suggestions of wrongdoing”. Mr Kolomoisky’s allegations were “simply the latest stage . . . [of] an improper campaign to put pressure on Mr Pinchuk to call off his lawsuit”, the statement said. “As with previous attempts, it will not work.”

Rinat Akhmetov, Ukraine’s richest man, who also bought a stake in KZhRK and other iron ore mines, said all his group’s assets were acquired “lawfully and properly”. Mr Kuchma could not be reached for comment.

Mr Kolomoisky is a controversial figure in Ukraine with a reputation for aggressive business tactics. Yesterday, lawmakers appealed to Petro Porosh-

Igor Kolomoisky: a controversial figure in Ukraine with a reputation for aggressive business tactics



enko, Ukraine’s president, to fire Mr Kolomoisky from his post as a regional governor after he attempted to block management changes at a state energy company and subjected a journalist, who was making enquiries, to an expletive-laden rant.

Mr Kolomoisky’s criticism of the Ukrudprom process has added resonance because of the fact he was a beneficiary of it. He told a Ukrainian parliamentary committee this month that the privatisation procedure was designed to restrict the number of potential bidders and ensure the assets ended up in “the right hands”.

“The law [on Ukrudprom] was shameful, humiliating and criminal,” Mr Kolomoisky told the FT. “This was a planned conspiracy to commit a crime.”

Mr Kolomoisky intends to submit evidence of the alleged wrongdoing to Ukrainian prosecutors, in the hope they will launch an investigation into the sell-off of Ukrudprom. He also said that if local prosecutors confirm evidence of collusion, bribery and tender rigging, all the Ukrudprom mines privatised in 2004 should be “expropriated”, without compensating their current owners.

Assets sold off under the ousted president Viktor Yanukovich in privatisations that were widely criticised at the time as rigged should also be “returned to the people”, Mr Kolomoisky said.

Germans miss the boat on Dax windfall

Continued from Page 1

fears the reluctance to buy shares threatens to widen the division between rich and poor.

“There is a section of German society that has profited immensely from the stock market gains of the last few years. Wealth disparities are increasing and that’s not good for society,” he says.

Larry Fink, chief executive of BlackRock, the world’s largest asset manager, told Der Spiegel magazine this month that “many Germans save in the wrong way and must rethink their investment behaviour . . . My credo has for a long time been that the Germans should invest more in stocks.”

Germany’s fund industry enjoyed record inflows in January, which was the strongest month for retail funds since early 2007. But it is unclear to what extent new investors took part.

To promote wider share ownership, Deutsche Börse on Monday hosted a “stock day”. Alongside online brokers, it offered to forgo the usual trading fees on Dax stocks and some exchange trade funds.

Part of the suspicion of investing in stocks is psychological. Around the turn of the millennium, millions of Germans bought shares in the partial privatisation of Deutsche Telekom, whose stock was marketed at the time as the *Volksaktie*, or people’s share. But investors were burnt when the company wrote down the value of its property portfolio and the dotcom bubble burst.

The disillusion deepened in 2007 when the failure of Lehman Brothers triggered a recession in Germany and a sharp market sell-off.

But there are also structural reasons for low equity ownership. Germans have less need to focus on the stock market because of the way they save for retirement. Many rely on the pay-as-you-go state pension system, to which they contribute part of their salaries.

“There is much less of a sense that you are responsible for building wealth for your retirement,” says Gerrit Fey, head of capital market affairs at Deutsches Aktieninstitut.

Deutsches Aktieninstitut wants to see improvements in financial literacy so that young people leave education with a better idea of how to manage their finances and build wealth.

But progress in financial education has been slow. “A certain scepticism about the value of economic subjects is quite widespread,” says Mr Fey. “The number of market critics in Germany is unfortunately not small”.

Additional reporting by James Shotter

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FT BIG READ. BRAZIL

With Petrobras still mired in a corruption scandal and facing the spectre of a technical default on its debt, President Dilma Rousseff is depending on a boost to the economy to lift flagging approval levels.

By Samantha Pearson

At breaking point

Emílio Pastore normally spends the weekend visiting his elderly parents or taking a quiet bike ride in the countryside around São Paulo. But last Sunday the 50-year-old systems analyst printed out a banner with the slogan “no more lies” and took to the streets for the first protest of his life.

The multibillion-dollar corruption scandal engulfing state-controlled oil company Petrobras and President Dilma Rousseff’s ruling coalition was too much to bear, he says.

“Corruption has escalated from random cases to a state strategy — it now seems to be the official source of party funds, from the small-town mayor all the way up to the nation’s president,” he says. “We’ve had enough.”

Among the 1m protesters who joined him on São Paulo’s Paulista Avenue, a woman in her eighties waved a poster calling for the president to “go away”, while chanting crowds draped in Brazilian flags guzzled down beer and popcorn. This is what Brazilians, albeit in their own festive and non-confrontational way, look like when they reach breaking point. “It’s one thing for Brazilians to vote in an election; it’s another thing to take to the streets,” says Fernando Schüler, a political scientist at Insper, a Brazilian business school.

Faced with recession, decade-high inflation, poor public services, a fiscal crisis, water shortages and possible energy rationing, even the most tolerant Brazilians have found it hard to stomach allegations that up to \$10bn was stolen from Petrobras to pay bribes and fund political campaigns while Ms Rousseff was chair of the company’s board.

Hundreds of thousands joined protests across Brasília, the capital, and 25 other states on Sunday, making the demonstrations the biggest since those that preceded the impeachment of President Fernando Collor de Mello over corruption in 1992. “We are seeing a shift in the nature of political risk surrounding Brazil,” says Rafael Cortez, a political scientist at Tendências, a consultancy. Ms Rousseff now faces becoming a “lame-duck president” only three months into her second term, he says.

With calls for Ms Rousseff’s own impeachment and a Datafolha poll this week ranking the leftwing leader as the most unpopular president since Mr Collor de Mello, it may appear that history is repeating itself. However, while Ms Rousseff’s approval rating will probably drop below the current 13 per cent as the economy further deteriorates, the world’s second-largest emerging market has come too far to return to the dark days of its past, says João Augusto de Castro Neves of Eurasia Group.

Austerity measures introduced by Joaquim Levy, Brazil’s new market-friendly finance minister, are expected to put the economy — forecast to contract 0.8 per cent this year — on a path back to growth by 2016. Meanwhile, the emergence of the Petrobras scandal in March last year is itself credit to the growing independence of Brazil’s judiciary and public prosecution service.

“There has been undeniable progress . . . despite the feeling that we are back to square one,” says Mr Castro Neves.

Towering above Rio de Janeiro’s historic centre, the concrete Jenga-style building that houses Petrobras’s head-



Display of anger: Brazilians hold the national flag during protests on Copacabana beach in Rio de Janeiro over the government of President Dilma Rousseff, below, and a corruption scandal involving state energy company Petrobras — Getty/AP

quarters has gained an almost mythical status over the past year. After all, what happens within its grimy slatted walls over the next two months could decide Brazil’s immediate future.

If Petrobras cannot calculate the company’s losses from corruption and convince its auditors PwC to sign off its annual financial statements by the end of May, the world’s most indebted oil major faces technical default. After the company missed third-quarter reporting deadlines, Moody’s says it “does not yet see any assurance that audited statements will be available by any particular date”. Missing the May deadline would break the covenants on its \$137bn of debt, prompting a possible bailout and further fiscal deterioration, says Nymia Cortes de Almeida at the rating agency, which downgraded the company to junk in February.

For much of the past decade, some former executives at the New York and São Paulo-listed company allegedly colluded with the country’s top politicians and construction firms to cream up to 3 per cent off Petrobras contracts. This cash, often siphoned off through Swiss bank accounts, was used to pay bribes and finance political campaigns, claim prosecutors. Foreign contractors including Rolls-Royce have also been accused of making illicit payments.

While prosecutors had identified \$800m of kickbacks by January, the final amount stolen is likely to be about \$10bn given the alleged 3 per cent figure, the time periods involved and the size of Petrobras, which accounts for 10 per cent of all investment in Brazil, says

André Gordon of the Amec shareholder association and founder of asset managers GTI.

It is a case that has both appalled and fascinated Brazilians, much like the improbable plots of the country’s soap operas. Many have rejoiced over the authorities’ battle against impunity, devouring media reports on the construction bosses who remain detained in police cells. But fascination has often given way to despair, as it did this week over allegations that Mr Collor de Mello also received cash in the scheme. He has denied the claims.

‘It’s one thing for Brazilians to vote in an election; it’s another thing to take to the streets’

“There is a sensation that the country is being systematically robbed by the political apparatus,” says Mr Schüler, adding that the investigation comes only a year after politicians were jailed over the *Mensalão* vote-buying scandal. While that scheme was allegedly operated between 2003 and 2005 by advisers to the then-president Luiz Inácio Lula da Silva, Ms Rousseff’s mentor, he denied any knowledge of it and never faced formal charges.

If the amounts of money involved in the Petrobras scandal are staggering, it is at least partly because there was so much money sloshing through Brazil during the commodity boom, analysts say. In the year since prosecutors

arrested Paulo Roberto Costa, their first Petrobras executive-turned-informant, 103 people have been indicted and 33 members of Ms Rousseff’s Workers’ party (PT) and coalition allies are under investigation by the Supreme Court.

While the president has denied any involvement in the scheme and the PT says all the donations were legal, opposition parties have called for Ms Rousseff to be investigated, as critics claim she was either complicit or incompetent.

But impeaching a president is not easy, says Diego Werneck, a law professor at FGV, an academic institution. “Losing the confidence of the people is not enough,” he says. There would have to be evidence she committed a crime, preferably one during her current mandate that resulted in her personal enrichment, he says.

Whatever her faults, the president has never shown much interest in the trappings of wealth. On a trip to Uruguay this month, Ms Rousseff was pictured in a local supermarket buying milk and groceries after reportedly cancelling a dinner date with ministers.

As a Marxist guerrilla in the 1960s, Ms Rousseff probably never imagined that she would depend on a Chicago-trained former banker for survival. During last October’s election, her party demonised the banks. However, her finance minister Mr Levy is now considered the best hope for Brazil’s recovery and that of Ms Rousseff’s own career.

After winning re-election by one of the narrowest margins in Brazilian history, Ms Rousseff made a surprise policy U-turn by hiring Mr Levy and proposing a series of benefit cuts and tax hikes. While Brazil recorded its first primary

budget deficit in more than a decade in 2014, Mr Levy has promised a surplus this year of 1.2 per cent of gross domestic product in a bid to restore credibility and attract investment.

Such efforts are long overdue. Like other emerging markets, Brazil has suffered from the end of the commodities supercycle, but years of overspending and state interventionism are also to blame for signs of stagflation. The Petrobras scandal, which has already led to job losses and paralysed the industry, will probably hurt the economy further.

Persuading voters of the need to cut spending at a time when Brazil’s public services are suffering will be a hard sell, analysts say. Horror stories abound about the country’s health services. This week dentists in Brasília posted a video that went viral of them removing 15 maggots from a girl’s gums.

Eurasia’s Mr Castro Neves says the fiscal agenda is still viable, given Ms Rousseff’s recent conciliatory efforts to bring ministers from other parties into her inner circle. The bigger challenge will be political reform — finding a way to remove the structural incentives for corruption and restore Brazilians’ faith in their leaders, analysts say.

During a heated session in Congress on Wednesday, education minister Cid Gomes branded the PT’s allies a bunch of opportunists, yelling out he would rather be considered impolite than an “extortionist”. It was a rare moment of frankness that struck a chord with the disillusioned Brazilians who took to the streets on Sunday.

But in a sign of how far Brazil still has to go to regain their trust, Mr Gomes was promptly fired.

Obituary
Creator who put the kettle on the top tier of design

Michael Graves

Architect and product designer
1934–2015

A kettle with a whistling bird on its spout and a building in which the columns are replaced by the seven dwarfs are among the stranger legacies of an architect who started out as a committed and strict modernist. Michael Graves, who has died aged 80, paved the way for a wholesale questioning of the banality into which modernism had descended by the late 1970s and his works were never less than striking.

His huge Portland Building in Oregon, recently under threat of demolition, was a landmark in postmodernism, marking the moment when glass skyscrapers gave way to buildings that looked more like classical monuments. The boxy 1982 tower preceded by two years his friend and mentor Philip Johnson’s AT&T Tower in New York.

Graves’ work might have been populist but it was by no means always popular. The Portland Building was largely disliked by those who worked inside it and those who walked past. His later structures, including the Walt Disney headquarters replete with dwarfs and swans in Burbank, California (1990), were critically reviled but they introduced humour and wit, bringing the showmanship of Disneyland to the city.

He was also able to employ that flair in more popular markets, notably with his whistling bird kettle (1985) for Alessi, which according to owner Alberto Alessi remains the Italian company’s biggest moneymaker and cult object.

Graves was born in Indianapolis on July 9 1934 to a livestock trader and a nurse. A drawing prodigy, he studied architecture at the University of Cincinnati and then at Harvard. Awarded the Prix de Rome fellowship of the American Academy, he spent two profoundly influential years in the Italian capital.

He accepted a post at Princeton (where he would teach and live for the rest of his career) and founded his own practice in 1964. Graves was initially associated with the “New York Five”, a coterie (the others were Peter Eisenman, Charles Gwathmey, John Hejduk and Richard Meier) of severe modernists, infamous for using only white in their minimalist buildings and heavily influenced by Le Corbusier.

Graves was the first apostate, flipping over to postmodernism in the mid-1970s. The classical details, the arches and the rustication allowed him much freer expression and his drawings, always exquisite, were influential. His

1978 graphite and crayon drawing for the Fargo-Moorhead Bridge, employing the whole depth of his art-historical references, is in the permanent collection at New York’s Museum of Modern Art.

The Humana Building in Louisville (1985) set the style for the overblown, operatic form of corporate postmodernism as branding. He was dismissive of the modernists’ claims to economy of style and efficiency, retorting that their pseudo-functional buildings cost many times more than his and pleased only their creators. Graves had, however, become one of the first “starchitects” and his gradual fall from fashion shows this status remains precarious.

Yet, more perhaps than any other, Graves succeeded in translating architectural sensibilities into the mass market, first with his products for Alessi and then for Target and JCPenney. From avocado scoops to ice scrapers, his items brought high design to the people at affordable prices.

In 2003 Graves contracted a sinus infection and was prescribed antibiotics but, on a trip to Europe, he confused two sets of drugs and so failed to take them. The infection spread to his spinal cord and within days of returning to the US



His Humana Building set the style for the overblown corporate form of postmodernism as branding

he was paralysed from the chest down.

His confinement to a wheelchair led to another spurt of creativity. Declaring of the hospital in which he spent 14 hours writhing in agony, “It’s far too ugly for me to die here,” he became a powerful advocate for improvements in healthcare design, from beds and bedside tables to whole hospitals.

Graves’ home, a converted storage facility he called The Warehouse, was stuffed with objects that inspired him — classical fireplaces, busts and Biedermeier furniture — all set against an industrial chic background. At its heart was a huge library, the shelves supported on an array of classical columns. He was married twice, to his high school girlfriend in 1955 (with whom he had two children) and then to Lucy James in 1972. Both marriages ended in divorce. After his paralysis, Graves reserved his greatest affection for his carers.

He leaves a contested legacy — the future of his first great landmark is still uncertain. But with his products still selling and his drawings safely housed in galleries and archives, he still leaves more to both high and popular culture than most great architects ever manage.

Edwin Heathcote



FINANCIAL TIMES

‘Without fear and without favour’

SATURDAY 21 MARCH 2015

Greece slides towards the single currency trapdoor

Unless Syriza changes tack, it is leading Greek people out of the euro

If there is one thing all sides in the Greek crisis publicly agree on, it is that Greece should stay in the eurozone. Yet with every day that passes without the Greek authorities and their creditors even finding a common basis for discussion, that exit creeps ever nearer.

The leaders met this week at an EU summit, again without agreement on how Greece can implement reforms that unlock lending from the troika of the eurogroup of finance ministers, the International Monetary Fund and the European Central Bank. What is becoming ever clearer is that, whatever the faults of the creditors, the Greek authorities are proving themselves to be unreliable negotiating partners.

Since the Syriza government was elected in January, the contours of a deal have been clear. In return for structural changes to release suppressed potential in the Greek economy, the troika will first relax primary fiscal deficit targets to encourage growth and then discuss a writedown of the overhanging debt stock. In the few months that it will take to negotiate this, the ECB will keep the Greek banking system afloat by permitting the Greek central bank to supply liquidity.

The problem is that nearly two months after Syriza took office, negotiators are barely any closer to a solution. Yanis Varoufakis, Greece’s finance minister, has proved himself an excellent self-publicist but not a reliable interlocutor. Some of the list of proposed reforms he produced to push the talks forward two weeks ago, including a proposal to wire up tourists as undercover tax inspectors to hunt for VAT fraud, have bordered on the eccentric. It is little surprise that his eurozone counterparts are often forced to bypass him and deal directly with Alexis Tsipras, the prime minister.

Ominously for Mr Tsipras, the chorus of discontent has spread beyond

the well-known discontents such as Wolfgang Schäuble, the German finance minister, and Jeroen Dijsselbloem, his Dutch counterpart, who chairs the eurogroup. His government has alienated officials who have been much more sympathetic to its aims.

The European Commission, for example, in the person of Pierre Moscovici, its economics head, has attempted to play honest broker. But not only has the commission found informal discussion papers being misused as negotiating tools, it has been dismayed by the inability of the Syriza government to keep promises to consult before bringing in new legislation.

This week, amid the now familiar rousing rhetoric about defying foreign technocrats and without first consulting the troika, Mr Tsipras introduced a “humanitarian bill” in the Greek parliament increasing government spending. Mr Moscovici was forced into objecting on principle to the writing of a bill, the aims of which he supports.

Greek exit from the eurozone should not be in question at all. Such an outcome would do little to solve Greece’s underlying problems, which stem from a chronic lack of productivity. And while the financial markets seem to have faced the prospect of a Greek exit with equanimity, there can be no doubt that the first departure of a member would increase speculation about further departures, making it harder to deal with future debt problems.

The paths forward both in the short and the long term are clear. They involve keeping the Greek financial system functioning – and depositors and investors confident of a solution – while a deal is worked out. But with every reversal of direction and empty act of defiance, more deposits trickle out of the Greek banking system, and the exit everyone involved professes to abjure comes a little closer.

Little to be happy about in a win for Marvin Gaye

What’s going on when inspiration becomes seen as base plagiarism

Be very careful what inspires you. That is the message that was sent by a US jury when it found in favour of the family of Marvin Gaye, a soul music icon who died 30 years ago, in a case of copy-right infringement against two artists who are very much alive.

Robin Thicke and Pharrell Williams chose to bring this case to court to preempt Gaye’s descendants from seeking royalties from their 2013 hit, “Blurred Lines”. They were accused of stealing essential ideas for their song from “Got to Give it Up”, recorded by Gaye in 1977.

Going to court was a gamble but would have felt like a reasonable one. The expression of an idea is protected by copyright, not the idea itself. No one has the right to monopolise the concept of a catchy rhythm. The family held the sheet-music rights, rather than to Gaye’s performance of the song. To decide in their favour the jury needed to find essential similarities between the raw composition of “Got to Give It Up” and the biggest hit of 2013.

That they reached this verdict surprised most commentators and showed that such rulings go beyond a mere box-ticking exercise. It was not solely the beat, bass line or rhythm of the 1970s hit that were judged to have been pilfered but some intangible combination of them all: what jazz aficionados might call the song’s “vibe”.

The chords, key and lyrics are clearly different. In the end, the Gaye family’s victory was literally one of style over substance.

Taking the matter this far now appears to have been a serious error, and may carry implications far beyond the \$7.4m bill awarded by the court. The jury drew a surprisingly wide line around the original work in demarcating a breach of copyright from honest inspiration.

In an interview with the Financial Times, Mr Williams worried that this

defeat would now inspire a wave of similar litigation that could engulf creative industries.

Inspiration of a nobler sort lies at the heart of artistic endeavour. Writers adapt plot lines, old masters copy from the ancients, and each new musical generation learns at the feet of the one before. Gaye himself took inspiration from other stars of Motown, and they from the blues, a chain of musical influence stretching into the unrecorded past. Neither Messrs Williams nor Thicke denied being inspired by Marvin Gaye. In fact, Mr Thicke openly admitted that “Got to Give it Up” was one of his favourite songs and that he wanted “something with that groove”.

As one would expect from a newspaper generating such an abundance of original content, the FT takes copyright protection very seriously. Intellectual output should be seen as property and receive its reward, not just as a matter of fairness but to encourage vital economic activity.

But Mr Williams is right to be alarmed. A song may be property, but allowing its “feel” to be treated like the *terroir* of a wine, forever monopolised by a single owner, is going too far. Blatant plagiarism may undermine innovation but fossilising a style around its originator is worse. Great music is stifled at birth when composers have to conduct a paranoid audit of their subconscious against being too greatly inspired by a predecessor.

Despite their manifest outrage, the Gaye family were not damaged by the creation of “Blurred Lines”, and the greatness of the earlier hit not diminished by the later one. The remote possibility of future flattery by imitation should be no deterrent to a composer. Most, including we suspect Marvin Gaye, wrote music to inspire those who followed, not merely to enrich their grandchildren.



Britain and China: will engagement trump containment?

Sir, I would agree that Britain’s policy towards China is unco-ordinated (“Britain and the US at loggerheads over China”, editorial, March 14). The UK Treasury is recognising China’s rise as a commercial opportunity, while the Foreign Office appears to subscribe to the “China threat” view.

Take the decision to open a new permanent British military base in Bahrain. This will have facilities to

house the two aircraft carriers that are being brought into operation at considerable expense. Bahrain, of course, is home to the US Fifth fleet. This increased British presence in the Gulf will in fact permit the US military to transfer two of its aircraft carriers to its Seventh fleet in the Pacific. In other words, these decisions on our part are clearly underpinning the US “Asia pivot”.

At the same time, Britain maintains a military base in the South China Sea, albeit a small light infantry facility, in Brunei. We are also a key member of the Five Power Defence arrangements, a multilateral security framework covering our former colonies of Malaysia and Singapore. Both Brunei and Malaysia have maritime territorial disputes with China, for now dormant.

In many ways, the question of how to respond to the rise of China lies at the heart of the emerging debate about Britain’s global role. Will engagement trump containment? If we are not very careful, we may find ourselves being dragged into a battle with China, taking the US’s part as it seeks to preserve its military primacy in the Pacific.

Jenny Clegg
Chorlton, Manchester, UK

Lessons in enlightenment from Baghdad bookseller

Sir, I think Sitar Mohsen Ali, the book peddler of Mutanabbi Street, could teach a thing or two to many people, especially American booksellers who are not in harm’s way (“Rushdie and Dawkins books bring secularists to streets of Baghdad”, March 14). The secularist man risks his life when he promotes books such as *The God Delusion* and *The Satanic Verses*, that religious extremists disapprove of. In his words: “To enlighten people and make the people read. I want to take the winning edge from the Islamists, so we don’t fear them.”

What a noble objective! Why can’t the US government give money to organisations and people like Mr Ali who could possibly influence the cultural war in Baghdad?

David Tulanian
Los Angeles, CA, US

Portuguese were too polite to point out anthem error

Sir, Further to Jeremy Paxman’s Luso-Hispanic confusion (Letters, March 14): 30 years ago I was busy organising the 600th anniversary celebrations of The Oldest Alliance between England and Portugal. The Portuguese embassy reported that they had recently been hosted in the City of London to the sound of the Spanish national anthem!

They were too modest to point out the error.

It was a fascinating assignment. A veteran British diplomat told how, in wartime Lisbon, his ambassador had planned to use a copy of the alliance-making Treaty of Windsor 1386 to persuade the dictator António de Oliveira Salazar to grant landing rights in the Azores to facilitate US-UK Atlantic convoys. If he refused, he would tear it up in front of him! It did not get that far; the request was granted once its justification by the Treaty was explained.

The same Salazar, on appointing ministers, used to ask them to sign undated letters of resignation. That’s one way of ensuring collective cabinet responsibility, I suppose.

Chris Crowcroft
London W1, UK

Homer would have loved to be invited to Lunch

Sir, I am sure that the poet Homer would have appreciated an invitation to Lunch with the FT. As he showed in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, food, wine, laughter, conversation and friendship were essential for a meaningful life.

Somewhere in the Elysian Fields, this wondrous poet must be feeling somewhat envious of Murad Ahmed’s lunch with Demis Hassabis (January 31) and Gillian Tett’s with Ginni Rometty (February 7). Artificial

intelligence was the central topic of conversation at both meals. This is not a new idea. As Homer wrote of Hephæstus/Vulcan: “There were golden handmaids also who worked for him, and were like real young women, with sense and reason, voice also and strength, and all the learning of the immortals” (The *Iliad*, Book 18, Butler translation).

I hope there are copies of Homer in the offices of DeepMind and IBM.

Miguel Monjardino
Mentor, Republic, Angra do Heroísmo, Azores, Portugal

The one and only Four Seasons restaurant

Sir, Having enjoyed, in the past, many wonderful lunches at the iconic Four Seasons restaurant, located in New York City within the astonishingly spry Seagram Building, I was confused by a bracketed sentence towards the close of Matthew Garrahan’s splendid interview with Barry Diller (Lunch with the FT, March 7): “This has never happened to me in “a” Four Seasons restaurant before.”

As far as I am aware, The Four Seasons restaurant in which this lunch was partaken is that to which I refer above. Therefore, should not the indefinite article “a” surely have been the definite article “the”?

As far as I am concerned, the original Four Seasons – of which I speak, and

which opened in 1959, and was designed by the legendary Philip Johnson – could never be referred to as simply “a”.

The nearest “a” restaurant, if one is keen to visit it, would surely be located within “the” IM Pei Four Seasons hotel building, just a few blocks down.

Simon Hopkinson
London W14, UK

Vandalism followed the ‘first’ Arab Spring

Sir, It may be worth adding to the list of “artefacts under attack” (“The culture of conflict”, Simon Schama, Life & Arts, March 14) those vandalised by the Islamic Salvation Front (FIS) in Algeria in 1991. No sooner had the party won the municipal elections that year in what I suppose was the first “Arab Spring” than its supporters destroyed the headstones of the Cimetière des Princesses in Algiers. The FIS argued that the turbans on the headstones which identified the rank during the Ottoman period were “idolatrous”.

Two decades later in Tunisia, Salafi groups destroyed 40 Sufi shrines and set fire, though they failed to destroy it, to the mausoleum of Sidi Bou Said which sits atop one of the hills of Carthage. Plus ça change . . .

Francis Ghilès
Senior Research Fellow, CIDOB, Barcelona, Spain

A degree of creativity should be on the college curriculum

Notebook by Gillian Tett



Last week I visited the all-female Barnard College in New York. Chatting to the students was fascinating, particularly because of what they had to say on the topic of liberal arts courses. It’s a concept that is largely unknown in countries such as the UK or Ireland, where students pick one or two subjects to specialise in and then stick with that choice.

But, like Barnard, many American universities offer a “smorgasbord” approach, enabling students to dip into numerous topics before choosing a major. “It’s brilliant!” one young Irish woman declared. “I just wish we had that in Europe.” I am inclined to agree. At college in England I found it hard to choose what to study, since I was (and am) a classic “generalist”.

But though the liberal arts idea generates respect, it is on the retreat in the US, as Fareed Zakaria, the columnist and CNN host, observes in his new book *In Defense of a Liberal Education*.

While it is fashionable for politicians and pundits of all stripes to call for more investment in education, their appeals usually centre on vocational, jobs-focused courses. Last month, for example, President Barack Obama appealed for an expansion of community colleges – but indicated that he wanted these to focus on subjects such as computer engineering. A “classic liberal education has few defenders”, laments Zakaria. Indeed, the governors of

some states, including Texas, have threatened to stop funding liberal arts degrees. In 1971, 7.6 per cent of degrees were in English and literature; now it is 3 per cent.

In some ways, this isn’t surprising. The technology sector is booming – and research from PayScale suggests that, while graduates in engineering and computing science earn a 12 per cent annualised return on their college fees, courses in the humanities earn far lower returns in terms of salaries; indeed, arts degrees sometimes have a negative return.

The value of liberal arts courses cannot be measured just by salaries. Vocational degrees might seem attractive but they tend to create students with excessively narrow training and provide them with skills that can become outdated (or be replaced by robots). Thus, Zakaria reasons, what a country such as the US really needs to do is give students skills that robots cannot replicate: namely the ability to think clearly and creatively. And that is precisely what liberal arts courses aim to do: by dipping into social science, literary and other subjects, students become intellectually curious and creative. If this liberal arts training can be combined with some science and maths, then the consequences are powerful, Zakaria concludes, citing comments from corporate executives, psychologists and other luminaries to support his point. Will this convince

penny-pinching politicians to defend liberal arts? Don’t bet on it.

While liberal arts education may be in retreat in the US, it is spreading elsewhere. Singapore is creating a liberal arts degree. At the London School of Economics, first-year students are now required to take a short cross-disciplinary course. The International Baccalaureate, another interdisciplinary educational approach, is spreading in British private schools.

The internet is also changing how education works. Thousands of students around the world are signing up to study university courses via programmes such as massive online open courses (Moocs). While the most popular Moocs are in fields such as computer sciences, there are liberal arts courses, too. What is striking about the students taking these courses is that they tend to be relatively mature and tell pollsters that they are studying not for narrow job reasons but for “fun”.

That is not, perhaps, how we usually imagine university. But it is very much in tune with the original 19th-century spirit of a liberal arts degree.

In that sense, we should applaud this trend, not least because in a world that tends to make people rigidly specialised, we could all benefit by finding ways to develop more rounded patterns of thought.

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Comment & Analysis

Will the real Netanyahu please stand up?

OPINION

Simon Schama

Oh I see, when Benjamin Netanyahu said on the eve of this week’s Israeli election that as long as he was prime minister there would never be a Palestinian state, he was only kidding! Having won the election, he now tells us he has never actually repudiated his 2009 statement that a two-state solution was the best for all concerned. So the election thunderbolt was just a gag. You know those Americans, they take everything so seriously! That election day warning about Arabs voting “in droves”? No offence intended, obviously. And they call us Jews thin-skinned! I mean come on folks, lighten up; what do you expect from the hustings anyway: consistency, responsibility, honesty, the truth?

Of course, if you read Mr Netanyahu’s remark descriptively rather than prescriptively, he is bang-on. So long as he is prime minister there will be no Palestinian state. And no serious peace process, and no statesmanlike policy towards stopping the slide of the region to ever more warring militancy and mutually inflicted bloodshed. Even while eating his words he cannot undo what was done last Monday.

Statesmanship was sacrificed on the altar of politics; a proper debate on what is best for Israeli security was preempted by an electoral stunt. Though the statement was triggered by polling panic, Mr Netanyahu knew exactly what he was doing with the timing. By equating security with a rejection of a two-state solution, he precluded the possibility of a serious debate with opposition leaders Isaac Herzog and Tzipi Livni who argued back that a two-state solution is in fact the condition of any chance for long-term stability.

The damage has been done. Mr Netanyahu’s repudiation of his repudia-

tion does nothing to help his credibility in Washington, or in the rest of the world, including among Israeli ultra nationalists who feel tricked into voting for Likud and betrayed by the prime minister’s second thoughts.

Which version of Mr Netanyahu are we supposed to believe? If he should ever speak again of the Palestinian Authority as an unreliable party to the peace process he is likely to be met with incredulous mirth. But the joke is on Israel, the Palestinians, all of us. Israel abounds in prophecies but as self-fulfilling ones go, this one takes the matzo.

For while Mr Netanyahu argued that a Palestinian state would be an Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant-in-waiting, the actual effect of delegitimising the two state solution and fatally undermining the Palestinian Authority is to hasten, not forestall, the jihadi radicalisation of the West Bank. It does not take much historical insight to know that, deprived of any hope of controlling their own destiny and doomed to endless occupation, young Palestinians will

become more, not less, violent.

Mr Netanyahu is assuming that he can ride out the damage to Israeli-American relations for the remaining two years of Barack Obama’s presidency, after which a Republican administration will heal the rift. But, giddy with the standing ovations he got from Congress, the master tactician of Israeli power is a dunce

Doomed to endless occupation, young Palestinians will become more, not less, violent

when it comes to American politics. Presidential voting is an altogether different animal from midterms and there is no guarantee that there will not be a Democrat in the White House come 2017. If that Democrat is Hillary Clinton, however personally warm she might be to Israel, there is no chance that she, like Mr Obama, will see Middle Eastern sta-

bility in any way other than a two-state solution based more or less on the Green Line, with territorial swaps, pledges of security and an end to settlements. Since a two-state outcome has been the stated policy of every American administration for decades, it is inconceivable that a Republican president, not Jeb Bush, not Scott Walker, not Rand Paul, would see it any differently.

There have been other casualties of Mr Netanyahu’s merry way with big things. While intensely devoted to Israel, its diaspora communities – above all those in the US – are politically closer to Mr Herzog and the centre-left Zionist Union way of thinking than to Likud. They are increasingly saddened by the prospect of a future which holds out nothing but occupation, rockets and bombs, bulldozers and funerals. The retort of the Israeli right is that these fine thoughts are affordable by those living at a distance. But the same pessimism is shared by the large section of Israeli opinion which did not vote for Likud or the other parties of the right.

For the Zionist Union, a sense of tragic urgency and a determination to take back Zionism from annexationist zealotry, determined the name on their political banner.

Mr Herzog and Ms Livni wanted to reassert the Zionism of Chaim Weizmann, Israel’s first president, and of Yitzhak Rabin. While pragmatically minded, they believed in Israel as a democracy. Even Ariel Sharon, former prime minister and would-be peacemaker, came round to the view that a predominantly Jewish democracy was self-evidently incompatible with the annexation of West Bank land and the absorption of millions of Palestinians deprived of equal political rights.

When asked to summarise the whole of the Torah standing on one leg, Rabbi Hillel replied “do not do unto others what is hateful to you”. The banner of a Zionism grounded in that injunction has fallen. But as sure as Passover is upon us, it will rise again.

The writer is an FT contributing editor

Comments on gay parents show the risks of bad press to the bottom line for the Italian designers, writes Rachel Sanderson

Not for the first time, Italian fashion duo Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana find themselves at the centre of a media storm that appears, on the surface at least, to have nothing to do with the high-fashion Sicilian style for which they are renowned.

In an interview last week with right-of-centre Italian news magazine Panorama, the pair – one time lovers and longtime business partners still considered, even in their 50s, the enfants terribles of Italian fashion – offered their view on same-sex parenting.

Mr Gabbana, the taller and younger of the two, said he would have a child immediately if he could. Mr Dolce demurred, in a comment that an insider admits had reverberations far beyond their expectations: “I am gay. I cannot have a child. I believe you cannot have everything in life.” He continued: “You are born from a father and a mother. Or at least that is how it should be. For this reason I am not convinced by what I call children of chemistry, or synthetic children. Uteruses for rent, sperm chosen from a catalogue”.

Mr Dolce’s comments – once they had been translated into English and spread via social media – catapulted the duo into the midst of acrimonious debates surrounding both assisted parenthood and homosexuality.

For the future of the business, which is facing calls for a boycott, it has also underlined the risks of bad press to the bottom line, especially when amplified by celebrity involvement.

Sir Elton John, whose two children with husband David Furnish, were conceived using IVF, led the charge. He thundered on Instagram: “How dare you refer to my beautiful children as ‘synthetic’? And shame on you for wagging your judgmental little fingers at IVF – a miracle that has allowed legions of loving people, both straight and gay, to fulfil their dream of having children.” Sir Elton, followed by former tennis player Martina Navratilova and other high-profile gay stars, called for a boycott of Dolce & Gabbana products.

Even Madonna, who featured in a 2010 Dolce & Gabbana advertising campaign, hair dishevelled apparently by the effort of making pasta while shoe-horned into one of the duo’s signature leopard-print-and-lace corset dresses, gave some advice: “Think before you speak,” she posted.

Mr Dolce, 56, a Sicilian son of a tailor, and Mr Gabbana, 52, who grew up in Milan helping his working mother to clean floors and bathrooms, have built from scratch a fashion business worth €1bn in revenues that extends from clothes to make-up, handbags and shoes. They also own a swanky Milan restaurant called Gold, its name a reflection of their gilded, baroque aesthetic.

They met when in 1980 when they were both assistants at a fashion atelier in Milan, and became Dolce & Gabbana in 1982. Their aesthetic from the beginning was a romanticised version of southern Italy, and Sicily in particular. Runway shows feature sexed-up black



Duo in the news | Domenico Dolce and Stefano Gabbana

Fashion’s ageing enfants terribles

widow’s weeds and gowns printed with citrus fruit and motifs of ancient ruins. Scarlett Johansson, Kylie Minogue and Emily Blunt have all worn the brand on the red carpet.

The designers have been together professionally for 35 years; they were involved personally for 23 of those but broke up in 2005. Mr Dolce is usually considered the more taciturn of the two. They remain creative directors and majority owners of the privately-held business with members of their extended family, an ownership that makes them paper billionaires. When asked how they divide their roles, they say they do not. In the Panorama interview, Mr Gabbana described their relationship as “an infinite love” where they share “work, thoughts, projects and holidays”.

Their business thrives on a theatrical device. Though their collections are full of push-up corsetry and lace, most of the €1bn in revenues come from selling white shirts and black trouser suits through their 287 stores in 40 countries.

They keep the brand in the limelight with flamboyant runway shows and A-list advertising campaigns, and by dressing celebrities in va-va voom fashions – vital relationships that could suffer from any reputational damage.

The pair have weathered storms before. Two years ago they did very public battle with Italian law enforcement over a conviction, later overturned, that they evaded thousands of euros in taxes.

Nor are they the first brand in Catholic Italy – where gay marriage is illegal, IVF is rarely available and pro-gay lobbies are weak despite Pope Francis’s calls for greater tolerance – to fall foul of international gay rights groups.

Their success is based on a romanticised version of the family, rooted in a technicolour vision of Sicily

But more than many Italian brands Mr Dolce and Mr Gabbana’s commercial success is based on a romanticised version of the traditional family, rooted in a technicolour vision of Mr Dolce’s Sicily. His opinion on what makes a family was an addendum to the pair’s show this month, styled around a saccharin vision of “la Mamma” including model Bianca Balti strolling down the catwalk heavily pregnant in a pastel-pink shift dress.

“I am from Sicily and I believe in the traditional family. It is impossible to change my culture for something different. It’s me. But I respect all the world and all other cultures,” Mr Dolce said as the fur started to fly across social media.

Mr Gabbana dismissed Sir Elton’s call for boycotts as “medieval” for not respecting Mr Dolce’s opinion – a riposte that can also be read as a defence of the fantasy fashion world of Dolce & Gabbana’s billion-euro empire.

The writer is the FT’s Milan correspondent

Big businesses aim to brew the right thing



During the last century, Americans used to say that our political candidates were marketed as if they were soap powder. Now, it’s the other way around. Some of the country’s biggest businesses are behaving as if they are running for something.

The latest example comes to us from the land of the Skinny Vanilla Latte and Cinnamon Dolce Frappuccino. Starbucks has decided it is no longer sufficient simply to sell food and drinks with names ending in vowels. The company moved decisively this week to promote harmony and understanding, too.

Starbucks wants to chat with its US customers about racism. Partners, as it calls its workers, have been instructed to write the words “race together” on Starbucks cups in hopes of stirring the conversation. “We at Starbucks should be willing to talk about these issues in America,” said Howard Schultz, the company’s chairman and chief executive. “Staying silent is not who we are.”

I cringed when I read this because I generally like my baristas on the quiet side. Although I’m not a big fan of Starbucks, I drop in now and then, usually when I’m on the road or struggling at work and need a coffee to keep going. Being reminded of racism and all that entails – Auschwitz, for instance – isn’t exactly what I want at such moments.

Nor am I the only American with concerns about the Starbucks effort. The Twitterati served up a venti-sized serving of snark in response, suggesting such faux slogans for the chain as: “some of my best friends are black coffee”, “tea shall overcome”, “brew the right thing” and “I have a cream”.

But like it or not, I suspect we will see more of these high-minded corporate campaigns. Times are tough for the big brand builders of the food and beverage world – everyone from McDonald’s and Coca-Cola to Campbell’s Soup, Kellogg and Kraft Foods is dealing with disappointing results – and doing good work represents a logical marketing response.

Like many of us, these companies are struggling to adapt to new technologies. They once were able to dominate the conversation about their products, pounding the public with television advertisements proclaiming their virtues. But that world is no more. The internet, the digital video recorder and the television remote control are all enabling people to avoid commercials.

Creating a brand “narrative” in this brave new media world is tricky. But there is an obvious model for success – our politicians and those big themes of theirs. The masters of the campaign trail know how to reach the masses and to sell without delving into specifics. Indeed, there is a whiff of the old Barack

Obama – the one who presided over a “teachable moment” on race in the Rose Garden of the White House – in Starbucks’s new political brew.

Promoting civic harmony represents a way for Starbucks to define itself without reference to its coffee or tea – and, let’s face it, there was nothing particularly virtuous about a \$5 Frappuccino in the first place. Rather, the company is encouraging consumers to focus on its ethos – its good intentions. That is the brand, not the flavoured water in the paper cup with the plastic top.

Americans this week made fun of Starbucks, but they took notice of the company – and responded. The Starbucks campaign trended on Twitter. Moreover, online mockery reinforced the message that the company is run by nice folks – maybe a tad fey – but nice nonetheless, which is more than can be said for many of its competitors.

Danger looms for big companies in the US that fail to do good in the Starbucks sense. They can be carved up in the social media before their public relations teams have time to down their morning cappuccino and respond.

McDonald’s discovered this the hard way this week. With help from the Service Employees International Union, McDonald’s restaurant employees in 19 cities filed complaints with federal and state regulators, alleging their working conditions were unsafe.

The workers complained in particular about burns from hot grills and fryer oil. Brittney Berry, 24, of Chicago, said when

Politicians offer a model for those seeking to create a brand ‘narrative’ in this brave new media world

she slipped and fell on a wet floor and burnt her forearm on a grill: “The managers told me to put mustard on it, but I ended up having to get rushed to the hospital in an ambulance.”

The filings represented the latest example of what is becoming a familiar tactic of the US labour movement: naming and shaming. Unable to win at the bargaining table, unions are looking to punish managements in the court of public opinion – where their chances are as decent as those of anyone else with an iPhone. Similar pressure was applied to Walmart before it announced it would lift its minimum wage.

McDonald’s responded this week as one would expect, pledging to review the allegations and maintain its commitment to providing safe working conditions. But the public relations damage was done, at least for the time being.

It all made me appreciate the marketing method in Starbucks’ political madness. Whatever else you want to say about the company, it was playing offence in the brand war game, displaying a social conscience before anyone could accuse it of not having one.

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Top reads at FT.com/comment

- All we ask is that Europe give Greece a chance
A risk condemning a generation to a lives without hope, writes **Yannis Dragasakis**
- Cameron takes a holiday from the world
A nation aspiring to be a global hub cannot ignore global chaos, writes **Philip Stephens**

Companies & Markets

FINANCIAL TIMES

Familiar tune Streaming service fights to prove value of free tier

ANALYSIS, PAGE 10



Vedanta

16.2%

525p

Nintendo

6.6%

¥17845

Banco de Sabadell

4.5%

€2.31

Dollar index

1.7%

97.59

Gold

\$13

\$1,183

FTSE 100

0.9%

7,022.51

Greek 3-year govt bond

237bp

21.37%

Nikkei 225

0.4%

19,560

General industrial

Holcim-Lafarge €41bn union back on track

Cement groups come to terms over valuations and management roles

ARASH MASSOUDI — LONDON
MICHAEL STOTHARD AND
ANNE-SYLVAIN CHASSANY — PARIS

Holcim and Lafarge have — at least for the time being — rescued their €41bn tie-up by reconciling differences over financial terms and management roles that nearly caused one of Europe's biggest corporate deals to collapse.

Their agreement ends days of intense negotiations to salvage a deal aimed at creating a powerhouse in the cement and crushed rock industry, which the companies promised would deliver substantial cost savings.

Following renegotiation, Holcim received improved financial terms and Lafarge agreed that Bruno Lafont, its chief executive, would no longer lead the merged company.

"No one person could be an obstacle to the project," Mr Lafont told the

Financial Times. "The project is much stronger than individuals." The 58-year-old Frenchman will be the new entity's co-chairman, a post he will share with Holcim chairman Wolfgang Reitzle.

A new chief executive for the merged entity will be proposed by Lafarge and appointed when the transaction closes, both companies said. Three internal candidates were believed to be in the frame, including Lafarge's chief financial officer Jean-Jacques Gauthier.

Under the new financial terms, Holcim shareholders will now receive 10 Lafarge shares for every nine of their own, instead of the one-for-one swap agreed last April.

Shares in Lafarge, which fell sharply when the deal hit the rocks earlier in the week, rose 2.1 per cent to €63.62 yesterday. Shares in Holcim rose 0.5 per cent to SFr76.15. They were €65.18 and SFr80.20 in April when the deal was announced.

Terms were adjusted in favour of Holcim after the Swiss company outperformed its French rival, and had the

relative value of its shares enhanced by the strengthening of the Swiss franc, after the Swiss National Bank abandoned its ceiling against the euro on January 15.

"I am very pleased that we are now able to proceed with our project to create a truly outstanding global leader in building materials," said Mr Reitzle.

Lafarge and Holcim also agreed that investors will receive a scrip dividend of one new Holcim-Lafarge share for every 20 they hold once the deal closes.

They said "certain key shareholders" in both groups had confirmed their support for the revised merger terms. It had been opposition from shareholders that first pushed Holcim to renegotiate the deal.

Holcim's largest shareholder is the founding Schmidheiny family, which controls a little more than a fifth of the shares. Thomas Schmidheiny formerly chaired the company, and is still a member of the board.

Lafarge's shareholders include Nassef Sawiris, Egypt's richest man, who owns 15 per cent, and Albert Frère, who owns 21 per cent through Groupe Bruxelles

Lambert. Russian Filaret Galchev, whose Eurocement group owns 11 per cent of Holcim, did not comment yesterday, and is understood not to have yet given his support to the new terms.

Holcim shareholders will vote on the revised terms on or around May 7. Completion of the deal — originally scheduled for June 30 — is now planned for July. Holcim's senior management had

Bruno Lafont: 'No one person could be an obstacle . . . The project is much stronger than individuals'



become concerned in recent months over Mr Lafont's ability to meld two distinct business cultures and to deliver on the €1.4bn in annual cost savings promised by the two companies.

Mr Lafont insisted that, despite a tough week, there was no bad blood between the two sides, and the episode would not spoil the relationship between him and Holcim in future. He

would be able to work closely with his co-chairman Mr Reitzle, he said.

"I have met several times with Wolfgang Reitzle this week. For me [the episode] is behind us. I am not a man to be worried about the small things," he said.

In a statement, Mr Reitzle praised Mr Lafont's contribution and said the two men would work together "to ensure that the value creation potential of this merger will be realised for the benefits of all shareholders".

Private talks to salvage the €41bn deal were thrust into the spotlight on Monday after Holcim said the deal to create the world's biggest cement company could "not be pursued in its present form".

In spite of the uncertainty in recent days, shareholders in Irish cement company CRH on Thursday rubber-stamped a €6.5bn deal to buy production facilities that Holcim and Lafarge are selling to satisfy antitrust rules.

Additional reporting by Sarah Gordon and Peggy Hollinger in London and Laura Noonan in Zurich

General industrial

Chinese set up €7bn Pirelli takeover with stake deal

RACHEL SANDERSON — MILAN

Camfin is in talks to sell its 26 per cent stake in Pirelli to China National Chemical Corporation, in a deal that will set up the possibility of a full €7bn takeover bid for the Italian tyre maker.

A sale of Camfin's stake to CNCC would also in effect remove Rosneft from the Pirelli shareholder register, in the wake of western sanctions against Russia over Ukraine. Rosneft is Camfin's main shareholder, under a deal struck a year ago.

In a statement, Camfin confirmed that talks were under way to secure "an international industrial partner" and if successful it would sell its entire 26 per cent stake at €15 per share to a new group of investors.

People familiar with the talks said that a deal was being discussed with CNCC and that the Chinese would play a significant role.

Camfin said in a statement that once a deal for the Pirelli stake was completed, a newly-formed vehicle would launch a takeover of the remaining shares in Pirelli. Shares in Pirelli rose 4 per cent to €15.56, their highest level in the past five years, during trading in Milan.

Such a deal would represent the latest example of Chinese investors picking up assets in Italy, as local investors sell up amid the country's triple-dip recession.

Camfin's other main shareholders — alongside Rosneft and the Pirelli chairman Marco Tronchetti Provera — are the Italian banks Intesa Sanpaolo and UniCredit.

People familiar with the negotiations noted that the deal would allow Mr Tronchetti Provera to ensure the whole or partial exit of Rosneft from the tyre-maker. The Russian company's chairman, Igor Sechin — a close ally of President Vladimir Putin and a target of western sanctions — would also leave the board of Pirelli.

One banker pointed out that Mr Tronchetti Provera was limited in his options for broking a deal with Rosneft because any potential US buyers would be banned from such a transaction due to the sanctions.

News of the talks confirms the resilience of Mr Tronchetti Provera, a businessman well connected among Italy's establishment, who has been chairman of Pirelli since 2003 and chief executive since 2011. Reuters reported that the negotiations included a clause that would see him continue in his role until 2021, when he will be 73.

In the past year, Chinese investors have snapped up stakes in Fiat Chrysler Automobiles, Mediobanca, Telecom Italia, Prysmian, Eni and Enel.

Bankers say Chinese investors are looking at other Italian infrastructure assets including the Venice port system.

Bag a bargain Chanel cuts price of luxury

China's malls on weekdays are long on bling and short on shoppers. But at the Chanel store at Shanghai's IFC mall, people lined up yesterday to buy luxury items costing barely more than they would cost in Paris.

Chanel is the latest luxury brand to slash prices in Asia to combat a grey market that has exploded, due in large part to the fall in the euro. For years, middlemen have ferried items from Hong Kong and even Europe to shoppers keen to avoid mark-ups.

The euro's weakness against the renminbi has stretched price differentials further. According to Luca Solca, of Exane BNP Paribas, luxury fashion products are now about 60 per cent pricier in mainland China than in the eurozone.

The gap has fuelled a trade that many brands say damages their image and encourages fakes.

Chanel said it would standardise prices on three of its best-known handbags, including the Boy bag: "This decision will enable us to offer our products at a harmonised price wherever they are in the world."

Before the price changes, a Chanel Boy bag would cost Rmb35,600 (\$5,740). Now it fetches Rmb26,000 — a reduction of 27 per cent. *Adam Thomson and Patti Waldmeir*



Right on queue: shoppers turn out in force in Shanghai after Chanel reduced prices to combat a grey market that has exploded after the euro's fall — ChinaFotoPress

Pharmaceuticals

Biogen optimism for Alzheimer's drug

DAVID CROW — NEW YORK

An experimental Alzheimer's drug being developed by US biotech group Biogen has offered hope that scientists may be closer to a breakthrough for the disease, after early trials showed it slowed the rate of cognitive decline.

Aducanumab is one of several drugs under development by big pharmaceutical companies that aim to reduce so-called "amyloid plaque", a sticky build-up in the brain that many believe is responsible for Alzheimer's.

A year-long study of 166 patients with a mild form of the disease showed that Biogen's drug significantly reduced the build-up of plaque and delayed the onset of cognitive decline, according to data published yesterday at a medical conference in Nice, France.

Shares in Biogen, which have risen 28 per cent this year in anticipation of the data, jumped 7 per cent in New York trading, while other companies with similar drugs also gained, including Eli Lilly, up 2.4 per cent, and Sanofi, which added 1.6 per cent. Biogen's market value has risen by \$45bn to nearly \$110bn in a little over a year.

Analysts voiced concerns over the

drug's safety, with a quarter of patients on the highest dose discontinuing treatment due to adverse effects, including swelling on the brain.

Companies have trialled similar drugs for years with disappointing results, but the industry has pressed ahead because the commercial opportunity is huge: there are 25m Alzheimer's sufferers globally and 5m in the US. Biogen

and its partner Neurimmune developed the drug by cloning the memory cells of people in their 90s who had "super cognitive function", as well as people who had Alzheimer's that was progressing at an unusually slow rate.

"The surprising part was to have a cognitive impact in such a small trial. It makes it kind of unique," Al Sandrock, Biogen's chief medical officer, said. "Most people are very positive about the data. It is a long time since we've seen positive results of this type in a trial

for Alzheimer's disease," said Thomas Wisniewski, neurology professor at New York University's School of Medicine.

For its trial, Biogen accepted only patients with either "prodromal" or "mild" Alzheimer's — the earliest stages of the disease. It tested cognitive impairment after a year on the drug using a 30-point questionnaire. Scores for the placebo group worsened by an average of 3.14 points, compared with 0.58 points for patients on the highest 10mg dose.

There were big concerns about safety, especially for those on the highest doses, 41 per cent of whom developed brain abnormalities that showed up on MRI scans. Investigators stopped treating a quarter of patients on the 10mg dose for this reason.

Dr Sandrock said the adverse effects were "monitorable", although some analysts and physicians felt the company was playing down the risks.

James Pickett, head of research at the UK Alzheimer's Society, noted that some drugs that had shown early promise failed in late-stage trials.

He said: "This was a small, early-stage trial and a larger trial is needed to confirm whether this drug will help people with the disease."

Real estate

Simon raises bid for mall group Macerich

ANNA NICOLAOU — NEW YORK
JAMES FONTANELLA-KHAN
— NEW ORLEANS

Simon Property, the largest US shopping mall operator, sweetened its hostile takeover bid for smaller rival Macerich to \$95.50 per share in cash and stock, up from its previous offer of \$91.

This "best and final offer" will be withdrawn on April 1 if the companies do not meet to discuss the deal, Simon said. The new bid would value Macerich at \$23.2bn, including \$6.4bn in debt.

Although the offer represents a 37 per cent premium to Macerich's undisturbed share price, the target's stock slid nearly 7 per cent to \$87.19 in early trading as traders deemed the new offer insufficient to seal the deal.

Macerich said it would review the proposal and asked shareholders to take no immediate action.

Macerich rejected Simon's initial offer this week, saying the bid "substantially undervalues" the company and did not capture its efforts to restructure its portfolio, shedding lower quality malls and investing fresh capital in new premium properties.

Macerich also made governance

changes to protect the company from a hostile bid, making it tougher for Simon to force a decision.

"Macerich's decision to adopt extreme defensive measures is disappointing," said David Simon, Simon's chairman and chief executive, adding that a "protracted, multiyear proxy battle" was not in shareholders' interests.

Simon also said it would not nominate a director to Macerich's board in a friendly move that aims to decrease tension between the two companies.

People close to Macerich said the board of the Santa Monica company



Shop shield: Macerich has taken steps to protect it from a hostile bid

would welcome Simon's decision to withdraw the threat of a proxy fight over the nomination of board members and take the new offer more seriously.

But despite the sweeter offer and friendlier approach, one person involved in the negotiation said it was still very unlikely that Macerich would accept the higher bid as several substantial legal problems remained.

Maryland law prohibits companies from doing a deal with a shareholder who controls more than 10 per cent of the target company.

Currently, Simon directly owns 3.6 per cent of Macerich but it also has an indirect control of its rival through Vanguard, which owns 13 per cent of Macerich. Simon is confident that this would not be a problem but Macerich is of a different view.

Some analysts said Simon's new offer was not high enough to make Macerich change its mind.

"It's likely Macerich won't review any material bids unless they come in at a significant premium," said David Auerbach at Esposito Securities. "I am not sure a 5 per cent price increase is a material move. General consensus is they're just going to walk away."

COMPANIES. WEEK IN REVIEW

Relocating to avoid bank levy is easier said than done

The Top Line
Brooke Masters
Companies editor



For four years, the UK government has been topping up its coffers with a special bank tax. Enacted as a way of recouping part of the cost of the 2008 financial crisis, the levy on deposits and other liabilities is politically popular and has risen almost every year. This week, British chancellor George Osborne boosted the size of the levy by one-third, in an effort to raise an additional £900m annually.

But some investors now say they are tired of being used as Mr Osborne's personal piggy bank. Two big shareholders in Standard Chartered told the Financial Times this week that they want the bank, which is focused on business in emerging markets, to consider shifting its headquarters to Singapore or Hong Kong.

Doing so would cut StanChart's tax bill dramatically, because while UK-based banks pay the levy on their entire businesses, overseas banks pay

only a percentage, based on their UK activities.

It would be a big move for a bank that has just changed chief executives after a series of profit warnings. Last year, before this latest increase, the UK bank levy gobbled up 9 per cent of StanChart's pre-tax profits.

However, new chief executive Bill Winters may find that changing location is easier said than done.

Despite StanChart's ties to both Singapore and Hong Kong, regulators in both places are likely to present a long list of expensive demands before they roll out the welcome mat.

Standard Chartered's \$725bn in assets would make it bigger than all of Singapore's locally incorporated banks combined, and the government there might well balk at being the lender of last resort for such a large institution.

Hong Kong has a bigger local banking sector with \$1.2tn of assets.

But there, again, StanChart would constitute a big new responsibility.

Then there is the question of capital. Singapore already requires its banks to hold significantly more capital than the global minimums. For Singaporean banks, the average core tier one ratio – the main measure of bank safety – currently stands at 14 per cent. In Hong Kong, the average core tier one capital ratio is 12.7 per cent, according to a recent review by the Basel Committee on Banking Supervision.

By contrast, Standard Chartered has a core tier one capital ratio of 10.7 per cent and has set a goal of 11 to 12 per cent this year. Moving its headquarters would almost certainly drive up this capital target even further.

Regulatory experts say StanChart might also have to invest significantly in new computer systems if it wants to move. Both the Bank of England and the regulator in any country it moves

‘Some investors are tired of being Mr Osborne’s piggy bank’

to would want to be sure that risk management, compliance and control had truly shifted out of the UK before approving an official transfer.

Up to now, both StanChart and local rival HSBC, which also has Hong Kong ties, have stuck with Britain despite the UK levy and the EU-imposed bonus tax – for precisely these reasons.

If the levy keeps rising, however, the balance of costs will shift. Analysts at Investec say the latest increase will bump up StanChart's payment for the coming year by 45 per cent, to \$530m, – a cost that is “accentuated” by not being tax-deductible. They also shifted their recommendation on the bank's shares from “hold” to “sell”.

Many StanChart investors already think Mr Winters will have to raise equity to cover restructuring costs. He now has a perfect opportunity to run the numbers again to see how much the bank would need to leave the UK.

Corporate person in the news

Graham Kerr
Chief executive designate, South32

BHP Billiton has been so much a part of Graham Kerr's life that he recently claimed to have orange blood in his system. But the 43-year-old Australian miner is now having to think about a new set of corporate colours.

Mr Kerr is chief executive designate of South32, the new mining company that will be spun out of BHP at the end of May, subject to a shareholder vote. This week BHP published more than 1,500 pages of documents detailing the assets and prospects of South32, giving Mr Kerr his first opportunity to talk in depth about the venture.

South32 – so called for the parallel of latitude that connects Perth, its intended Australian home city, and South Africa, where it will have extensive operations – is expected to come to the market as one of the world's dozen most valuable mining groups.

South32 is being launched during a steep downturn in mining and opinion is divided on its prospects. Some think it could profit from a clearer focus than under BHP, which earned only a small percentage of annual profits from the South32 assets.

Others believe its disparate assets, low debt and cash-generating potential mean it could quickly become a takeover target for a buyer



His view is the company will have to ‘win the trust of investors’

such as X2 Resources, the private equity vehicle of Mick Davis, one of the most experienced figures in the industry.

Mr Kerr's view is that the company will have to “win the trust of investors” but can then start to expand, with opportunities to invest in some of its own assets that were not a priority for BHP.

“I think the opportunity for South32

is once in a lifetime,” he says, professing not to be concerned about the possibility of a takeover or about leaving BHP behind.

“I am excited that much by the opportunity that I have grasped it with both hands.”

Mr Kerr will relish the chance to lead what will be one of Perth's largest companies. He grew up close by, in the port city of Fremantle, steeped in

BHP blood: Mr Kerr will lead the demerged company after two decades at the mining group

Brendon Thorne/Bloomberg

outdoor culture. In his youth he was a reasonably good Australian rules football player. After studying business, a decision to join BHP in 1994 launched him on to what became a tour of the global mining world.

During two decades – interrupted by a two-year spell at Iluka, another Australian miner – Mr Kerr worked for BHP in Canada, South Africa, Angola and Mozambique, as well as Australia. By 2011 he had risen through the operations to become chief financial officer, replacing Alex Vanselow, who had been Mr Kerr's first boss when he joined BHP as a graduate.

At South32, Mr Kerr could be paid a maximum of A\$10.2m a year if he meets his short-term and long-term performance targets. The company has, however, set a target pay level for him of a little more than A\$6m.

One of his main tasks will be to cut costs. South32 will face an extra \$60m a year in overheads as a standalone entity, it said this week, although these should be offset by operating in a leaner way than under BHP.

In a bid to entice investors and reinforce the company's financial strength, South32 is being launched with relatively low debt and with an intention to pay about 40 per cent of earnings out as dividends.

Short cuts



● It launched the “browser wars” of the 1990s. It loaded web pages in anything from three to 35 minutes (allowing ample time to boil an egg). It helpfully featured a rotating egg timer (facilitating same). But **Microsoft's** Internet Explorer – used by nearly a billion people, cursed by tens of Firefox devotees – is finally being phased out. Would you like to learn about its replacement's features? Make sure you click on “Ask me later”. A lot later.



● **Sotheby's**, the 270-year old fine art auctioneer, has concluded its search for a new chief executive by appointing the boss of the New York Rangers ice hockey team. Tad Smith, who ran Madison Square Garden, which owns the Rangers, calls himself as “a passionate novice” at art history. Insiders hope he will resist the temptation to suggest a four-year-old could have done better, thereby avoiding the need for a face-off with angry sellers.



● Any **Tesla** employee needing a ride from San Francisco to Seattle might want to avoid carpooling with the boss. Having started the week claiming autonomous driving was “a solved problem”, Elon Musk then said his Model S could “auto steer” up the west coast, before admitting Tesla had not actually implemented the technology. Apparently, the vehicle in question also had one careful lady owner, believed to be a nun.



● If you are a plumber pushing 40 and sporting a style of moustache not seen outside certain films from the 1970s, you are unlikely to be an “early adopter” of technology. All of which helps to explain why it has taken so long for **Nintendo's** Super Mario computer game character to grasp the popularity of the smartphone. But news that Mario will migrate from consoles to iPhones sent shares in his company to the next level: up 21 per cent.

Media

Sony and Apple TV services target cable ‘cord cutters’

TIM BRADSHAW — SAN FRANCISCO

After years of rising prices and growing complaints among US consumers about cable television, services targeting “cord cutters” are appearing from some of the best-known names in the media and technology industries.

This week, Sony launched its PlayStation Vue service for \$49.99 a month, beginning in New York, Chicago and Philadelphia. It includes online streaming of live channels including Fox and NBC, and access to a cloud-based digital video recorder.

Sony's service is available through its PlayStation 3



HBO's standalone streaming service, HBO Now, will run on the Apple TV set-top box and will launch with the new series of 'Game of Thrones' next month

and 4 consoles and an iPad app is in the works. The package offers more channels than rival Sling TV, which costs much less at \$20 a month.

Meanwhile Apple is preparing to launch a slimmed-down bundle of channels in a low-cost internet TV service, according to people familiar with its plans.

News of its negotiations with broadcasters this week revived talk that the group will one day make a TV. “We believe that this possible content package would remove a significant hurdle to Apple launching a stand-alone television,” wrote Gene Munster, analyst at Piper Jaffray, in a note.

The plan follows a deal with HBO to launch its standalone streaming service on the Apple TV set-top box. HBO Now will cost \$15 a month when it launches with the new series of *Game of Thrones* next month.

Despite the proliferation of services, none has yet lined up a complete array of channels to compete head on with traditional cable.

Travel & leisure

Ryanair botches take-off for transatlantic flights

JANE WILD — LONDON

Ryanair's hopes for cheap fares across the Atlantic seemed a step closer after the Financial Times reported the airline's statement on Monday that its board had approved the venture.

But by Thursday the company had been forced into an embarrassing retraction, with Michael O'Leary apologising and saying Ryanair had “f***** up”.

Blaming a “miscommunication”, the outspoken chief executive said the board had not, after all, signed off the plan to set up a separate transatlantic airline.

It had taken three days to address the “error” because



‘Miscommunication’: Ryanair chief Michael O'Leary apologised for the ‘error’, citing St Patrick’s day as part of the reason it was not corrected sooner

the day after the story was published online was St Patrick's day and on Wednesday and Thursday he was travelling, Mr O'Leary said.

In a statement issued to the stock exchange, the Irish airline said: “The board of Ryanair Holdings Plc wishes to clarify that it has not considered or approved any transatlantic project and does not intend to do so.”

Mr O'Leary has talked for years about offering flights from £10 between Europe and the US. One reason Ryanair has not done so is the unavailability of aircraft, given order backlogs for the necessary fuel-efficient jets such as the Airbus 350 and Boeing 787 Dreamliner.

Mr O'Leary said on Thursday that Ryanair still wanted to go ahead with transatlantic flights and was in talks with the aircraft makers.

City analysts expressed surprise that the market had not been notified of the apparent decision to move ahead with the transatlantic plan before the media, given that it would be a significant shift in strategy.

Pharmaceuticals

Valeant sweetens \$15.8bn Salix deal to see off Endo

DAVID CROW — NEW YORK

Valeant found an extra \$1bn to sweeten its all-cash takeover of Salix, valuing the gastrointestinal drugmaker at \$15.8bn and seeing off a last-minute counter-offer from Endo.

The bidding war was another sign of frenzied deal-making in the pharmaceuticals and biotech sector, where more than \$70bn of deals have been announced since the start of the year, according to Thomson Reuters.

Valeant went cap-in-hand to investors to fund the sweetener, selling \$1.45bn of new shares.

It will pay for the rest of the deal with bank loans and a



Second bite: Valeant was determined not to miss out again after its year-long pursuit of Botox-maker Allergan was thwarted by Actavis

\$10.1bn junk bond – the second-largest on record.

Mike Pearson, Valeant's chief executive, had faced the prospect of missing out on a second big deal, after his year-long pursuit of Botox-maker Allergan was thwarted by a rival \$70bn bid from Actavis.

Salix's board recommended the \$173-a-share offer, which edged out a cash-and-shares bid from Endo worth about \$172.50.

About an hour after Valeant upped its bid, Endo, a Dublin-based drugmaker that specialises in pain medication, withdrew its offer, which consisted of 1.4607 of its shares and \$45 in cash for each Valeant share.

Endo had gatecrashed the earlier agreement, in a move that cast its chief executive, Rajiv De Silva, as a rival to Mr Pearson – two years ago he was one his most trusted executives at Valeant.

Valeant's revised offer represented a premium of 43.9 per cent over Salix's share price before takeover discussions.

General financial

‘Face of Moore Capital’ jailed for insider trading

CAROLINE BINHAM — LONDON

Julian Rifat, described as the former “face of Moore Capital” in London by prosecutors, received a 19-month jail sentence after pleading guilty to insider trading.

Rifat, 45, co-operated with the US Department of Justice in a separate criminal probe that will see a “particularly important person” come before the US courts in days, London's Southwark Crown Court heard on Thursday.

No other details of the probe were given and the Department of Justice has declined to comment.

Rifat, who was a senior



Julian Rifat, at front, leaves court. He admitted a £285,000 scam, the spoils of which netted him a Range Rover car and a luxurious holiday in Oman

execution trader while at Moore – the US hedge fund founded by Louis Bacon – pleaded guilty to a £285,000 scam, the spoils of which spoils netted him a luxurious holiday in Oman and a new Range Rover car.

He would pass information on deals gleaned from his position at Moore to Graeme Shelley, a former broker at Novum Securities, who would use spread bets to trade ahead of any announcement and split the proceeds with Rifat.

Shelley agreed a deal with the Financial Conduct Authority, the UK watchdog that brought the case, and received a two-year suspended sentence.

A third defendant in the case, Paul Milsom, a former equities trader at the investment arm of Legal & General, also pleaded guilty in 2013 to charges that he passed Shelley information. He received a two-year jail term.

Rifat is the second hedge fund manager who has been convicted by the FCA for insider trading.

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COMPANIES

Universal presses Spotify to change model

World’s largest music company is pushing the streaming site to convert more of its 60m free users to the pay version

MATTHEW GARRAHAN, MURAD AHMED
AND ROBERT COOKSON

The “freemium” model used by Spotify to amass 60m users and 15m paying subscribers around the world is facing a fresh challenge just months after a pop star yanked her albums from the music streaming service.

Taylor Swift, the “Shake It Off” singer, mounted a high-profile publicity campaign against Spotify at the end of last year, claiming the service was undervaluing her music by allowing people to listen to it for free.

Now Universal Music Group, home to such acts as Sam Smith and Katy Perry, is using licence negotiations to push for changes to Spotify’s free service. Universal, the world’s largest music company, privately argues that the free service is not sufficiently distinct from Spotify’s paid-subscription tier.

The disagreement has exposed a sharp difference in strategy between two of the industry’s most important companies at a time of rapid change in the distribution of music. Digital downloads, a reliable source of industry revenue for the past decade, have peaked and are in steady decline. Revenues from streaming, meanwhile, have eclipsed CD sales and are closing in on downloads as music’s largest source of revenue in the US, the biggest market.

Ad-supported free streaming generated \$295m in the US for music labels last year — much less than the nearly \$800m generated by paid subscription.

Spotify’s business model relies on attracting users to a free service that offers a selection of music and limited functionality, with the aim of converting them into paying subscribers. The group generates some revenue from the free service but makes more via paid subscriptions.

A person close to Universal says there is clear evidence that the availability of free music on Spotify has hurt digital

‘Without free, pay has never succeeded . . . We don’t want to destabilise that’

Jonathan Forster, Spotify

downloads from stores such as Apple’s iTunes. “The market data really speaks for itself,” the person says. “It’s clear that the key to success for artists, consumers and Spotify alike is developing an offering that drives more free users to the paid tier.”

Spotify has resisted tightening or changing the free aspect of its service. It says doing so would slow the conversion of free users into paying subscribers and would be likely to send those users to pirated music or free sites such as YouTube.

“Without free, pay has never succeeded,” says Jonathan Forster, who heads the Nordics region for Spotify. “We’re one of the greenest shoots of growth in the industry. We don’t want to destabilise that. We think that this model works.”

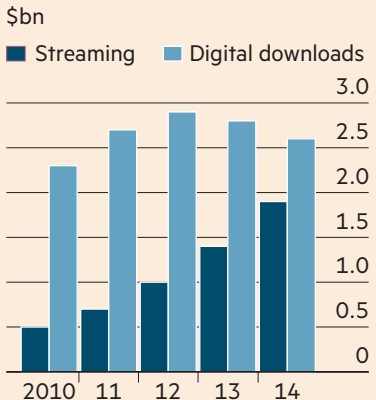
The company also rejects the suggestion that its ad-supported tier is responsible for falling download sales. “Spotify is not cannibalising iTunes,” it says. “Spotify is monetising people who have

Pay to play



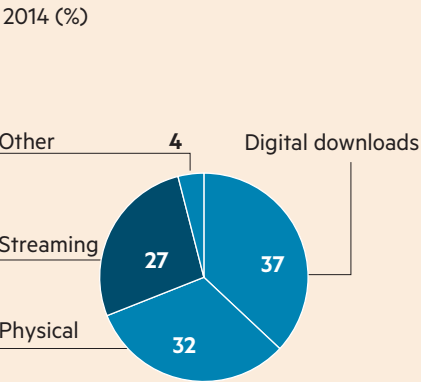
Universal, the music group that is home to artists such as Katy Perry, above, wants to offset the decline in revenue from digital downloads — Lucy Nicholson/Reuters

US streaming and permanent download revenues

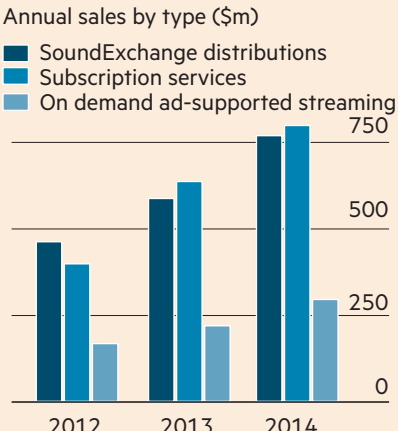


Source: RIAA; FT research; BPI

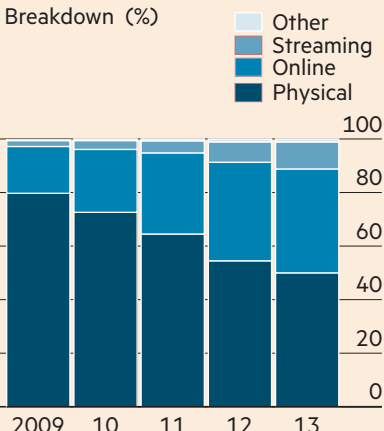
US music industry revenue



US streaming music revenues



UK music industry revenue



\$800m
Amount generated in the US by paid subscription, against \$295m for free streaming

1bn
Number of monthly users of YouTube, the biggest source of free music for young people

never been monetised before.” Only 12 per cent of former iTunes users are on Spotify, and of that number more than 40 per cent subscribe to the paid tier, it adds.

Universal does not want Spotify to abandon the free tier. Instead it is pushing the company to modify the free service — perhaps by capping how long it can be used — to accelerate conversion to paid subscription. Spotify users can currently listen to as much free music as they want and for an unlimited period of time, although they cannot choose tracks on its mobile app or listen offline.

Like the other big music labels, Universal has a small stake in Spotify, about 5 per cent. Until recently it seemed to be in lockstep with the company’s free-to-paid strategy. And the Vivendi-owned group has not commented publicly on its licence negotiations with the streaming company.

But its position has clearly changed. Rob Wells, president of Universal’s

global digital business — and a known supporter of Spotify’s freemium model — left the company recently, and Lucian Grainge, chief executive, has spoken out about the limitations of ad-supported music streaming. He told the Recode conference last month the industry needed to “accelerate paid subscription” in streaming.

“Ad-funded on-demand is not going to sustain the entire ecosystem of the creators as well as the investors,” he said.

Other music labels have taken a different approach. Sony Music, the second-largest music group, has not clashed with Spotify although Doug Morris, chief executive, has been critical of free music services. “I equate free with the decline of the music business,” he recently told Hits, a music industry trade title. “In general, free is death.”

He added that Daniel Ek, Spotify’s chief executive and founder, “deserves a tremendous amount of credit for pushing the rock up the hill”.

Mark Mulligan, an analyst with

MIDiA Research, says Spotify is better than most services at converting free users into paying customers. Pandora has 80m free users and 3.5m pay, he says, while YouTube has 1bn users a month — and barely any pay. “No one else is converting free users to paying ones like Spotify.”

Simon Wheeler, director of strategy at Beggars Group, which owns the 4AD and XL labels, says criticism of Spotify’s model is “a bit unfortunate” because Spotify has been “more successful than any other company in converting people from free to paid”.

The bigger issue, he argues, is YouTube. Though the Google-owned platform is primarily known as a video site, it has become the main online destination for young people to listen to music for free.

“You have got to look at You- Tube,” he says. “It’s free on every platform with no restrictions, totally on demand.”



Hip-hop star Jay-Z has acquired Aspiro, a Swedish streaming group

A vital year of growth
Competition swells for streaming services

YouTube is one of several Spotify competitors bringing streaming services to the market this year. The site, which has 1bn visitors each month, has an enormous library of music videos and tracks which can be watched at any time.

The company says it has paid out more than \$1bn to music labels “over the past few years” — their share of advertising revenue — and is working on its own paid subscription service, which will be launched this year.

The nascent music streaming sector is set to become fiercely competitive this year. Apple will in a few months launch the streaming service it has been reconfiguring since it acquired Beats Electronics last year from Dr Dre and Jimmy Iovine for \$3bn.

The iPhone maker will not offer a free tier in its service but has been in discussions with top artists and managers about signing them to exclusive deals, according to people familiar with the situation.

Mr Iovine, who is running the Apple service, is pursuing these deals aggressively, the people said. If he is successful it could mean that new tracks or complete albums are made available first on the Apple service before they are streamed anywhere else.

Jay-Z, the leading hip-hop star, is also set to enter the market, having acquired Aspiro, a Swedish music streaming group, and is set to use his clout and connections — his RocNation company represents acts such as Rihanna, Calvin Harris and Shakira — to increase its presence in the US.

Spotify, meanwhile, is on track for an IPO, having recently hired Goldman Sachs to lead a \$500m fundraising that would give the company a provisional valuation of about \$8bn.

It is unclear whether the disagreement with Universal, its biggest supplier of music, is going to become a larger issue at a time when the company is anxious to maintain its growth curve. Whatever the outcome, its freemium model is clearly not leaving the spotlight anytime soon.

“It’s the year in which everyone is beginning to say: is freemium growth big enough?” said Mark Mulligan at MIDiA Research.

“Everyone knows it converts [to paid subscription] but the question is: does it convert enough? Is the result big enough to make sure the market grows?”

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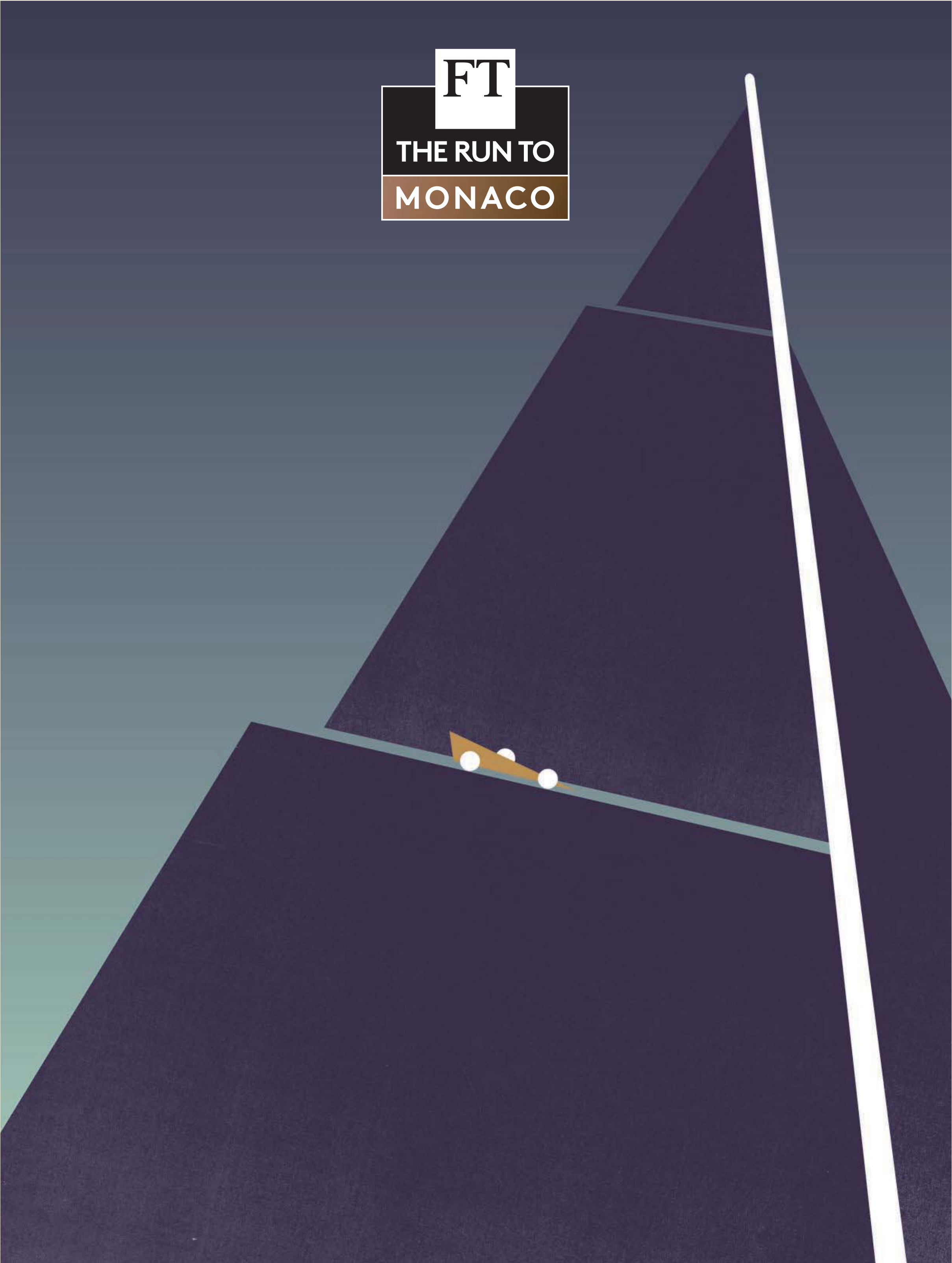
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Michael Mackenzie



Currency headwinds will limit scope for US interest rate rises

Forget the idea of US interest rates “lifting off” any time soon — a view long espoused by the bond market is one belatedly being recognised by policy makers. No matter a robust jobs market. The prospect of US interest rate policy fireworks this year has been doused by a surging dollar and signs of the economy moderating since January.

While markets have been fixated on the Federal Reserve’s Open Market Committee discarding its pledge to be “patient” before lifting rates, thereby providing the central bank with policy flexibility, the critical element for investors has always been the pace and extent of the next tightening cycle.

Six years of easy money conditions have propelled a huge run-up in equity prices and corporate bonds, and once the Fed’s tide of seemingly endless liquidity pulls back, no one knows quite how markets will react. Or as Warren Buffett memorably quipped: “Only when the tide goes out do you discover who’s been swimming naked.”

Based on the latest tidings from the central bank this week, investors can continue swimming for some time. Unless job creation accelerates significantly during the coming months, we may well see just one upward shift in the FOMC’s federal funds rate this year.

Having previously predicted an overnight rate of 1.12 per cent by the end of December, the committee finally bowed to the longstanding message from the bond market and now expects a year-end level of 0.625 per cent.

That is quite a climbdown. And while policy makers also cut their forecasts for rates at the end of 2016 and 2017, these new, lower predictions still remain well above what the interest rate futures and bond yields currently imply.

Interest rate futures suggest that the Fed’s overnight borrowing rate will rise to 0.5 per cent by the end of the year. By the end of 2016 the bond market projects a federal funds rate at 1.25 per cent versus an FOMC call of 1.875 per cent. By December 2017 the market expects borrowing costs to be about 1.8 per cent, well below the Fed’s latest estimate of 3.125 per cent.

One reasonable explanation for the divergence between market-based estimates and those of the FOMC is that bond traders are pricing in the likelihood of turmoil across asset markets once the central bank starts tightening policy.

This week investors jumped on the latest letter from Ray Dalio of Bridgewater, warning how the Fed runs the risk of repeating the kind of drop that scarred markets and the economy during 1937, by raising rates too soon.

An important issue for investors is whether the bond market, rather than policy makers, has a better sense of where interest rates are ultimately heading.

According to Nicholas Colas, chief market strategist at Convergenx, the federal funds futures market has been “uncannily accurate”, while the Fed’s forecasts have been too high.

Here, much depends on the dollar, whose strength and rapid appreciation of late have clearly alarmed policy makers, because these represent a form of tightening by making exports more expensive, while hammering the foreign-based earnings of US multinational companies.

In a world where some two dozen central banks have eased financial conditions so far this year, while the European Central Bank has embarked on huge quantitative easing, even a very patient Fed will not impair the dollar’s upward momentum. Having engineered an economic recovery ahead of the eurozone and Japan, the Fed now faces considerable currency headwinds, limiting its desire to escape from near-zero borrowing rates finally.

The limited tightening cycle forecast by the bond market looks like set to backfire badly given lofty valuations across equities and low-quality bonds. Extending the era of low yields will also encourage further debt issuance from companies looking to fund their dividend payouts and share buybacks, hardly the kind of long-term investment that truly benefits the economy.

“Fed policy today is penalising savers and holders of cash, to instead benefit borrowers, but that has resulted in some questionable capital allocation decision making and financial asset price distortions that could in time risk the Fed’s broader goals through the instability they can produce,” says Rick Rieder at BlackRock.

michael.mackenzie@ft.com

Capital markets

ETFs pour into US oil futures contract

Retail inflows surge as investors look for bottom amid eroding returns

GREGORY MEYER — NEW YORK

Almost a third of the most active US oil futures contract is controlled by exchange traded funds, turning smaller investors into a muscular force on global commodities markets.

ETFs track baskets of securities or commodities in a convenient wrapper that trades on a stock exchange. Money has flooded into funds tracking West Texas Intermediate crude this year as investors try to pick a bottom. The benchmark was \$45.75 a barrel yesterday, less than half the price of a year ago. Analysts at ETF Securities said oil ETFs held between 175m and 180m bar-

rels equivalent of WTI for delivery in May, the most active futures contract. This is about 30 per cent of combined open interest in May WTI on the New York Mercantile Exchange and the Intercontinental Exchange, the main energy futures bourses.

The funds’ heft in the global oil market was “attracting more and more attention” from professional oil traders, said Olivier Jakob, managing director of Petromatrix, a Swiss-based consultant. After oil staged a modest rally this month, Goldman Sachs argued that “the key force pushing commodity markets higher has been retail investor inflows into oil ETFs”.

Investors this year have pumped more than \$2bn into the US Oil Fund, the largest oil ETF, bringing assets to \$3.1bn. The fund owns contracts for 64m barrels of WTI, a 10-fold increase

from a year ago. Only a fifth of the fund’s shares are held short, or as bets on a decline, suggesting that the “bulk of USO investors are either long or have some sort of complicated trade or hedge”, said John Hyland, the fund’s chief investment officer.

Oil ETFs are not limited to retail. Among the investors with a large recent position in the US Oil Fund was Kynikos Associates, a hedge fund founded by Jim Chanos, according to a filing.

Investors buying and holding an oil ETF have the odds stacked against them. This is because WTI prices slope upwards for future delivery dates, meaning the funds can afford fewer barrels of oil each time they sell an expiring month’s contract and buy a new one. Goldman warned that “any upside to price returns is being significantly eroded by losses on roll yields”.

30%
Proportion of open interest in May WTI held by the funds — or 175m-180m barrels equivalent

\$2bn
Amount pumped into US Oil Fund, the largest oil ETF, by investors this year

The last time oil ETFs ballooned was in early 2009 when crude prices bottomed during the financial crisis. While the spot price of WTI more than doubled that year, the US Oil Fund rose only 50 per cent as the upward-sloping price pattern, known as contango, ate into returns.

“Contango is deadly,” said Herb Morgan of Efficient Market Advisors, a US money manager specialising in ETFs. “If you’re going to own one of these things that’s susceptible to contango, you’ve got to be a trader [rather than a long-term investor].”

The boom in oil ETFs has boosted numbers of those participating on futures exchanges. The number of outstanding May 2015 WTI contracts on Nymex is 53 per cent higher than open interest in the May 2014 contract a year ago.

Analysis. Currencies

Dollar’s direction falters on Fed worries

Volatility beckons as central bank signals link between value and rate rise delay

ROGER BLITZ

Four words in the US Federal Reserve policy statement triggered a remarkable 24-hour rollercoaster for the dollar. “Export growth has weakened,” said the central bank, in a veiled reference to how the sustained appreciation of the currency since last summer has weighed on the economy.

Although the Fed rarely discusses the currency, Janet Yellen, chairwoman, also referred to dollar strength during her press conference after the statement was published. That one-two punch drove the dollar sharply lower on Wednesday, with the euro, which has depreciated 13 per cent since the start of the year, on track for its best weekly gain since October 2011.

A 25 per cent rise in the dollar over the past year may give way to a period of far choppiest trading that challenges investors, especially those betting on further gains for the greenback. With the Fed voicing its worries about a strong dollar and signalling that this could delay monetary tightening, investors are likely to face a tougher trading environment in the currency market.

The strength of the dollar and ramifications for policy have been bubbling away for a while. When ex-Fed chairman Ben Bernanke was guest of honour at a recent private investment forum at Pimco, the bond fund management firm’s staff peppered him with questions about the central bank’s likely approach to the strengthening dollar.

Surging dollar appreciation globally has triggered growing unease among US equity investors as numerous multinational companies have revealed lower profits from their foreign operations.

That became apparent during this week’s Fed press conference. In addition to worries about exports, Ms Yellen said import prices had restrained inflation, and “in light of the recent appreciation of the dollar, will likely continue to do so in the months ahead”.

Rich Clarida, global strategic adviser at Pimco, says: “Until now, with markets romancing the idea of quantitative easing in Europe and Japan, you have had a one-way move in the dollar. This is the first time the Fed, through its jawboning, has signalled that the currency move is on its radar.”

While the Fed statement and Ms



Fluctuating fortunes: the dollar fell 2.5% against the euro on Wednesday but roared back 24 hours later
Brendan Smialowski/AFP

Yellen played down the prospect of a rate rise in June, dollar bulls quickly capitalised on a knee-jerk bout of weakness. After falling 2.5 per cent against the euro on Wednesday, the dollar roared back 24 hours later, reversing those losses. This whipsaw trading between the dollar and euro highlights how volatility is picking up across the currency market.

“You have to go back a long time to get to anything like that level of volatility,” says Simon Derrick, strategist at BNY Mellon. “To go from \$1.06 to \$1.10 [in one session] — that was ‘wow.’”

Marc Chandler, global currency strategist at Brown Brothers Harriman and a long-time dollar bull, says it was an opportunity that long-dollar advocates could not pass up. “Long and medium-term dollar investors are still very dollar bullish,” he says. “Whether the Fed raises [rates] in June or September is not such a big deal.”

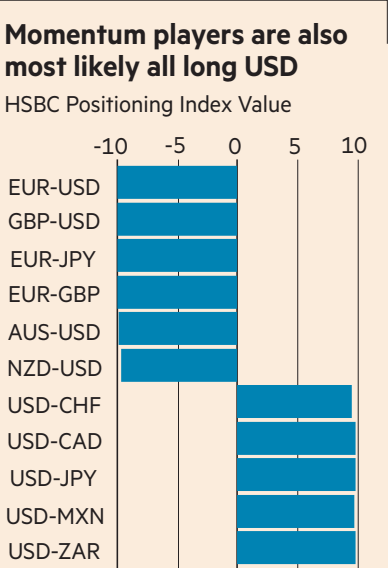
But some long-dollar traders have

begun shifting their strategy and yesterday the euro was rising fast. Ugo Lancioni of asset manager Neuberger Berman says the group has been long on the dollar since last year but has become more neutral.

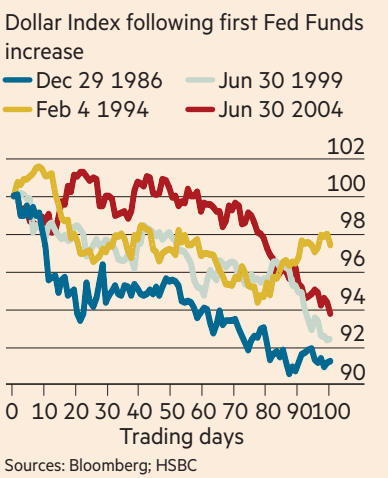
One reason, he says, is that divergence is now priced into the greenback. “Investors jumped on the dollar story on the back of expecting divergence, which is a powerful story, but which has played out,” he says. “Given that the dollar is doing some of the tightening for the Fed, will that momentum of the divergence story continue?”

That view is shared by longstanding dollar-bull proponents at HSBC who say the dollar rally is nearing its end. “Tell me something I don’t know,” says Daragh Maher of HSBC about the divergence argument. “There’s no one out there who isn’t aware the Fed wants to raise rates. We are in the autopilot phase.”

There are other reasons to believe



USD has fallen in the period immediately after the first rate rise



that the dollar bull case has run its course, says HSBC. The US currency has already moved more than in other historical dollar rallies; it is the world’s second most overvalued currency (behind the Swiss franc); the markets appear to be ignoring both disappointing US economic data and surprisingly good numbers from eurozone economies; positioning is so stretched that there appears to be no resistance to dollar bulls; and historically the dollar tends to fall after the US raises interest rates

Mr Chandler disagrees. In dollar rallies of the 1980s and 1990s, the euro or its equivalent halved, he says, adding that he believes history will repeat itself. “It peaked at \$1.60 back in 2008 and ever since that peak my technical models and fundamental views became much more dollar-bullish.

“I’m convinced the euro is going back down to test those historic lows at about half the value of its peak.”

Additional reporting by Stephen Foley

Commodities

Castleton hires veteran trader for metals push

HENRY SANDERSON — LONDON
GREGORY MEYER — NEW YORK

Energy trader Castleton Commodities International is expanding into industrial metals and hiring a former head of metals at JPMorgan Chase.

The US-based trading house plans to build a global team in copper and other base metals led by Peter Sellars in London. The veteran trader was most recently at JPMorgan and before that ran RBS Semptra Metals, which the bank purchased in 2010.

Mr Sellars’ move is the latest by a former Wall Street commodities executive to a merchant trading house. David Tregar, previously a chief financial officer of JPMorgan’s metals business and at Armajaro, the hedge fund, will be Castleton’s base metals CFO. JPMorgan sold its physical commodi-

ties business to Swiss trading house Mercuria last year, amid regulatory scrutiny over banks’ ownership of commodity assets.

Metals prices have fallen to the lowest levels in years as China’s economic growth slows and the country tries to shift towards consumption and services. Such market moves can increase demand for hedging.

“Base metals are necessary materials in most forms, in any kind of demographic growth area,” Mr Sellars said. “We like that scenario where there is a bit of uncertainty out there [and] we can act as true merchants. We’ll be moving the metal around; we’ll be storing it; we’ll be back into the true merchanting activities we’ve always done.”

Castleton was formerly named LDH Energy and traded mainly natural gas and other energy in North America. In

2012 it was sold to an investor group including the hedge fund managers.

Since 2012 it has expanded abroad and into commodities such as seaborne petroleum and iron ore. The employee count has increased from 365 to more than 650, according to a person close to the company.

Castleton will face competition in base metals from commodities trading houses such as Glencore, Trafigura, Gunvor and Noble Group. Switzerland-based Gunvor opened an office for trading metals in Singapore in February.

Castleton has foreign affiliate offices in London, Geneva, Shanghai and Singapore, among other locations. Adding activities to Castleton’s business could make it easier to obtain financing, a company official said. Commodities traders rely on banks for short-term liquidity and loans.

Currencies

Optimism on Greek progress helps drive euro

STEPHEN SMITH

The euro rallied strongly yesterday as unexpected US Federal Reserve dovishness combined with improving optimism on bailout progress in Greece to push the single currency to its best week in more than three years.

“The euro is rising as market participants assess the outlook following this week’s sizeable Fed-driven volatility,” said Eric Theoret of Scotiabank.

The single currency climbed 1.7 per cent to \$1.0838 yesterday, sealing a weekly uptick of 2.9 per cent, the strongest move since October 2011.

It was Wednesday’s surge back above \$1.10 that left analysts pondering the perceived wisdom of a remorseless slide to parity for the euro. “Euro/dollar moved by more on Wednesday than on just about any day since it came into

being in 1999,” said Steve Barrow of Standard Bank. “More than on any day during the eurozone debt crisis . . . More than the European Central Bank’s QE announcement, the Swiss National Bank’s decision to end the Swiss franc ceiling against the euro — and more than the terrible events of 9/11.”

Mr Barrow added that the moves were “pretty amazing because, in actual fact, not that much happened” with the Fed. “The worry, of course, is that such volatility in euro/dollar on ‘no’ news is a warning sign about the current dangers in the currency market.”

Volatility continued on Thursday as the euro gave up all the previous day’s gains, only to again reverse course to close the week on a stronger footing.

The euro was also buoyed yesterday by an upbeat assessment of overnight talks between Alexis Tsipras, Greek

prime minister, and eurozone leaders. “[Angela] Merkel, [Jean-Claude] Juncker, [Mario] Draghi and others around the table managed to extract a renewed commitment from Tsipras to stick to the bailout road map agreed at the eurogroup of 20 February,” said Robert Kuenzel of Daiwa Capital Markets Europe.

US currency weakness across the board yesterday — the dollar index slid 1.5 per cent — accompanied a burst of strength for sterling after Andrew Haldane, the Bank of England’s chief economist, signalled this week that a rate cut might be considered even if inflation persisted at lower levels. Sterling gained 1.4 per cent over the week to \$1.4968.

A surprise rate cut on Wednesday by the Swedish central bank pushed the krona to a six-year low. Over the week it retreated 0.4 per cent to Skr8.5909.

MARKETS & INVESTING

Currencies

China aims to stop renminbi outflows

Central bank intervention propelled the renminbi to its biggest weekly gain on record yesterday, as authorities sought to prevent currency weakness from eroding confidence in the economy and inciting capital flight.

While intervention by the People's Bank of China can never be directly confirmed, traders suspect the PBoC of drawing on its \$3.8tn in foreign exchange reserves in recent weeks.

China's currency lost 2.4 per cent in 2014, its first significant full-year loss since authorities ended the strict dollar peg in 2005. Strong gains in the dollar, and monetary loosening by China's central bank, were key factors behind the renminbi's losses.

Depreciation continued in early 2015, with the renminbi touching a 28-month low of 6.2763 per dollar on March 3. But this week the currency gained 0.9 per cent to close at 6.2062, a huge swing by the standards of China's tightly controlled currency. It touched a three-month high of 6.1805 in intraday trade yesterday before falling slightly in the afternoon session.

"The PBoC does not want expectations of renminbi weakness to get too strong," said a trader at a midsized bank in Shanghai. "That's not good for the economy. So they want to keep the renminbi relatively stable."

Analysts say that if renminbi depreciation expectations become entrenched, it could lead the moderate capital outflow that China has experienced in recent months to turn to full-fledged capital flight.

The slight recovery of the euro against the dollar also partly explains the renminbi's gains this week. The Chinese currency's decline in 2014 and early this year broadly tracked falls in the euro and Japanese yen.

Indeed even as the renminbi fell versus the dollar before this week, its relative stability propelled the Chinese currency to an all-time high in February, data from the Bank for International Settlements show.

Gabriel Wildau

Global overview

S&P 500 on course for weekly gain as dovish Fed softens dollar

Greenback swings wildly as European and Japanese indices record multi-year highs and oil rally brings relief to energy stocks

DAVE SHELLOCK

US stocks were heading for their first weekly gain in four and the dollar was on course for its biggest five-day drop since 2011 as the Federal Reserve's dovish midweek commentary continued to reverberate around the markets.

Treasury bond prices resumed their upward momentum and equity prices in Europe and Japan reached fresh cyclical highs while crude oil staged a strong end-of-week rally.

But it was the dollar that grabbed the headlines this week as it swung wildly in response to the Fed's cautious stance over when it might start raising interest rates.

"Euro/dollar moved more after the Fed decision than on any other day in its history — bar a couple of truly crazy days during the height of the 2008-09 financial crisis and the European Central Bank-led intervention of September 2000," noted Steve Barrow, head of G10 strategy at Standard Bank.

At one point on Wednesday the euro was up a full four cents on the day and within a whisker of \$1.10 against the dollar as the weight of speculative short positions in the trade sent bears scrambling for the exits.

Mr Barrow added that there was an important second explanation for the sharpness of the move.

"The difference between perceived liquidity in the currency market and



Back where we started: FT.com/video
The FT's John Authers explains that the long-term trend is for investors to expect US rates to stay lower for longer

actual liquidity is getting bigger," he said. "We saw this quite vividly during the euro/Swiss franc debacle on January 15 and the market is clearly scarred."

Yesterday the dollar index — a measure of the **currency** against a basket of peers — was down 1.5 per cent at 97.75, taking its decline over the week to 2.6 per cent. The gauge hit a 12-year high of 100.39 just a week ago.

The euro was up 1.6 per cent versus the dollar yesterday at \$1.0831, for a five-day gain of 3.2 per cent, as talk of parity between the pair was put on hold — for now at least.

US **equities** found support from the weaker dollar — as well as the dovish Fed. By midday in New York, the S&P

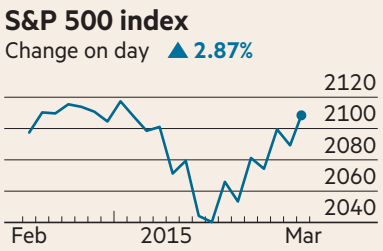
500 was up 1.2 per cent at 2,113 — just a fraction away from the record close of 2,117.39 hit at the start of March.

The Nasdaq Composite was back above 5,000 and closing in on its all-time peak, while the CBOE Vix volatility index — the so-called equity "fear gauge" — was at its lowest for the year.

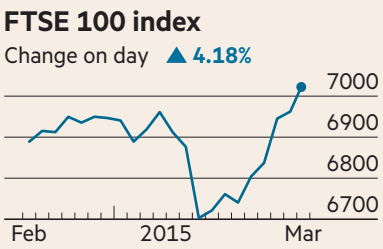
Energy stocks led the S&P higher yesterday as US West Texas Intermediate crude **oil** jumped 4.9 per cent to \$46.10 a barrel. Brent was 0.9 per cent higher at \$54.92 — just 25 cents up over the week.

But John Higgins at Capital Economics warned that dollar strength was still likely to keep a cap on Wall Street in the months to come. "According to latest international transactions data, the for-

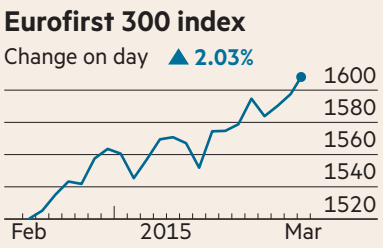
Markets update



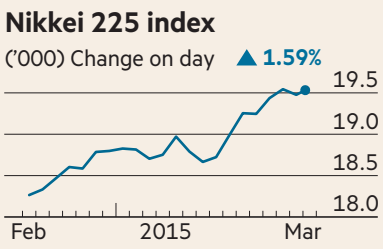
US equities The S&P 500 was within easy striking distance of the record closing high it hit earlier this month as the dollar retreated sharply, soothing worries about multinationals' earnings



UK equities CRH, the cement maker, gained 51 per cent, helping the FTSE 100 break through 7,000 for the first time as a wave of bullishness swept through global equity markets



European equities The Eurofirst 300 rose 0.8 per cent yesterday to its highest since 2007, as the Xetra Dax in Frankfurt reclaimed the 12,000 mark and Spanish stocks climbed 3 per cent



Asian equities The Nikkei rose 0.4 per cent in choppy trading yesterday to a fresh 15-year peak, giving it a sixth successive weekly advance

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Wall Street
Nike leaps on higher sales and orders despite currency headwinds

Mamta Badkar and Eric Platt

Better than expected fiscal third-quarter earnings and future orders lifted **Nike** shares yesterday.

Goods for delivery between March and July rose 11 per cent on a constant currencies basis buoyed by a trend among US consumers to wear athletic apparel outside the gym.

Analysts had forecast that the measure, a leading indicator of future results, would advance 9.9 per cent. Including currency changes, however, reported orders climbed 2 per cent.

For the three months to the end of February the athletic apparel and footwear maker reported profits of \$791m, or 89 cents per share, compared with \$682m, or 75 cents a share. Sales climbed 7 per cent to \$7.5bn. Wall Street had expected earnings of 84 cents a share, on sales of \$7.6bn.

London
Vedanta helps FTSE 100 to pass 7,000 mark

Bryce Elder

A short squeeze pushed **Vedanta Resources** sharply higher yesterday as oil and mining stocks lifted the FTSE 100 to a new record high.

Vedanta rallied sharply after Tom Albanese, chief executive, used a capital markets day to play down worries about the company's balance sheet strength

Vedanta Resources
Share price (pence)

Indices	Close	Day's change
S & P 500	2113.29	24.02
DJ Industrials	18188.34	229.31
Nasdaq Comp	5040.70	48.32
Russell 2000	1204.70	-8.35
VIX	12.92	-1.15
US 10 yr Treas Bd	1.93	-0.03
US 2 yr Treas Bd	0.59	-0.02

Sales in the US — which accounted for 47 per cent of revenues last year — rose 6 per cent from a year earlier to \$3.3bn. Future sales orders for the region advanced 15 per cent, ahead of expectations for an 11.5 per cent rise.

Dollar strength hurt the results as Nike, which is based in Beaverton, Oregon, said the value of its sales in Europe would have increased 21 per cent, rather than the 10 per cent it reported, had it not been for the dollar's rise against the euro.

"We are encouraged to see more than 14 per cent earnings before interest and tax growth in its core Nike brand business in the face of significant currency headwinds, choppy consumer trends in key markets and the sustained period of strength in North America, where the brand is most mature," said

Lindsay Drucker Mann, an analyst at Goldman Sachs.

Shares of Nike, which have climbed 29 per cent in the past year, gained 3.8 per cent to \$102.05.

Biogen was the best performer on the benchmark S&P 500, after a study showed that its Alzheimer's drug, Aducanumab, slowed a patient's cognitive decline with a significant reduction in the build-up of so-called amyloid plaque in the brain.

Shares in Biogen, which is based in Cambridge, Massachusetts, climbed nearly 6 per cent to \$458.63.

Tiffany shares fell 3.5 per cent to \$83.40, after the luxury retailer said it expected a 30 per cent decline in first-quarter net earnings and "a more modest decline in the second quarter".

The warning accompanied fourth-quarter profits that topped forecasts. Tiffany reported earnings of \$196.2m, or \$1.51 a share, on sales of \$1.29bn. Wall Street had estimated earnings of \$1.50 a share on sales of \$1.3bn.

"Longer term, we believe Tiffany's growth prospects are favourable given its dominant position in the global luxury category and global diversification," said Randall J Konik, an analyst at Jefferies. "However, there will probably be some volatility in fundamental performance near term."

US stocks rallied as the dollar weakened. The S&P 500 gained 0.7 per cent to 2,103.26, the Dow Jones Industrial Average advanced 0.7 per cent to 18,093.09, and the Nasdaq Composite climbed 0.7 per cent to 5,025.65, approaching a record close.

and reiterate its commitment to paying a progressive dividend. The Indian resources conglomerate maintained that it should not be liable for a tax demand linked to the 2006 restructuring of Cairn India.

Vedanta had been looking at using the stronger cash flow of its Sesa Sterlite subsidiary to raise debt in the Indian market, which could be streamed upwards by the repayment of the existing intercompany debt between the pair, said Deutsche Bank.

Having hit a low of 424.9p in early deals, Vedanta ended up 16.2 per cent at 525p. Nearly 9 per cent of the shares are on loan to short sellers.

Mining and energy were the top-performing sectors as the FTSE 100 finished above the 7,000 point level for the first time on record. The index rose 0.9 per cent, or 60.19 points, to 7,022.51.

Holcim's rescue of its merger with Lafarge lifted **CRH**, buyer of the antitrust concession package, and **Anglo American**, which is due to sell the merged group its stake in **Tarmac**. CRH closed 5.1 per cent higher at £18.40. Anglo was up 5.2 per cent to £11.01.

Tullow Oil rallied 3.5 per cent to 320.3p after it agreed a \$450m extension to its debt facilities and relaxed a debt covenant.

Separately, Stifel analysts argued that Tullow looked the UK oil sector's most attractive bid target. Only Tullow had quality assets, a relatively weak balance sheet and high administrative costs, Stifel said.

Shire rose 0.9 per cent to £56.85, a record high, after Bernstein turned positive on the drugmaker. Generic competition for Vyvanse and Lialda, its treatments for hyperactivity and colitis respectively, would come later and be more benign than previously expected.

Clothing retailer **Next** lost a further 0.5 per cent to £72.75 after Thursday's cut to 2016 sales guidance. Canaccord Genuity downgraded to "hold", arguing that the stock might struggle to retain its traditional sector premium.

TalkTalk gained 3.8 per cent at 352.6p even as short interest in the broadband provider hit a record. About 18 per cent of TalkTalk's free float is on loan to short sellers, up from 2 per cent a year ago, Markit data show.

MARKET DATA

FT500: THE WORLD'S LARGEST COMPANIES

52 Week										52 Week									
Stock	Price	Day	Chg	High	Low	Yld	P/E	MCap		Stock	Price	Day	Chg	High	Low	Yld	P/E	MCap	
Australia (AS)										ChristianDor									
ANZ	36.79	0.16	36.87	30.47	4.91	13.79	78970.98			Cred Agr	13.42	0.19	13.47	9.76	2.81	14.98	3730.87		
BHPBillit	36.07	0.09	39.74	26.50	6.05	10.53	76442.71			Darone	62.75	0.12	63.18	48.13	2.56	31.46	43607.46		
CmxBASU	96.32	0.71	96.60	73.57	6.00	17.67	121191.91			EDF	22.89	0.11	29.30	20.50	6.04	10.89	4958.11		
CSL	95.43	0.21	95.60	83.77	1.31	30.07	34811.91			Essilor Int	108.35	1.30	108.26	71.16	0.83	23.36	25200.57		
NasAusX	39.39	0.15	39.57	31.33	5.16	17.39	74009.39			GF Suez	19.00	0.17	21.19	16.17	8.74	-4.81	4996.48		
Telstra	6.37	0.04	6.74	4.96	4.67	16.96	60436.67			Hermes Int	312.40	0.55	317.40	229.00	0.96	36.18	35600.05		
Westfarms	44.18	0.13	46.95	40.26	6.64	31.32	38526.75			Kering	193.30	-0.95	198.50	138.85	2.15	26.09	26346.41		
Westpac	39.73	0.02	39.80	31.33	4.65	16.39	96202.51			Lihef	172.10	1.85	174.25	114.55	1.56	33.92	104261.39		
Woodfields	35.70	0.39	44.23	31.97	9.44	9.80	22026.38			LVNH	169.25	0.05	175.40	127.40	22.03	22.84	92740.48		
Woodworth	29.11	0.10	39.92	28.53	6.78	14.04	28535.63			Nmblech-SFR	52.40	-0.06	60.01	26.38	-	-63.26	2754.72		
Belgium (C)										Orano									
AndbInb	113.85	-0.25	117.50	71.82	21.11	24.44	197645.05			PernodRic	109.15	-	110.50	79.56	1.61	27.73	31272.42		
Brazil (RE)										Safran									
Ambave	18.75	0.26	18.88	14.98	2.06	20.13	91535.4			Santofi	93.63	0.65	94.20	69.59	3.21	26.42	133346.65		
BndBrazil	23.53	0.56	38.19	19.90	8.18	4.41	20942.67			Schneider	74.18	1.23	74.82	52.98	3.91	24.19	46820.23		
BncDnBras	32.72	0.02	35.98	23.46	4.21	16.33	20326.46			SoGen	43.16	0.59	47.89	31.85	2.49	13.80	37509.43		
Bradesco	35.50	0.79	41.30	29.20	1.27	9.25	24503.06			Total	47.64	0.14	54.71	38.25	5.78	10.13	122649.19		
Cielo	46.85	0.42	47.38	34.91	3.12	17.28	22879.39			UnibailR	257.40	1.90	262.00	180.70	3.71	14.92	27250.16		
ItaUnifin	33.12	0.54	38.74	26.85	1.81	7.47	28486.67			Vinci	55.47	1.07	56.38	39.65	3.42	11.68	35354.55		
Petrobras	6.92	0.23	23.50	7.86	7.29	4.29	20020.51			Vivendi	22.16	0.07	22.21	17.26	4.84	-9.87	32359.19		
Vale	19.72	0.57	34.44	17.65	11.68	-0.57	19706.15			Germany (IG)									
Canada (CS)										Allianz									
Alimentation	49.55	0.89	50.92	28.50	0.33	27.19	16449.73			BAF	32.45	0.30	32.45	31.60	9.31	15.34	91540.52		
BC	53.07	-0.66	60.20	46.43	4.84	17.13	35419.47			Bayer	143.95	1.55	145.85	91.51	1.56	32.39	128466.48		
BKWest	71.24	0.60	65.71	72.25	5.89	41.19	39160.68			BMW	116.75	0.15	123.75	74.74	2.39	12.32	75866.73		
BKWestS	63.65	0.53	74.93	60.75	4.30	11.32	61089.39			Continental	226.00	1.15	234.25	136.85	1.19	19.56	48792.48		
BKWestS	68.81	0.57	69.58	43.65	1.13	14.32	34419.31			Daimler	91.51	1.26	99.30	51.10	1.26	9.90	93714.65		
CanPar	239.13	0.40	247.56	156.64	0.61	27.15	31182.57			DeutscheB	31.65	0.63	33.65	23.10	1.67	10.34	37015.2		
CanParP	92.68	1.02	107.37	88.04	4.27	12.94	25925.25			Ditk Bank	16.98	0.26	17.11	12.85	1.26	10.34	37015.2		
CanParP	31.27	0.55	45.57	31.00	2.44	12.53	32319.64			Edi Tkm	16.98	0.26	17.11	12.85	1.26	10.34	37015.2		
CanParP	86.22	-0.09	88.89	59.66	1.16	23.28	55250.98			Eni	14.25	0.25	15.15	11.26	1.26	10.34	37015.2		
CanParP	61.45	-0.01	65.13	47.43	2.37	44.44	41569.34			Freemove	55.51	0.51	55.51	55.51	0.51	55.51	55.51		
CanParP	36.62	0.48	37.00	28.61	3.49	13.82	28981.37			HenkelKgaA	97.15	-	98.48	86.55	66.70	1.33	14.45	27244.35	
CanParP	47.98	0.64	59.46	44.08	1.13	10.36	32291.47			Liunde	192.35	0.30	195.55	139.95	1.67	30.47	38744.54		
CanParP	21.81	0.22	23.08	18.91	2.71	11.74	34720.78			Liunde	192.35	0.30	195.55	139.95	1.67	30.47	38744.54		
CanParP	40.84	-0.30	42.17	35.25	4.13	18.63	26534.14			MAH	67.10	0.10	67.54	50.08	1.18	22.65	88991.69		
CanParP	76.43	0.79	83.87	71.00	3.25	3.72	87547.5			Siemens	100.65	-	108.35	80.17	3.21	16.25	107147.65		
CanParP	35.65	0.24	47.18	30.00	1.80	16.80	40885.87			Volkswagen	242.30	2.35	254.50	147.35	1.77	10.20	77180.77		
CanParP	51.38	0.04	51.30	37.10	3.10	23.18	32885.05			Hong Kong (HKSE)									
CanParP	54.05	0.41	62.20	49.67	3.43	13.19	78580.46			AIA	48.00	-0.20	49.65	34.90	0.79	34.21	74513.26		
CanParP	54.03	0.01	63.86	49.30	3.60	21.00	31190.4			BKWest	26.95	0.05	27.95	21.50	3.27	14.13	36722.12		
CanParP	256.55	-3.93	263.91	116.01	-	-	79.58	693.67		CanParP	22.20	-0.05	26.70	17.85	1.26	8.30	23386.56		
China (HKSE)										CanParP									
AgriBank	3.83	-0.01	4.10	3.04	5.43	5.88	15172.68			CanParP	151.60	-0.80	158.50	120.70	2.01	9.30	42553.14		
BK China	4.45	-	4.57	3.04	5.12	5.88	15172.68			Citic Ltd	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
BKWest	6.68	-0.07	7.36	4.53	4.43	6.60	3041.56			Citic Secs	27.25	1.10	33.95	14.20	0.65	32.57	4138.22		
Cv Envrntgt	4.23	-	4.52	2.68	4.26	5.81	3744.56			CNOOC	10.54	-0.02	15.88	9.72	4.71	7.77	6064.21		
Cv Envrntgt	10.83	0.07	11.32	5.64	2.17	17.53	17005.96			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	9.63	-0.26	10.24	5.01	2.04	9.44	2594.97			CanParP	10.54	-0.02	15.88	9.72	4.71	7.77	6064.21		
Cv Envrntgt	6.46	0.01	6.62	4.89	5.38	6.12	20079.72			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	17.82	0.40	20.35	12.84	-	-	10.93	3019.94		CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	5.99	-0.01	6.34	3.91	4.96	5.92	11468.73			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	32.90	0.15	34.00	19.72	0.59	28.91	31151.33			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	18.25	-1.75	106.50	49.67	3.43	13.19	78580.46			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	37.45	0.15	41.95	23.55	1.12	28.76	13094.99			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	9.87	-0.25	10.68	5.87	1.26	9.75	2641.11			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	6.49	-0.13	6.68	3.15	1.19	11.80	35915.15			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	15.53	0.18	16.22	8.10	1.61	19.19	39160.68			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	30.20	2.26	32.98	9.71	-	-	51.31	22681.38		CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.05	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97			CanParP	13.40	0.10	16.88	11.26	2.28	8.93	43007.29		
Cv Envrntgt	20.10	0.10	24.40	18.72	4.75	8.36	8781.97												

FINANCIAL TIMES SHARE SERVICE

Main Market

	52 Week						Vol
	Price	+/-Chg	High	Low	Yld	P/E	
Aerospace & Defence							
Aerofluct	805.00	-13.00	825.00	600.00	0.59	19.03	40.5
BAC Sys	545.50	15.00	549.00	374.10	3.30	24.30	14977.8
Chemring	215.50	2.50	276.00	181.00	2.88	30.78	46.7
Collins	318.80	3.70	349.10	258.00	2.04	18.22	211.6
Moog	574.50	-3.00	593.50	427.00	2.30	21.98	4295.6
Rolls-Royce	987.50	5.00	1100.00	777.00	2.27	35.21	6.5
Senior	335.00	1.80	342.50	248.90	1.57	22.24	73.4
Ultrafite	176.2	-9.00	199.1	162.4	2.48	26.87	12.7
Automobiles & Parts							
FordHulF	16.49	0.15	18.12	13.26	2.90	21.88	14329.7
GKN	375.60	0.50	468.00	281.10	2.18	12.79	7097.6
Banks							
ANZ ASX	36.79	0.16	36.87	40.47	9.41	13.79	7294.9
BoscAnt	489.00	20.25	759.00	316.37	9.08	13.70	162.9
BankAm ASX	15.95	0.24	18.21	14.37	0.72	46.27	53823.5
BullBank	1746	-31.00	2765.69	1686.40	7.85	17.06	6.2
Bankline	0.3	0.01	0.38	0.07	-	-14.05	24714.2
BkVnASX	63.59	0.53	74.38	60.75	4.03	11.32	4330.2
Barclays	253.30	2.50	269.94	201.75	2.55	34.78	6192.5
Canlmp CSX	92.68	1.02	107.37	88.04	4.27	12.94	1611.2
US Bank	584.70	1.60	737.00	555.40	5.38	12.89	42486.4
Lyndell	80.63	1.13	81.82	70.02	-	41.37	21368.4
RYBNC	76.43	0.79	83.87	71.57	12.36	31.56	3.0
RBSS	356.30	7.80	414.00	294.70	-	6.27	13301.4
StandardCh	1071.5	21.00	1355.5	867.50	5.16	15.81	2152.4
7.375%RP	120.00	-	128.00	108.00	6.15	-	23.20
0.25%RP	132.75	-	132.00	124.00	6.21	-	34.2
Westpac	54.05	0.41	58.00	49.67	2.43	13.19	6564.6
Westpac ASX	39.73	0.02	39.80	31.45	4.65	16.39	651.2
Basic Resource (Ex Mining)							
Ferroex	57.50	0.25	163.10	47.80	7.08	2.37	1562.4
InfraNet	3.76	0.01	11.20	2.65	-	2.29	74.1
Mondi	1348	2.00	1369	919.00	2.20	18.14	1696.0
ValleBRI	19.72	0.57	34.44	17.65	11.68	85.7	2458.0
Chemicals							
Alent	377.70	-6.20	406.20	294.56	2.38	16.12	332.1
BayerE	143.95	1.55	145.85	151.1	1.56	32.39	32.81
Cadent	24.00	19.20	192.75	80.00	1.88	-	49.9
Cardinal	191.00	2.00	204.00	167.00	1.46	22.53	18.9
Elementis	295.80	3.40	305.10	225.50	1.62	20.56	121.8
Powair	297.50	4.00	347.75	237.50	1.01	20.10	56.2
Synstar SFR	336.50	2.00	350.30	273.01	3.14	20.46	47.0
Synthoner	305.40	1.20	306.80	176.64	2.05	22.77	508.7
Victrex	1904	-140.00	2202.55	1356	2.31	20.17	211.6
Construction & Materials							
Aluma	150.50	-	160.00	109.66	3.32	13.00	38.6
Balfour	235.00	-4.50	309.00	145.59	6.00	89.89	10298.7
Boill	119.75	-	129.00	101.00	8.08	-	66.4
Boothl	215.25	-	232.25	170.00	2.37	17.55	20.3
Clarke	61.50	-0.25	88.80	59.70	4.73	46.89	33.2
Cositan	318.50	-	322.00	248.00	3.74	16.92	13.1
CRH	1940	89.00	2478.5	1220	2.64	6.02	7999.8
Galliford	486	-7.00	509.00	434.00	3.54	15.25	179.5
Griffin	92.00	27.00	114.3	74.00	2.51	40.88	750.7
Kier	1660	-4.00	1886	1374	4.34	24.31	20.4
KingsE	18.11	-0.25	18.55	17.03	0.86	28.94	79.5
Manville	58.25	-0.75	91.50	44.25	6.44	16.93	169.7
Marshall	267.75	2.00	271.00	151.00	1.96	29.45	12.1
MorgantG	761.50	1.50	875.00	570.00	3.55	13.79	12.1
Novel	19.00	0.25	19.56	14.69	3.09	8.97	15.2
Siobhan	41.56	0.72	46.40	29.51	1.65	12.18	319.2
Tyman	338.75	7.50	342.00	228.25	1.82	99.99	433.2
Electronic & Electrical Eng							
Daiglight	775.00	9.00	992.00	605.00	1.90	26.54	228.6
edv Tech	195.00	-0.50	205.75	145.44	2.26	15.59	20.9
Halma	723.50	-	732.05	552.50	1.54	23.59	75.8
MorganAd	347.50	6.50	366.85	218.00	3.02	23.78	40.2
Outfite	145.00	1.00	155.00	146	72.63	72.7	1.1
Renishaw	2579	-8.00	2827.9	1460	1.67	18.22	38.6
Spectris	2253	-6.00	2420	1606	1.97	16.29	198.9
TT Electric	131.75	-0.50	221.75	96.00	4.23	50.91	86.7
XP Power	1501	11.00	1736.1	1324	3.86	14.85	7.2
Financial General							
3i	498.70	1.00	501.00	343.61	3.22	7.76	2534.2
AberASX	275.60	2.90	481.74	360.76	3.52	20.87	377.8
Ashtons	491.50	3.80	519.40	249.00	5.64	13.94	6728.0
Avon	319.80	3.90	341.40	169.00	2.72	13.57	588.5
Chelton	335.00	12.50	729.00	300.00	3.31	15.36	1.8
CharlSt	376.50	-0.13	493.00	289.20	3.25	43.61	40.1
CylinYon	341.50	-1.50	362.00	204.75	7.55	16.02	14.9
Crescent	1625	30.00	1707	1217	3.02	14.69	445.3
DBAG	33.46	0.72	34.50	18.25	0.96	8.85	122.7

AIM

	52 Week						Vol
	Price	+/-Chg	High	Low	Yld	P/E	
Aerospace & Defence							
Cohort	265.00	5.00	270.00	160.00	1.58	19.88	8.0
Banks							
BOB Hldgs	10.00	-	14.17	8.75	1.15	2.08	5.1
STB	296.25	12.50	304.20	224.25	2.15	28.98	35.0
Basic Resource (Ex Mining)							
ChopperJ	405.00	10.00	490.00	355.00	1.95	20.26	0.4
Construction & Materials							
Abbeys	875.00	-	927.30	800.00	0.89	9.02	7.0
AccsysTech	72.13	1.13	76.00	69.01	-	7.11	33.9
Auktat	7.00	9.50	6.25	2.86	10.77	70.0	6.0
Electronic & Electrical Eng							
Cenitron	8.85	0.15	11.75	5.50	-	6.44	64.8
Electro	4.53	0.38	6.70	4.00	2.16	5.24	54.9
FlowCap	5.25	-	7.00	3.25	-	1.48	48.1
FlowPac	28.75	-0.50	50.00	23.25	-	7.26	138.6
LPAS	63.50	-	148.00	60.00	2.28	27.51	19.5
ThorpeW	148.50	3.00	155.00	120.00	2.19	16.43	73.6
Zyronic	291.50	-	310.00	197.00	3.16	14.96	18.3
Financial General							
Amrian	11.63	-	12.50	5.25	-	5.16	19.6
Arbutnot	387.00	-	390.00	169.00	1.86	18.09	1.5
Arduin	10.33	-	24.40	16.80	2.72	13.57	832.5
Aurora	10.13	-	25.75	8.00	-	4.59	5.7
BP Marsh	140.00	-1.50	155.00	116.75	1.96	9.93	7.6
BrooksMac	1475	36.00	1759	1136	1.76	23.55	30.9
Camellia	9015	-10.00	11300	8450	1.30	15.82	7.0
Canterbury	117.50	2.00	120.00	105.00	1.28	13.85	70.2
Cherlem	12.25	0.25	18.50	9.50	2.20	13.55	70.0
Fairpoint	125.00	0.50	164.00	105.66	4.99	14.72	479.0
ImpaxGrp	53.50	-	59.00	44.50	2.24	19.83	12.0
Leads	33.50	-1.50	47.90	29.00	-	8.20	10.1
MartiniWds	510.00	51.00	614.00	414	1.78	22.84	8.1
Mas	21.38	0.25	49.50	19.50	2.35	13.52	10.2
MAS	180.00	-2.50	187.50	160.00	2.00	21.94	1.5
Numis	295.50	5.00	419.20	196.09	3.87	15.11	125.6
Park Grp	62.50	-	64.98	46.00	3.68	12.12	3.5

Investment Companies

	52 Week						Vol
	Price	+/-Chg	High	Low	Yld	P/E	
Aerospace & Defence							
3i Infra	158.50	1.00	161.50	132.00	4.23	14.60	8.6
AbnAsian	201.50	5.00	213.80	180.00	3.92	20.73	-2.8
AbnAsian	909.50	3.50	914.00	783.50	2.10	99.4	-6.8
AbnAsian	523.50	3.00	515.00	420.00	0.88	55.27	-7.1
AbnLatAm	61.00	-0.25	85.88	57.50	6.97	68.9	-11.5
Sub	0.88	-	0.98	0.25	-	-	-
AbnNewWtr	189.00	-	195.00	155.00	1.90	213.9	-1.6
AbnNewWtr	45.00	-2.50	48.25	36.53	1.73	55.1	-16.1
AbnNewWtr	200.75	15.00	189.00	144.00	3.14	24.31	-1.7
Abn UK	330.00	2.25	330.00	288.00	3.21	34.6	-6.1
Abt Gd Inc	177.75	1.75	183.75	138.25	2.01	20.68	-14.8
Abt Sm	1095	14.00	1220	956.00	2.18	1217.7	-10.0
AcenciaAdit	110.50	0.50	110.50	102.00	3.43	11.38	-2.9
AdyMvkt	448.25	0.25	473.00	363.00	-	58.95	-11.4
AdyMvkt	523.50	1.00	523.50	420.00	1.86	55.27	-11.8
AlliantTech	612.00	55.00	612.00	463.75	-	663.9	-
AltaSto	43.38	-	47.00	35.50	-	49.3	-12.0
Art Alpha	270.00	-	308.00	269.00	1.19	23.21	-16.1
Sub	25.00	-	46.00	22.00	-	-	-
AuroraTr	222.75	4.75	222.75	166.25	1.46	16.2	-5.3
Aurora	149.00	0.50	169.00	144.00	2.55	17.27	-14.2
BG Japan	472.00	0.50	475.00	313.00	-	45.58	3.6
BSR	30.25	-	46.75	27.00	-	43.2	-30.0
Bankers	629.50	-0.50	632.00	506.00	2.32	66.55	-5.6
BkASX	812.40	19.00	812.40	697.00	1.48	14.9	-12.6
BH Global	1312	-	1314.92	1182	-	1422.0	-1.7
EUR	12.00	-	14.00	11.80	-	-	-
USD	12.70	-0.01	12.95	11.46	-	14.0	-9.3
BH Macro	2189	7.00	2191	1919	-	2231.0	-1.9
EUR	20.95	0.15	21.00	18.40	-	21.6	-3.0
CS&S	21.02	0.04	24.25	19.40	2.15	-	-17.2
BiotechG	850.50	23.50	867.99	800.00	-	881.3	-3.5</

MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

[illegible]

MANAGED FUNDS SERVICE

Fund	Bid	Offer	+/-	Yield
Global Spec Inv Grade Bd Fund GBP	£ 10.37	-	0.00	3.10
Inflation Ltd Sov Bd Fund	£ 13.05	-	0.25	0.70
Global Emerg Mkts Equity Fund	£ 12.67	-	0.05	0.63

The initial charge you will pay will depend on the amount you invest
 **Address and Telephone number for series 1 only



New Capital Fund Management Ltd (IRL)

Leconfield House, Curzon Street, London, W1J 5JB
FCA Recognised

New Capital UCITS Funds

Asia Pac Bd USD Inst Inc	£ 95.86	-	0.49	3.08
Asia Pac Bd USD Inst Inc	£ 97.83	-	0.50	2.37
Asia Pac Bd EUR Ord Inc	£ 100.64	-	0.80	2.82
Asia Pac GBP Ord Inc	£ 103.63	-	0.84	3.20
Asia Pac EUR Ord Inc	£ 104.69	-	0.83	2.62
Asia Pac EUR Inst Inc	£ 108.51	-	0.97	0.00
Asia Pac EUR Inst Inc	£ 116.92	-	0.93	3.24
Dyn Europ Eq USD Ord Inc	£ 178.40	-	1.08	1.13
Dyn Europ Eq GBP Ord Inc	£ 189.87	-	1.17	1.69
Dyn Europ Eq EUR Ord Inc	£ 178.57	-	1.08	1.16
China Equity EUR Ord Acc	£ 149.47	-	0.46	0.00
China Equity GBP Ord Acc	£ 154.10	-	0.47	0.00
China Equity USD Ord Acc	£ 151.92	-	0.47	0.00
China Equity USD Ord Acc	£ 155.21	-	0.48	0.00
Global Val of Gd GBP Ord Inc	£ 114.87	-	0.27	3.77
Global Val of Gd USD Inst Inc	£ 124.72	-	0.29	0.00
Global Val of Gd GBP Ord Acc	£ 179.88	-	0.44	0.00
Global Val of Gd USD Ord Acc	£ 169.24	-	0.39	0.00
Global Val of Gd EUR Ord Acc	£ 158.25	-	0.36	0.00
Swiss Select Equity Inst Acc	£ 115.71	-	0.65	-
Swiss Select Equity Ord Acc	£ 111.95	-	0.64	-
US Growth USD Ord Acc	£ 209.31	-	-0.03	0.00
US Growth EUR Ord Acc	£ 200.32	-	-0.04	0.00
US Growth GBP Ord Acc	£ 209.59	-	-0.03	0.00
US Growth USD Inst Acc	£ 192.27	-	-0.02	0.00
Wealthy Nat Bd EUR Inst Inc	£ 110.91	-	0.57	3.91
Wealthy Nat Bd GBP Inst Inc	£ 111.48	-	0.60	3.78
Wealthy Nat Bd EUR Ord Inc	£ 110.17	-	0.57	3.62
Wealthy Nat Bd GBP Ord Inc	£ 115.08	-	0.61	3.53
Wealthy Nat Bd USD Inst Inc	£ 112.22	-	0.58	3.49

New Capital Alternative Strategies

All Weather Fd USD CIs	£ 121.10	-	1.24	0.00
All Weather Fd EUR CIs	£ 109.20	-	1.09	0.00
All Weather Fd GBP CIs	£ 117.45	-	1.16	0.00
Tactical Opps USD CIs	£ 174.44	-	0.11	0.00
Tactical Opps EUR CIs	£ 146.53	-	0.03	0.00
Tactical Opps GBP CIs	£ 164.71	-	0.11	0.00



Northwest Investment Management (HK) Ltd

116 Fiske, Kowloon Street, 22, Hollywood Road, Central Hong Kong 452 3984 073

Other International Funds

Northwest S class	£ 236.68	-	24.70	0.00
Northwest Warrant S class	£ 226.68	-	30.67	0.00



Oasis Crescent Management Company Ltd

Oasis Crescent Equity Fund R 9.77 -0.04 0.00

Oasis Global Mgmt Co (Ireland) Ltd (IRL)

Regulated

Oasis Global Investment (Ireland) Pte

Oasis Global Equity	£ 27.96	-	-0.04	0.17
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Oasis Crescent Global Investment Fund (Ireland) pte

Oasis Crescent Global Equity Fund	£ 28.46	-	-0.05	0.00
OasisCresGl Income Class A	£ 10.97	-	0.02	2.45
OasisCresGl LowVol D (\$) Dist	£ 12.07	-	0.02	0.00
OasisCresGl Med Eq Bal A (\$) Dist	£ 12.27	-	0.02	0.04
Oasis Crescent Gbl Property Eq	£ 9.86	-	0.05	1.54



Odey Asset Management LLP (UK)

40 Duke's Place, London, EC3A 7NH
 Order Desk: 0845 300 2108, Enquiries: 0870 607 2555

Authorised Corporate Director - Capital Financial Managers

Authorised Inv Funds

CF Odey Continental European A Acc	£ 758.53	-	10.88	-0.18
CF Odey Continental European A Acc	£ 129.64	-	1.86	0.72
CF Odey Continental European A Acc	£ 129.59	-	1.79	0.71
CF Odey Opus R Inc	£ 409.27	-	30.11	0.00
CF Odey Opus Fund A Accumulation	£ 144.42	-	1.07	0.00
CF Odey Opus Fund A Inc	£ 185.61	-	1.38	0.25
CF Odey Opus Fund I Inc	£ 181.74	-	1.36	0.25
CF Odey Absolute Return Fund Euro Hedged	£ 1.72	-	0.01	0.00
CF Odey Absolute Return Fund US Dollar Hedged	£ 1.59	-	0.02	0.00
CF Odey Absolute Return R	£ 289.17	-	2.22	0.00
CF Odey Absolute Return R	£ 298.10	-	2.30	0.00
CF Odey Portfolio Fund Class F Institutional Acc	£ 109.19	-	0.07	-
CF Odey Portfolio Fund Class F Retail Acc	£ 108.87	-	0.08	-
CF Odey Portfolio Fund I Acc	£ 155.00	-	0.11	0.06
CF Odey Portfolio Fund I Inc	£ 152.54	-	0.11	0.06
CF Odey Portfolio Fund R Acc	£ 151.01	-	0.11	0.00
CF Odey Portfolio Fund R Inc	£ 150.75	-	0.10	0.00

Odey Asset Management LLP (CYM)

OEI MAC Inc A	£ 485.63	-	41.00	0.00
OEI MAC Inc B	£ 279.25	-	30.41	0.00
OEI MAC Inc USD	£ 303.95	-	31.47	0.00
OEI MAC Inc EUR	£ 101.09	-	79.89	0.00
OEI European Inc A GBP	£ 386.44	-	30.10	-
OEI European Inc B GBP	£ 279.37	-	17.09	0.00
OEI European Inc USD	£ 469.23	-	35.80	0.00
Giano Capital EUR Inc	£ 4612.29	-	36.00	0.00

Odey Asset Management LLP (IRL)

FCA Recognised

Odey Pan European EUR R	£ 365.94	-	2.49	0.00
Odey Pan European GBP R	£ 221.94	-	0.45	0.00
Odey Pan European EUR O	£ 283.80	-	2.15	0.00
Odey Allegra European EUR A	£ 170.70	-	1.30	0.00
Odey Allegra European R	£ 293.53	-	0.85	0.00
Odey Allegra European D	£ 231.83	-	1.32	0.00
Odey Allegra European EUR I	£ 276.62	-	1.20	0.00
Odey Allegra European EUR A I	£ 173.49	-	1.31	0.00
Odey Allegra European GBP D	£ 176.76	-	0.51	0.00
Odey Allegra International Euro Class	£ 189.98	-	0.71	0.00
Odey Allegra International GBP Class	£ 213.78	-	-0.20	0.00
Odey Allegra International USD	£ 158.53	-	0.30	0.00
Odey Allegra International Euro Class	£ 173.49	-	0.65	0.00
Odey Allegra International GBP D Inc	£ 193.67	-	-0.18	0.00
Odey Allegra International GBP A D	£ 142.79	-	-0.13	0.00
Odey Allegra Developed Markets Fund	£ 131.61	-	0.44	0.00
Odey Allegra Developed Markets Fund	£ 138.05	-	0.08	0.00
Odey Atlas Fund GBP I	£ 105.19	-	-0.06	-
Odey Atlas Fund GBP I S	£ 1.26	-	0.00	0.00
Odey Atlas Fund GBP R S	£ 1.08	-	0.00	0.00
Odey Giano European Fund EUR R	£ 119.26	-	0.69	0.00
Odey Giano European Fund GBP R	£ 119.89	-	0.69	0.00
Odey Giano European Fund USD R	£ 120.61	-	0.70	0.00
Odey Navier Fund Euro I Class	£ 130.72	-	0.00	0.00
Odey Navier Fund Euro I Class	£ 131.25	-	-0.01	0.00
Odey OdeyUSD I	£ 168.58	-	-0.16	0.00
Odey OdeyUSD GBP I	£ 168.22	-	-0.18	0.00
Odey OdeyUSD GBP R	£ 165.05	-	-0.17	0.00
Odey OdeyUSD EUR I	£ 151.06	-	-0.14	0.00
Odey OdeyUSD EUR R	£ 125.68	-	-0.12	0.00
Odey OdeyUSD Fund USD R	£ 131.23	-	-0.13	0.00
Odey Orion Fund Euro I Class	£ 125.70	-	0.38	0.00
Odey Orion Fund USD I Class	£ 125.69	-	0.38	0.00
Odey Swan Fund Euro I Class	£ 112.19	-	0.05	0.00
Odey Swan Fund Euro R Class	£ 111.15	-	0.06	0.00
Odey Swan Fund GBP R Class	£ 112.37	-	0.07	0.00
Odey Swan Fund GBP R Class	£ 116.75	-	0.06	0.00
Odey Swan Fund USD R Class	£ 111.76	-	0.06	0.00
Odey Swan Fund USD R Class	£ 111.05	-	0.06	0.00
Odey Swan Fund USD R Class	£ 110.82	-	0.06	0.00
Odey European Absolute Return Fund EUR I	£ 101.62	-	-0.93	0.00
Odey European Absolute Return Fund GBP I	£ 101.19	-	-0.93	0.00
Odey European Absolute Return Fund USD I	£ 101.87	-	-0.93	0.00
Odey European Absolute Return Fund EUR R	£ 96.82	-	-1.12	0.00
Odey European Absolute Return Fund GBP R	£ 101.00	-	-0.95	0.00
Odey European Absolute Return Fund USD R	£ 101.43	-	-0.93	0.00

Odey European Absolute Return Fund EUR S	£ 101.87	-	-0.94	0.00
Odey European Absolute Return Fund GBP S	£ 102.47	-	-0.94	0.00
Odey European Absolute Return Fund USD S	£ 101.98	-	-0.94	0.00

Odey Wealth Management (CI) Ltd (IRL)

www.odey.com/prices
FCA Recognised

Odey Opportunity EUR I	£ 229.83	-	0.87	0.00
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Odey Wealth Management UK Authorised Funds

VT Odey Total Return Fund Class A	£ 105.02	-	-0.23	-
VT Odey Total Return Fund Class A	£ 111.72	-	-0.24	-
VT Odey Total Return Fund Class I	£ 106.63	-	-0.24	-
VT Odey Total Return Fund Class I	£ 107.00	-	0.00	-
VT Odey Total Return Fund Class R	£ 100.25	-	-0.23	-
VT Odey Total Return Fund Class R	£ 106.48	-	-0.22	-
VT Odey Total Return Fund Class I	£ 109.91	-	-0.22	-

Omnia Fund Ltd Other International Funds

Estimated NAV	\$ 979.15	-	101.97	0.00
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Optima Fund Management

JENOP Global Healthcare Fund	£ 16.12	-	-0.06	0.00
Optima Fd NAV (Est)	£ 93.41	-	0.24	0.00
Optima Discretionary Macro Fund Limited	£ 88.27	-	1.66	0.00
The Dorset Energy Fd Ltd NAV (Est)	£ 39.60	-	-1.20	0.00
Platinum Fd Ltd NAV (Est)	£ 89.74	-	-1.36	0.00
Platinum Fd Ltd EUR	£ 17.52	-	-0.31	0.00
Platinum Partners Fd Ltd	£ 53.13	-	0.20	0.00
Optima Partners Global Fd	£ 14.75	-	-0.04	0.00
Optima Partners Focus Fund A	£ 17.25	-	-0.01	0.00

Orbis Investment Management Ltd (BMU)

Regulated

Orbis Global Equity	£ 174.15	-	0.75	0.00
Orbis Optimal (US\$)	£ 73.08	-	-0.60	0.00
Orbis Optimal (EUR)	£ 25.21	-	-0.24	0.00
Orbis Optimal (Yen)	¥ 1046.00	-	-11.00	0.00
Orbis Japan Equity (USD)	£ 44.65	-	0.16	0.00

*Orbis Prices as of March 19th

Orbis Sicav (LUX)

Regulated

Orbis Japan Equity (Yen)	¥ 4395.00	-	-15.00	0.00
Orbis Japan Equity (Euro)	£ 28.88	-	0.11	0.00
Orbis Asia ex-Japan Investor Shares	£ 21.70	-	0.24	0.00
Orbis Global Equity - Investor Shares	£ 162.18	-	0.53	0.00

Oryx International Growth Fund Ltd Other International Funds

NAV (Fully Diluted)	£ 5.48	-	0.04	0.00
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Permal Investment Mgmt Svcs Ltd (www.permal.com)

Other International Funds

Offshore Fund Class A US \$ Shares

Investment Holdings N.V.	£ 5529.01	-	127.18	0.00
Macro Holdings Ltd	£ 423.05	-	22.44	0.00
Fixed Income Holdings N.V.	£ 405.85	-	5.49	7.88
Jubilee Absolute Return Fund	£ 157.82	-	-0.85	0.00



Pictet Funds (Europe) SA (LUX)

15, Avenue J.F. Kennedy L-1855 Luxembourg
 Tel: 0041 58 323 3000

FCA Recognised

Pictet-Biotech-I USD F	£ 915.38	-17.21	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Brazil Inst I USD	£ 48.18	-0.81	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-CHF Bonds I CHF	£ 592.77	-0.86	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-China Index I USD	£ 119.66	1.32	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Clean Energy-I USD F	£ 93.99	-0.41	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Digital Communication-I USD F	£ 252.39	-0.24	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Eastern Europe-I EUR F	£ 302.05	-4.15	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Em Lcl Coy Dct-I USD F	£ 166.40	1.09	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Emerging Markets-I USD F	£ 549.36	-3.15	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Emerging Markets Index-I USD F	£ 246.43	-2.09	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Emerging Corporate Bonds-I USD F	£ 105.39	0.34	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Emerging Markets High Dividend-I USD F	£ 108.07	-1.06	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Emerging Markets Inst Acc	£ 98.77	0.15	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-Environmental Mgtment Sel EUR	£ 170.83	0.20	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR Bonds-I F	£ 6571.28	0.79	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR Corporate Bonds Ex In EUR	£ 146.69	-0.03	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR Corporate Bonds I EUR F	£ 203.34	-0.01	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR Government Bonds-I EUR F	£ 162.62	-0.26	-0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR High Yield-I F	£ 224.56	0.10	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR Inflation Linked Bonds I EUR	£ 130.80	0.02	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR Short Mid-Term Bonds I EUR	£ 138.93	0.10	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR Short Term Hyk I EUR	£ 118.44	0.05	0.00	-0.00
Pictet-EUR Swt Shr Mid-Term Acc	£ 103.18	0.14	0.00	-0.00

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Cannabis companies: puffed up

Pot smokers have a reputation for being laid back. But in the US, the pot market is anything but mellow. Legal sales of cannabis — it is legal for medical use in 23 states and for recreational use in four — grew 75 per cent last year to reach \$2.7bn, according to ArcView Group. ArcView expects that 14 more states will legalise recreational use in the next five years.

The stock market offers few ways to catch the buzz. Cannabis is still illegal at the federal level in the US, which means that companies profiting from cannabis are unable to get loans from FDIC-insured banks, and are often limited to state-specific markets. Most public marijuana companies are penny stocks traded on OTC markets. Some are prone to manipulation. Last May the US Security and Exchange Commission published a warning of possible scams involving marijuana-related micro-cap stocks. In August the SEC charged several stock promoters for manipulating marijuana stocks.

The Marijuana Index (US reporting), which includes 60 cannabis-related stocks, peaked a year ago — and has since lost three-quarters of its value. Bummer.

The Marijuana Index includes biotechs that research cannabis-derived pharmaceuticals. But these are pricey. Nasdaq-listed Insys Therapeutics, whose drugs include a synthetic cannabinoid formulation, trades at 22 times forward earnings. London-based GW Pharmaceuticals, known for its cannabinoid MS drug Sativex, is deeply lossmaking and trades at 37 times revenues.

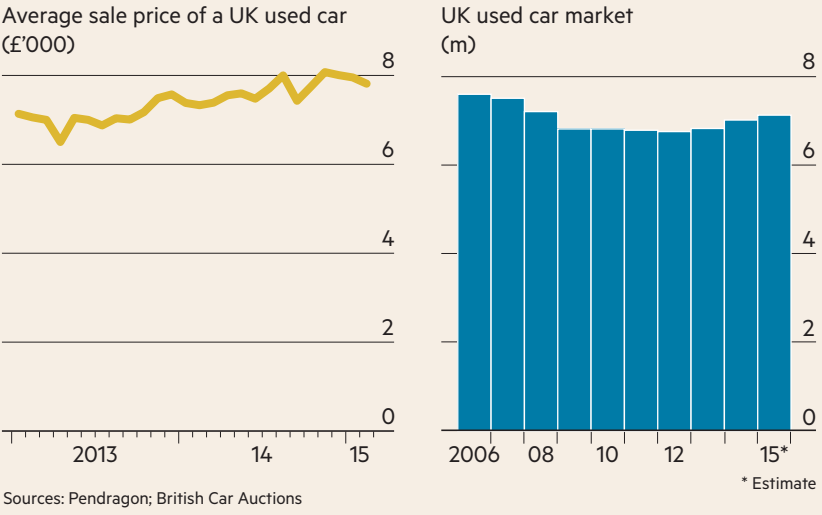
While publicly listed options are paltry, the private markets offer more excitement, as venture capitalists invest in early-stage cannabis companies. Founders Fund, a prominent VC firm led by Peter Thiel, recently led a \$75m fundraising round for a cannabis-focused private equity firm, Privateer. Marijuana remains something of a pirates’ game, at least for now.

Holcim/Lafarge: start the mixer

Management, in many industries, is just not that important. This is hard to accept. Everyone — most of all managers themselves — prefers to think that individual decisions make all the difference. But, as Warren Buffett observed, in a contest between management skill and industry economics, the economics always wins. He might have been thinking of cement, where industry structure and pricing power lead, and leaders follow.

That said, the most important thing about the compromise that appears to have salvaged the deal between Holcim and Lafarge is that the leadership of the new company was shuffled around. How it was shuffled around is not important for investors in the companies (as it happens, Lafarge boss Bruno Lafont, who was to be chief executive of the combined company, will instead be co-non-executive chairman, and Lafarge will propose an alternative chief). But that it was shuffled around suggests that one of the two boards managed to grasp that the deal, not the people, mattered.

Deals on wheels



The British banger is back. For Auto Trader, the UK’s top online advertiser for used vehicles, that should mean more business. Its shares, which debuted on the London market on Thursday, were well received, jumping 9 per cent above the IPO price of 235p.

The dip in new car sales after the financial crisis held back the supply of used cars. Sales of the latter collapsed over a 10th between 2006 and 2012. But last year sales ramped up nearly 3 per cent. Pendragon, the UK car dealer, expects the trend to continue. Already, Auto Trader’s operating profits in the nine months to December have grown a quarter from a year earlier.

Normally, greater supply of used cars might be cause for concern. Yet demand remains firm. According to

British Car Auctions, the average used-car transaction price in February rose six per cent year on year, part of a two-year upward trend. Pricier used cars also suggests that punters may shop around for better deals. Both eBay and Gumtree compete online with Auto Trader.

Not that new car sales have halted. Low finance rates means more people buy new cars in the UK with monthly payments via leasing schemes, handing the car back at the end of the period, usually three years. Eventually the added supply from these leased vehicles will weigh on prices, but probably not for another year at least, thinks the used car auction group Manheim.

Auto Trader has most of the road to itself. But it will have to keep its pedal to the metal to stay ahead.

The changed share exchange ratio is also rational. Giving Lafarge shareholders 0.9 shares in the new company for each one of their current shares, rather than the previous 1, means they will own about 44 per cent of the new company, down from 47 per cent. Given the lower earnings Lafarge is bringing to the combination, its weaker cash generation, and huge exposure to oil-dependent regions in the Middle East, this still looks like a decent deal for the smaller company.

Some Lafarge shareholders may grouse that, given the leadership changes and lower ratio, this is a takeover without a premium. They are missing the point. This is an industry that barely generates real economic profits. Nobody can afford to be paying premiums. Everybody is getting paid in shares and will participate in the savings and improved industry structure. Who is the buyer matters almost as little as who is the boss.

US fitness clubs: spinning out of control

Who needs the treadmill when one can ride a stationary bike to throbbing dance music for \$40/hour? Fitness “studios”— featuring spinning, boot camps, ballet training, and other pricey tortures — have become an important way for Americans to get into shape. The studios’ business model is just as revolutionary as its classes, leaving traditional gyms out of breath.

This week Lifetime Fitness, a gym chain with 114 locations, was acquired for \$4bn in the largest leveraged buyout transaction of the year.

Lifetime was not in deep trouble. Revenue had grown 7 per cent in 2014, but revenue at gyms open for three years was flat.

Town Sports, which operates a chain of gyms in the northeast, is in a bigger hole. Since 2012 its membership is down a tenth to about 500,000, while earnings before interest, tax, depreciation and amortisation have halved to about \$50m. With its shares down a third in the past two years, it may also sell itself.

The traditional fitness chain model can be attractive. Revenue is derived from a joining fee (say \$200) and monthly dues (\$50 to \$100), with personal training sold on top. The trick is managing attrition, which can run to 35-50 per cent a year.

Whether it is television or mobile phone service, consumers increasingly have the chance to avoid long-term commitments and bundles of services they do not want.

Studios, though expensive, offer a pay-as-you go model. (A start-up called ClassPass, now valued at \$200m, charges a flat fee to let users sample a series of studios.)

Town Sports has responded by rolling out both its own studio concept and a low commitment/monthly fee tier. Like pharmacy chains, Lifetime believes it can rebrand itself as a total health/wellness centre that appeals to corporations.

Regardless, any fitness enterprise that charges money seems like a fad that will die once Americans realise jogging around the block is free.

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Freedom of choice is less important than a pension free of risk

John Authers

The Long View

Liberty has its limits. This is nowhere more true than in the tedious and technical task of providing people with a pension in their retirement. Politicians and industry practitioners in the US and the UK must remember that as they wrestle with this issue once more.

The question of freedom of choice has bedevilled pensions provision for decades, since the US and the UK embarked on the shift from defined benefit pensions, where employers guarantee a pension in retirement and bear the risk that the investments they put aside to fund it will fall short, to defined contribution pensions, where the risk of poor returns is taken by pensioners.

Some countries, such as Canada, the Netherlands or Japan, still leave all or most pension provision to defined benefit plans. But globally, the US has shifted the balance to defined contributions.

If we are to bear the risk ourselves, how much freedom should we have? In the UK, the government announced this week that it will allow pensioners to sell their annuities — the stream of guaranteed income that the government required them to buy with the proceeds of their pension fund when they retired. This continues a series of such reforms, and would allow them to reinvest it somewhere or to spend it.

In the US, politicians and the investment industry are tearing themselves apart over whether advisers who sell pensions should have a fiduciary responsibility — in other words, whether they are required to act in line with the interests of the client. The White House has announced the intention to enforce this, to protect consumers, over vocal criticism from the industry.

Many will be aghast that there can be any controversy over this. The problem is that fiduciary rules could rule out payment by commission, in which the adviser earns more for selling more or may earn more for selling one product

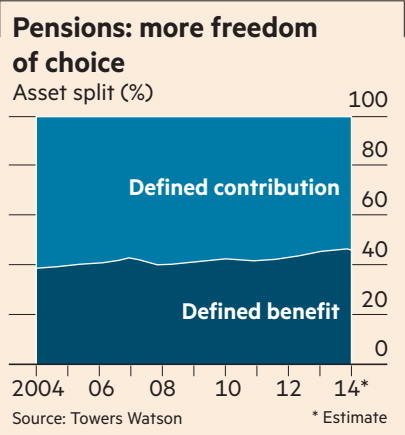
than another. Many in the industry fear many would refuse to take financial advice if they had to pay an upfront fee.

My own instinct after decades covering the issue for the Financial Times is that it is best to look after people. I say it with some discomfort, but my experience tells me that freedom of choice is less important.

Back in the early 1990s I had to cover the fallout from the disastrous move to “personal pensions” in the UK, which saw unscrupulous salesmen persuade people like firefighters and miners to contract out of plans that guaranteed them a solid income at a young age, in favour of unit-linked pensions at the mercy of the stock market.

In the US in the early 1990s I watched as pension providers offered dozens of different options within their “401(k)” pension plans, in what were known as fund supermarkets. Savers could switch at will. The result: many chased hot tech stocks, bought at the top of the bubble and suffered grievous losses.

Readers’ letters are also revealing. Even wealthy professionals and executives can be clueless about investment. Meanwhile, the academic literature on behavioural finance makes clear that there is a fundamental problem. We are hard-wired to make mistakes with our



investments, to get sucked in and buy at the top, and to despair and sell at the bottom. Dispassionate, contrarian thinking is hard, and nigh on impossible for amateur investors making profound decisions about their retirement.

Two other insights grow ever clearer. First, any plan that keeps a diversified range of assets should work well in the long run. Discipline and consistency are more important than the details of how much to give to which asset class when. And second, nothing is more important than fees. Good investment performance cannot be relied on to continue into the future, but high fees can. The difference between the highest and lowest fees dwarfs the difference between the best and worst investment returns.

Put all this together and we have a clear way forward for pensions: build clear-cut default savings options, which rebalance regularly to keep constant proportions of stocks, bonds and other asset classes. That involves discipline, buying when securities are cheap and selling when they are expensive. Minimise the costs. And as liberty is important, offer people the chance to opt out of this arrangement if they wish.

Designing these default options and getting them up and running dwarfs all other issues. The trend in the US “for robo-advisers” — automated computer programs that will adjust savers’ asset allocation following clear-cut rules, in return for a low fee — is promising.

Once we are sure that people have a sound option that will look after them in retirement, then maybe we can start allowing them to take extra risks, such as selling their annuities, while the vexed issue of paying intermediaries should dwindle in importance.

Ultimately, pensions are about looking after people. Freedom of choice is important, but it is secondary to the overriding need to maximise people’s chance of a good pension in retirement.



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Meat prey glove
A trip with the eagle hunters of Mongolia

TRAVEL PAGE 9



Tony Hall
The BBC's chief on getting a grip on gaffes

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New York, new football club

Fans, face painting, beer
and bleachers: how – and
why – Manchester City's
owners are creating a
new club from scratch.

By *Matthew Garrahan*

Think of the football team you support. If you don't have one, try to imagine those you hear about on television or see in newspapers. Barcelona, perhaps, or Liverpool, or AC Milan, or Bayern Munich.

Now try to imagine that the club didn't exist and had to be built from scratch, its fan base, culture and traditions assembled in months, rather than evolving naturally over the course of a century like most top-tier clubs in football-mad countries such as England, Spain, Germany or Italy.

This is the challenge facing City Football Group (CFG), the Abu Dhabi-controlled company that owns Manchester City and which this month launched New York City FC, a new professional club and the latest "expansion franchise" to compete in Major League Soccer.

CFG hopes it can bring the expertise it has learnt from backing a Premier League-winning team in England to the US, and to a sport that continues to lag domestic rivals such as baseball and basketball. It has pledged to build its own stadium for NYCFC but, for now, the team is in temporary digs at Yankee Stadium (the New York Yankees own 20 per cent of the new franchise).

Last Sunday, in a kit identical to Manchester City's sky blue, New York City played their "historic" first home game. The ballpark of baseball's most illustrious team – previously graced by the likes of the great Derek Jeter and Alex "A-Rod" Rodriguez – was temporarily converted for football. Grass was laid over the pitcher's mound and dirt portions of the infield, goalposts were erected and touchlines were painted.

More than 40,000 tickets were sold for the match against New England Revolution – at least 15,000 belonged to new season-ticket holders – and, in the hours leading up to the 5pm kick-off, fans began to assemble on Babe Ruth Plaza, packing the nearby club store to buy NYCFC replica shirts and scarves and having their faces painted in club colours for free. There were deep lines at concession stands selling \$15 cans of



From top: NYCFC fans celebrate victory in the team's first home game; a cop captures the action on camera; supporters get behind their side. To see more photos from the game by Martine Fougerson, visit ft.com/nycfc



Heineken, giant pretzels and "bottomless popcorn buckets", which contained a mind-boggling 2,473 calories.

Several hundred New England fans had made the trek south from Boston to New York and were in full voice before kick-off, although the main chant directed at the New York fans ("A-Rod sucks!") acknowledged the fierce baseball rivalry that exists between the two cities rather than the nascent football one. Such was the demand for tickets that Yankee Stadium officials opened the 50,000-capacity stadium's upper tier and, as kick-off neared, the ground was pretty much full.

After an appearance by New York mayor Bill de Blasio, roundly booed by the crowd, the giant screen over the pitch showed a short film narrated by Michael Rapaport, a local actor. In a New York accent so thick you could spread it on a bagel, he explained that the new club was a continuation of a football tradition that existed long before the construction of landmarks such as the Empire State Building. When immigrants came to New York, Rapaport said, they brought their love of football with them, starting amateur clubs with names such as St Mary's Celtic, the Brooklyn Italians and the New York Ukrainians, all "enthusiastic representations of ethnicity and neighbourhoods".

The launch of a new professional team backed by Abu Dhabi oil money is of a different order of magnitude. For CFG, which also owns Melbourne City FC in Australia, NYCFC is, in part, a way to expand the Manchester City brand by having teams in other countries that share characteristics with the English club. Yet the new team will still have to forge emotional connections with its city and spark enthusiasm for football among New Yorkers, who are hardly lacking for other sports to watch. The question is, will it succeed?

Based on the enthusiastic response from the people I spoke to before, during and after the game, NYCFC has a pretty good shot. Some were struck by the oddity of a football match being played at the home of the Yankees. "It's a little weird to see a soccer pitch in a baseball stadium. It looks crooked," said Tom Johnsrud from Connecticut, whose teenage son, Nils, was wearing blue face paint and a spiky wig in the same colour.

Both were already football fans: Tom likes English Premier League team Chelsea, whose former star Frank Lampard is en route to New York this summer after a loan stint at Manchester City controversially delayed his arrival in time for the start of the new season.

"Lampard coming was a draw for me," said Tom. Rather more surprisingly, his son revealed that he was a fan of a less famous west London side, Brentford, saying he chose the club after watching them play an FA Cup tie on television. NYCFC gives the Johnsruds a local option. "It's great that this city finally has its own team," Tom said.

Others in the stadium shared this view. "To have a team here in Yankee Stadium and players like [David] Villa

and Lampard – eventually – is great," said Alex Luetkemeyer, who had just bought two replica shirts at the club store. "As a kid I would never have wanted to play in MLS. It was just kick and run before, but they have brought in top talent."

Previous attempts to launch football in the US have been well-documented. In the mid-1970s, the North American

Continued on page 2

Simon Kuper and Stefan Szymanski on why MLS needs more inequality

MLS isn't major at all. If it plans to stay as it is, it ought to rename itself Minor League Soccer.

At root, the problem is that most owners of MLS franchises want to make money, something US sports leagues are good at, largely because they monopolise their sports. Gridiron football's NFL and the North American baseball, basketball and ice-hockey major leagues have no credible competitors. They can hire the world's best players. Fans can't find stronger leagues elsewhere. Owners can, therefore, collude to keep costs down. Forbes estimates the NFL made operating profits of 18 per cent on its \$9.5bn revenues for 2014.

By contrast, soccer's biggest national leagues compete globally for players and viewers. In the US, Mexican, English and Spanish leagues – in that order – are probably more popular than MLS. MLS needs to spend more to sign

better players. That would entail making losses, not profits. This is the norm in global soccer – Abu Dhabi's Sheikh Mansour will probably never make a profit on the \$1bn he has sunk into Manchester City since buying the club in 2008. In the competitive market, owners are prepared to absorb losses as they chase glory.

MLS limits spending through a centralised structure that insists players' contracts are signed with the league, not the clubs. It gives clubs some freedom to spend through the "designated player rule", which has funded the acquisition of the likes of Frank Lampard and Steven Gerrard this season. But ageing stars aren't enough. MLS needs something very American: full-blooded competition.

If it drops the salary cap and lets clubs spend freely, then rich Americans such as John Henry or

Randy Lerner, who have been buying English clubs, could instead start bringing the world's biggest stars to the world's biggest economy.

Americans worry that (a) the league would fold due to losses and (b) fans would lose interest in an unbalanced competition. Both are unwarranted. True, the old North American Soccer League folded in the 1980s but chiefly because it couldn't get a national broadcast contract in an era when cable wasn't yet lucrative. Today cable can fund a league. As for competitive balance, there is now lots of academic research on how much fans care about it. The answer: not very much, not even in the US.

The US can have a truly major soccer league but only if it lets owners compete against each other.

Simon Kuper and Stefan Szymanski are co-authors of 'Soccernomics'

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From the Jeremy Clarkson ‘fracas’ to protecting the licence fee, the BBC’s director-general always has a full in-tray. Over kedgeree in London, he tells *Jonathan Ford*, ‘You can’t just hang people every time things go wrong’

The first thing I learn from Tony Hall as he slides into the banquetette adjacent to me is that he doesn’t really do lunch. “I am more of a breakfast person,” announces the director-general of the BBC briskly. “Life tends to carry on through lunchtime. There’s too much on, so it is normally just a sandwich or something.”

He squints through the window. “There’s actually a very good sandwich place over there; Italian guy who makes fantastic prosciutto sandwiches. Or there’s a place where you get nice salads and stuff.”

For one alarming moment, I think Hall is about to yank me out of my seat and hustle me across the road to his preferred greasy spoon and I instinctively clutch at my napkin. But, no, today he seems to have resigned himself to the FT’s rules of engagement.

Instead of some snack bar, we are meeting at the Riding House Café, a modish restaurant in central London a mere clapperboard’s toss from New Broadcasting House, the shining recently completed £1bn headquarters of Britain’s national broadcaster.

It is a bit of a BBC canteen. Many of the neighbouring tables are freighted with Apple gadgets, their occupants looking as if they are pitching ideas for new television series or some reality TV humiliation-fest. Sporting a standard issue media man black suit, Hall, 64, blends seamlessly into the surroundings. He knows the menu already (“I come here for breakfast sometimes”) and barely glances at it before ordering the kedgeree. I plump for salmon with crispy noodles and red curry sauce and, as we sip at a brace of Virgin Marys, he starts to tell me about his week.

Two years into his second coming at the BBC, where he sits atop a vast media organisation employing more than 18,000 people and deploying an annual budget of £5bn, Hall wears the cares of office lightly. His in-tray may be groaning with the most colossal to-do list, from the repurposing of the corporation for the digital age to the looming renegotiation of its licence fee (a fraught political discussion that will determine whether the BBC has a future in its current form at all).

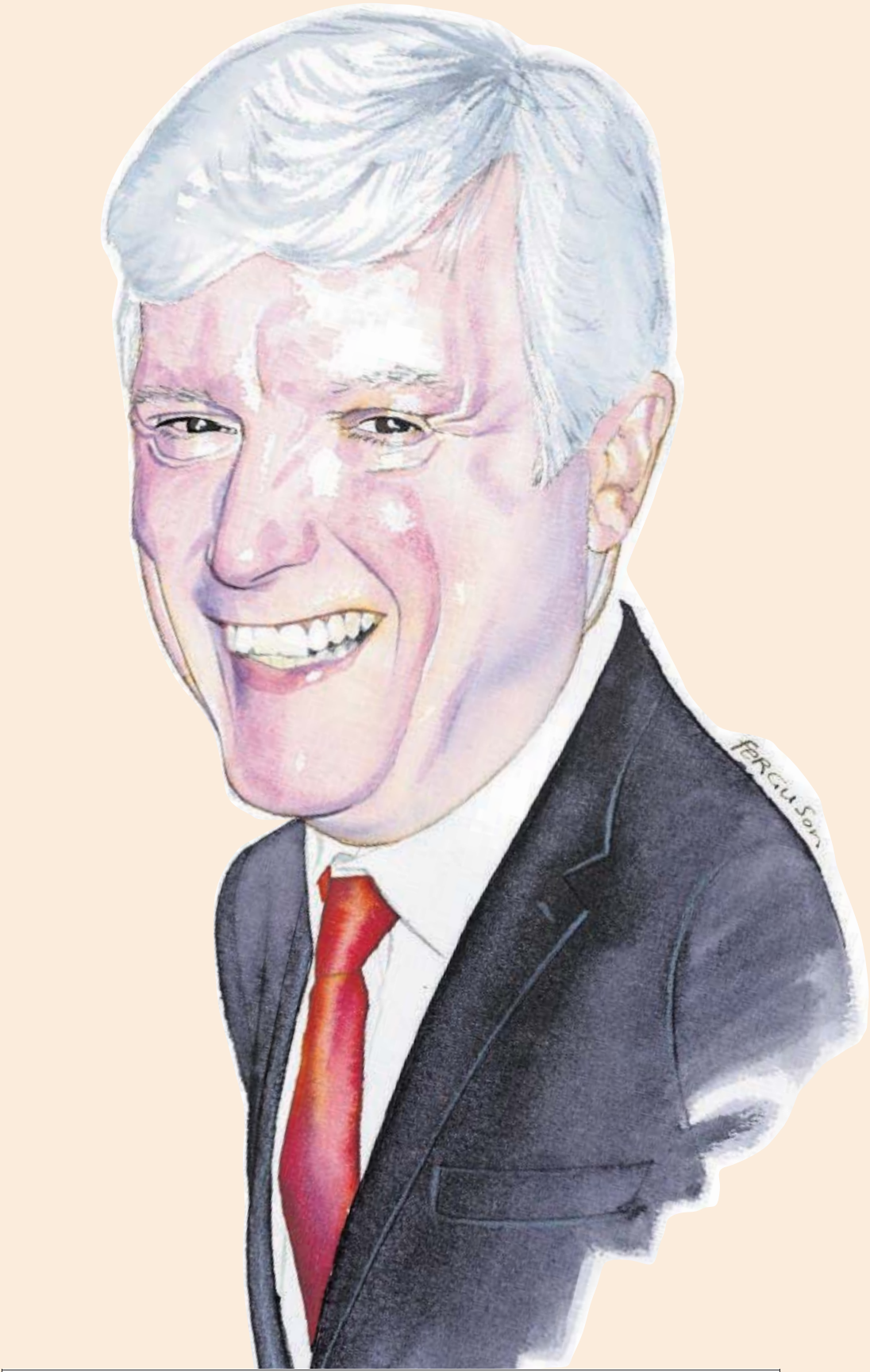
But Hall wants to talk about the day he has just spent in Liverpool at a BBC sales convention peddling the corporation’s output to 700 international broadcasters. “It’s a place where you can sell the creativity of the BBC and we hope we can make money on the back of that through Worldwide [the foreign sales arm],” he says.

Several more stories follow about that week’s peregrinations, including a visit to BBC Merseyside. Hall has a soft spot for Liverpool; he spent his first years in neighbouring Birkenhead although there’s little trace of Scouse in his RP vowels. Then, he is on to Salford near Manchester, billed as the corporation’s northern hub but sometimes seen as a provincial media gulag filled with reluctant London exiles. The director-general likes to spend a day a week up there, rallying the troops.

It is a busy schedule. More than that, it is also a political statement. Behind it lies not just an explanation of why Hall has so little time for lunch but a powerful reminder of the unique, sprawling and weird position the BBC holds in the life of the nation: part export powerhouse, part department of state and supplier of regional stimulus, part social service and part creative impresario.

Hall has been running this bewildering behemoth since 2013. He wasn’t supposed to get the job. Having joined the broadcaster straight from Oxford university, graduating with a degree in Philosophy, Politics and Economics in 1973, he rose through the ranks to become head of news but missed out on being DG when it came up in 1999. An acolyte of John Birt, a hard-nosed reforming DG in the 1990s, he was one of the enforcers who implemented that regime’s management-consultant inspired restructuring of operations. While regarded as super competent, BBC insiders say he wasn’t wildly popular. “He was a bit like the extermination whisk on the Birtian Dalek,” says one who knew him then.

Hall left the BBC to run the Royal Opera House shortly afterwards, getting his first experience of turning round a national institution in crisis. “People forget now that the whole place was in uproar,” he says, referring to the painful aftermath of the house’s bungled two-year long closure at the end of the 1990s as it rebuilt its Covent Garden home. Hall stabilised things, brought in a respected musical director, Sir Antonio



Lunch with the FT Tony Hall

‘Sky wouldn’t have made Wolf Hall’

Pappano, and restored the finances. By the end he was having “a ball”, he says.

Indeed, that might have been that for Hall as far as the BBC was concerned but for the scandals that detonated suddenly around the late and now reviled BBC presenter, Jimmy Savile, in late 2012. Hall was lured back to his alma mater by the then chairman Lord Patten in a blaze of publicity to save an organisation reeling from the affair and associated questions about its editorial judgment, as well as management infighting and pay-off scandals.

Hall suddenly notices that I have stopped eating and inquires anxiously if I don’t like the food. “I am afraid I am not a big fan of fennel,” I say, poking listlessly with my fork at what turns out to have been a surprisingly substantial and rooty component of my salmon dish. “My wife absolutely loves fennel,” replies Hall absently. We both pause. “I don’t know why I said that,” says the DG.

As he polishes off his kedgeree we return to the story. Two years on from his return there is a sense that he has gripped the BBC. In part that is a reflection of the enormous power he wields. According to those in the know, Patten virtually went down on his knees to persuade Hall to come back after the gaffe-strewn 54-day reign of George Entwistle, Hall’s predecessor. “Tony must be the most powerful DG since Lord Reith,” says an insider, referring to the BBC’s autocratic founder.

One of Hall’s first acts was to appoint a tight cadre of senior managers beneath him. It includes former Labour minister James Purnell as head of strategy and digital, and former Times editor James Harding as head of news. He also brought in Anne Bulford, who had been his finance chief at the Opera House. Some insiders regard this as a slightly claustrophobic clique but Hall is unapologetic. “I am a profound believer in teams and it goes back to where I started off working in news – in Radio Belfast and *Newsnight*. Get the right mixture of people and brilliant things get done – you see it in opera and you see it in ballet.”

One of the inner circle’s key jobs is to suppress the gaffe count. There’s never a shortage of these in an organisation as luvvie-infested as the BBC, and while

Hall is keen to nurture the corporation’s stars, he has come in on a ticket of taking a firmer line with the top talent. “The pay bill for the big names has gone down by more than 10 per cent,” he says. He adds that stars such as Mark Rylance and Damian Lewis, who appeared in the recent *Wolf Hall*, a critically acclaimed costume drama based on two Hilary Mantel novels, are willing to work for less “because they believe in the project and the BBC”.

Tensions continue to simmer, however. A few days after we meet, the BBC is wrestling with the fallout from a talent-driven tantrum. Jeremy Clarkson, presenter of the wildly popular and laddish motoring programme, *Top Gear*, has been suspended for reportedly punching a producer and may leave. Petitions are flying back and forth and the prime minister David Cameron has weighed in, saying he would be “heartbroken” were Clarkson taken off air.

That leads on to the other key task for Hall’s acolytes, which is to keep the often hostile political class at bay. Among Hall’s engagements that week has been to attend a select committee meeting in the House of Commons to discuss the BBC’s property holdings. It is one of an increasing number of parliamentary appearances BBC bosses have been forced to make, defending everything from pay to the handling of Savile.

Hall acknowledges parliament’s right to inquire how public money is spent, especially when the BBC’s recent record has been so poor. Under the previous DG but one, Mark Thompson, it became notorious for splurging on staff, IT systems that didn’t work and the gleaming new building round the corner. But Hall worries about the effect all this scrutiny is having – on both independence and morale. “The editorial independence of the BBC is really fantastically important,” he says. “And [parliamentary oversight] is a bit like a warm bath that is getting hotter and hotter. You have to make sure that suddenly it is not boiling.”

No less a concern is the impact on the corporation’s confidence, which Hall argues is crucial in any creative organisation. “You can’t just hang people every time things go wrong,” he says passionately. “People have to feel confident to own up when there are mistakes, and you need a culture where management

learns from them. I remember my dad used to say to me it was a nonsense to hold people to be 100 per cent right. My God, if you make things that are two-thirds right, you are doing really well.”

The problem for Hall is that ministers and MPs with their impertinent questions cannot ultimately be dodged. With a highly contested general election around the corner, politics seem to pop up everywhere. In recent days Hall, along with other broadcasters, has been locked in a heated war of words with the Conservatives about the party leader TV debates they want to put on before the election.

Westminster holds the key to the BBC’s future. Indeed, the biggest challenge of his tenure is to spearhead the BBC’s negotiations with the government over the renewal of its Royal Charter as well as the corporation’s public funding, currently £3.7bn a year, for the next 10 years.

It is a task that requires him first to persuade an increasingly sceptical political audience that a publicly funded BBC still has a place in a multichannel world. Hall is cheered by a recent media select committee report in which MPs said the licence fee – an annual charge currently set at £145.50 on all households with TVs – should be kept for the next 10-year charter period.

But hang on, I say, as we forgo pudding (mournfully in my case) and order coffee, they also talked about the need to look at subscription systems. The House of Commons has also called for non-payment of the licence fee to be decriminalised – a move that most observers think would cut compliance significantly, putting the whole model at risk. There is also the nagging problem of technology eating away at the simple mechanism for tolling in an analogue world: TV aerials. Hall has a simple solution: require viewers to pay the licence fee to access iPlayer, the BBC’s digital platform. But, in today’s febrile climate, I find myself wondering how easy a sell that would be.

Of course, these debates are only part of the argument. More important still is to persuade parliament and the public of the BBC’s continued relevance in a world where viewers have so many options – everything from the YouTube clips beloved of teenagers to the view-on-demand cornucopia offered by services such as Netflix. “We have to respond to the big new phenomenon, which is binge-watching.”

That said, he has no doubt about the corporation’s value to the UK: “We are such an important part of the creative economy that, if the BBC didn’t exist, you would have to invent us.”

The child of an itinerant bank manager (“my dad worked for Martin’s, Captain Mainwaring’s old bank”) who moved from town to town across the Midlands and the northwest, Hall’s own access to high culture depended largely on the small screen.

“I turned to the BBC to [watch] histories of the second world war and Churchill, and Kenneth Clark’s *Civilisation* fired my interest in the arts,” he says, referring to the famous 1960s series. “So the BBC has been in that sense an educator and inspirer for me.

And, because of that upbringing, I believe that people should have access to the best.”

We turn to the vexed topic of the BBC’s unique selling proposition. To my surprise, Hall doesn’t attempt to stonewall when asked to name a programme that the BBC makes that no one else would do. “Well,” he says carefully, “Peter Kosminsky, who directed *Wolf Hall*, has gone on record and said this would not have happened without the BBC.”

But does Hall believe that? Does he think that, say, Sky, despite its big drama budget, would never make *Wolf Hall*? The DG wriggles slightly. “No, I don’t think they would,” he says before adding: “There, now I have said it, Sky will say, ‘Of course we would have made it.’”

Hall has a bigger point, though. He strongly believes that what he calls Britain’s broadcasting “ecology” provides a far better service to the nation’s viewers in general because of its diversity.

“We’ve got a system in this country that works and it’s really important that you don’t just screw around with it,” he says. “So you’ve got the BBC funded by a licence fee, you’ve got ITV and Channel 4 funded by ads and Sky, who are doing good things funded by subscription. It gives us better choice and a better system of broadcasting than almost anywhere else in the world. Remove one bit of it and I think you’re destroying something that is really important.”

In an age of austerity, it is not clear that these arguments will win the day.

‘We’ve got a system in this country that works and it’s really important that you don’t screw around with it’

Hall admits that further cuts are possible – if highly unwelcome.

Despite plans to cut BBC 3 – the first time it has axed one of its main channels (although it will stay online) – he doesn’t think the BBC should shrink further. He points out that Mark Thompson tried and failed to cut music station Radio 6 in 2010. “It was the best marketing job he ever did for 6,” Hall crows. “He couldn’t cut it. The public said, ‘You can’t!’”

As we finish our coffee, the discussion turns to where Hall himself might take the BBC. He has all this power; what’s less clear is how he wants to use it, apart from safeguarding his inheritance. How does he want to leave his mark?

Hall says he wants to project the BBC’s voice in the world, create great programmes and foster a national conversation. “You can’t imagine a Britain without the BBC,” he concludes. “And what I hope in my time is that I can deliver a BBC confident and strong and doing the things that people want it to do.” All worthy enough. But it feels curiously flat, more of a bureaucratic goal than a shining vision.

On that note we part. Hall casts one last glance towards his beloved sandwich shop and then steps through the door, melting effortlessly back into media land whence he came.

Jonathan Ford is the FT’s chief leader writer

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Geometry lessons

Jewellery | Simple and sleek, minimal modern pieces

make for maximum impact, says *Lucie Muir*

From smartphones to public buildings, the modernist aesthetic is all around. Now, fine jewellery, too, like so many areas of contemporary fashion, art and design, is looking sleeker than ever. Subtle enough to stack above or below an Apple Watch, or accentuate the new season's whites, the latest designs from both independent and heritage jewellers are likely to appeal to purists.

Italian-born jeweller Delfina Delettrez has just opened her first UK shop on London's Mount Street. As a fourth-generation member of the Fendi family, she is all for tearing up the traditional rule book and fusing precious metals with more abstract forms. Her latest collection showcased simple stud earrings, drop pearls and teeny diamond finger rings designed to stack like sweeties up and down one's fingers.

“Fine jewellery is going through a much-needed change,” says the Rome-based designer. “It is getting closer to design, art and fashion. For instance, I present my collections during fashion weeks, Miami Art Basel, or in art galleries to avoid the formal pomp and ceremony that has been the norm in jewellery for so long.”

Fashion, of course, plays a big part. And while Elsa Peretti's pared-down jewellery designs look as relevant this season as they did when they first appeared in the 1970s, some leading jewellery retailers, such as Lesley Schiff, put the current modernist mood down

'Fine jewellery is going through a much-needed change. It is getting closer to design, art and fashion'

to what she calls the “Céline effect”.

Schiff, who runs the Talisman Gallery fine jewellery boutique at Harvey Nichols in London's Knightsbridge, says: "I doubt jewellers would have been able to anticipate the 1970s ready-to-wear trend so quickly, so it's more to do with the minimalist fashion looks of recent years. Fine, simpler jewellery works better with understated labels."

“Repossi was one of the first brands to move towards minimal designs, which in turn became a platform for new trends to be created,” says Sophie Quay, fine jewellery buyer at Net-A-Porter, of the simple yet dramatic pieces created by the 29-year-old Gaia Reposi, the designer behind the dynamic Monaco-based house of Reposi. Reposi’s signature wiggly cuffs, stacking rings and custom-made ear cuffs were first made popular on the red carpet by Cate Blanchett, Emma Watson, Kristen Stewart and Keira Knightley, and her svelte statement jewels have become cult pieces among the fashion cognoscenti.

As for her less-is-more approach, Repossi says: "I like pairing strong lines with soft forms. I work in a minimal way that respects a woman's body and the

way it moves.” Moreover, she insists, her designs aren’t all that minimal: “If you look closely, they are not that simple. With diamonds, even though the stone may be big, it’s about making them look like tiny accents against the skin. Rings and cuffs may look like strange artefacts or skeletons when they are off but once you put them on, that’s when they move in perfect balance.”

The modern jeweller may be designing slither, more slimline pieces, but rarely are they made to be worn alone. The current trend is to stack one's minimal-looking jewels in great clusters on the fingers, wrists and ears. "We refer to minimalist, plain-gold pieces as

skin jewellery', as they're delicate and subtle," says Quay. "And they can be worn stacked together – it's an elegant way to make an impact." Repossi argues that stacking is a very African, nomadic way of wearing jewellery. It's also an effective marketing strategy: Repossi's prices range from a single rose-gold heart ring (£450), to a multi-layered Antifer ring in 18-carat rose-gold with diamonds (£10,500).

What began as a trend among independent jewellers as a break with the past is also driving some of jewellery's oldest brands forward. But are the lower price points and stackable designs also a more calculated move to attract a younger, more fashion-focused clientele?

Cartier for example, continues to reinterpret its art-deco heritage with its minimal Amulettes – a capsule collection of “charm” pendants in onyx, pearl and pavé. Boucheron, a brand best known for its elaborate bejewelled designs, based its “Quatre” collection on simple combinations of four textured bands. In June, Boodles, the London-based fine jewellers, will launch its “Pas de Deux” collection of kite-shaped diamond and platinum rings and pendants, inspired by dancers at the Royal Ballet. And Bulgari’s classic “B.Zero1” collection of stacking-style rose-gold and diamond rings looks almost industrially chic.

New York-based jeweller Lynn Ban takes a similar approach. Her latest fine jewellery collection consists of sculptural cuffs, chokers and rings that take their cue from architectural shapes. Ban says: "Architecture has been a huge inspiration in jewellery design. We are living in a time where we have some of the greatest architects, such as Zaha Hadid, Frank Gehry, Jean Nouvel, creating amazing works around the globe. A minimal and modern aesthetic is also futuristic, and it translates brilliantly into jewellery."

Elie Top is a Paris-based fine jeweller who cut his teeth at Yves Saint Laurent under Alber Elbaz, before launching his first eponymous collection during January's couture shows. His first collection, "Mécániques Célestes", includes pieces inspired by planets in orbit.

Top uses the latest 3D technology to create intricate opening mechanisms on rings and necklaces in yellow gold or burnished silver (prices on request). His designs may appear futuristic on the outside but open to reveal something older-looking and more decorated, such as a cluster of small diamonds. He says: "There's a whole new generation coming into the world of fine jewellery from fashion, as opposed to a background in precious jewels. Our approach is much more about design and less about the price of the stones."

“Aesthetically, we’re now much more accustomed to technology. And we approach jewellery in the way we would use an iPad or a smartphone. Jewellers have to consider the modern woman and her busy lifestyle, which involves work, travel, family and the gym.”

All that
glisters

Grace Cook on the fairytale success of Swarovski

ear Swarovski and one thinks of sparkly crystals. But today Swarovski is as multi-faceted as the statuettes for which it is famed.

This year alone, the brand has sponsored *Savage Beauty*, the Alexander McQueen show at the V&A; launched a light show at its Las Vegas Bazaar store; decorated the venue for the Academy Awards; and sponsored the Baftas.

Now Swarovski has provided Cinderella with her glass slippers for Kenneth Branagh's Disney film (pictured, below). "Did you see a photo?" exclaims Nadja Swarovski, 45, a third-generation Swarovski and chair of the brand's board of directors. "We had to work on the heel a few times just to make it the right angle and height," she says of the 2kg pair of shoes currently on show in Leicester Square to promote the film.

In all, 1.7m crystals were used in the costumes. For the ball scene, Swarovski provided 150 tiaras, and the 10,000 crystals that stud Cinderella's 24-layer powder-blue iridescent gown. "Swarovski crystals are a key creative ingredient to add sparkle, depth and colour to my costumes," says multi-Oscar winning costume director Sandy Powell, who worked with the brand to give Cinderella her twinkle (she also worked with Swarovski on *Shakespeare in Love* and *The Young Victoria*).

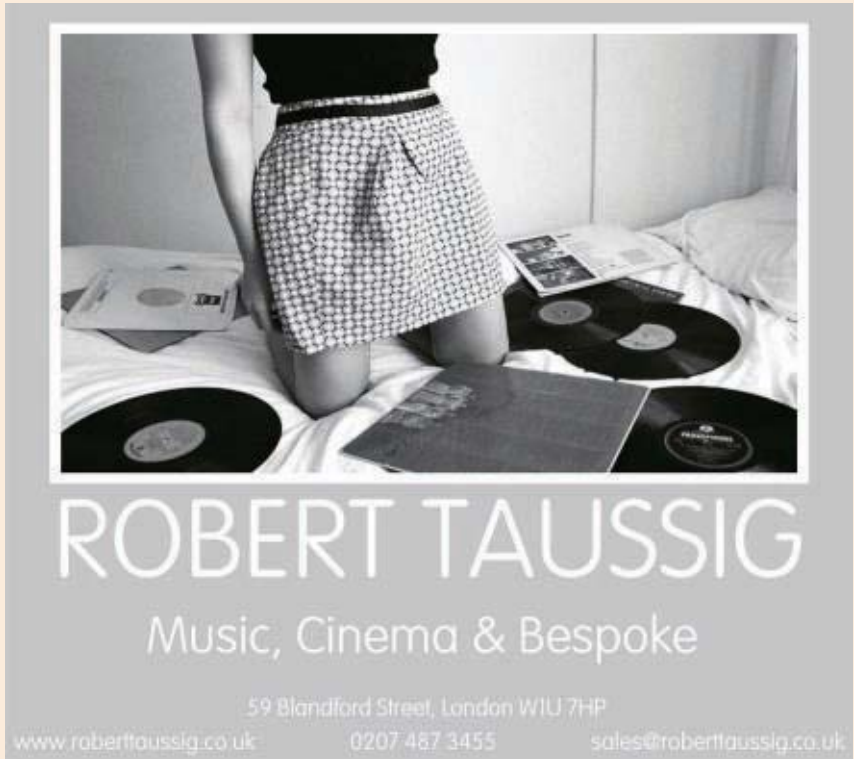
Such associations have put real sparkle into sales. The crystal arm of the



company now attributes 80 per cent of its annual €2.33bn revenue to jewellery sales, a huge leap from 20 per cent, in 1995, when Ms Swarovski arrived at the brand. It now makes up more than two-thirds of Swarovski Group's €3bn annual revenue (the group includes Tyrolit and Swareflex, manufacturers of traffic lights and cat's eye reflectors).

“Because we had the monopoly of jewellery stones we never bothered to brand our product,” she explains. It was a chance meeting between her father and the stylist Isabella Blow, who identified the gems overflowing from his pocket as “Swarovski crystals” that changed her attitude. Swarovski’s relationship with fashion was further cemented in 1999, when Ms Swarovski lent financial support to Alexander McQueen and founded the Swarovski Collective. The collective offers designers free crystals, and the chance to compete for a €25,000 prize. Mary Katrantzou, whom Swarovski has supported for 10 seasons, says, “Their crystals and pearls are key to elevating my designs to a new level of luxury.”

This year, the brand, which celebrates 120 years, will launch a fine jewellery line. The 60-piece collection is inspired by the Alps, the location of Swarovski's factory, and its Kristallwelten museum, Austria's second most-visited tourist destination, this fairytale land in the Tyrol is to reopen in April following expansion: as yet, glass slippers aren't included with the price of admission.



Everything seemed to fit

My style | Julie de Libran on why designing for Sonia Rykiel has been the perfect homecoming

I arrived as artistic director at Sonia Rykiel from Louis Vuitton, where I worked as Marc Jacobs' right hand for five years. Before that, I was at Prada

for 10 years. As a French designer, Sonia Rykiel had "talked" to me for many years — the label was a constant reference in my work. The brand's history is rooted in the cultural and street life of the Left Bank: Paris is my spiritual home, it's where I live. Everything seemed to fit.

Sonia [now 85 years old] started designing because she couldn't find the desirable, easy clothes she wanted to wear, and the label is still about that. She was very attentive to how women dressed in real life and her signature was supple, free-spirited clothes — she was a



Clockwise from above: Julie de Libran (centre) at the SS15 Sonia Rykiel show in Paris; Rykiel in 1968; vintage Rykiel c1970; SS15 shoe (£905); looks from SS15 — Getty; Roger Viollet/Topfoto; Rex; Catwalking



woman designing for women. Like her, I love clothes for the emotional connection you can make with them, like listening to a song that takes you back to a part of your life. Sonia's clothes have a real sense of nostalgia for many of us. I remember my mother having these terrific Sonia Rykiel sweaters, with slashes under the arms so you could throw the arms aside if it was too hot.

you don't need to be super successful to buy it. But even while I get overwhelmed by the options I find I often can't find what I want. I like quality and the knowledge that I can wear things in many different ways but I like to be dressed properly. I want to create clothes that "work" and don't bother

'I love clothes for the emotional connection, like listening to a song that takes you back'

you or take up too much space. I like clothes that are sensual also.

For me, Parisian style is found in the smart ways in which women put things together: they wear things in different ways in different contexts but rarely do they wear a new outfit head to toe. The French woman will borrow from different wardrobes — I love that invention and variation. French women know what suits them. It's important to enjoy yourself and create your own style identity. Who wants to be in costume?

Julie de Libran was talking to Harriet Quick. See this weekend's How To Spend It for de Libran's Smooth Guide to a long luxurious weekend in Paris

I'm having intimacy issues

Jo Ellison
Fashion



The most exhaustively hyped event in the history of fashion shows, *Savage Beauty*, the Victoria and Albert's restaging of the Metropolitan's Museum 2012 exhibition dedicated to the work of Alexander McQueen, finally opened last week. And with it arrived a deluge of invitations entreating fashion editors, already suffering RSI from the features they had generated in advance of the show, to spend yet further time absorbed in world McQueen.

This sounds unkind — and I apologise. In fact, the exhibition is a spookily beautiful spectacle to behold, and most deserving of its positive reviews. I just wish the level of hysteric breathlessness with which it was anticipated might have been moderated a little: how magical it might have been to discover that spectral Kate Moss hologram, which first appeared at McQueen's 2006 "Widows of Culloiden" show in Paris, as a surprise rather than have had its presence flagged up in every media outlet for months beforehand . . . but I digress.

Around the weekend of the show's opening, there were no fewer than five exhibition-related events from which fashion editors could pick: a basic entry-level press viewing was granted at breakfast on the opening Thursday morning; an afternoon's viewing was also scheduled. The opening then kicked off in earnest with a cocktail party that evening; followed by a gala dinner. Miss these? There were still more events, including another starry private view on the Saturday night for the gallery's friends and patrons, and to which fashion editors, still not sated, might bring along their partners too.

Negotiating fashion invitations is an art, especially in an industry fraught with neurosis as to which party will

ensure the greatest and most exclusive access, and, more important, which will lend itself to the best "selfie" to share with the outside world. The big ticket for McQueen was undoubtedly the gala dinner, held under the eaves of the museum and at which a savagely beautiful cast of McQueen-clad models sipped champagne, and Kate Moss smoked cigarettes under the table and then danced barefoot alongside the Michael Clark Company in a recreation of the choreography from McQueen's 2004 "Black" show. It's not enough to simply be there any more: we must be seen around, about, backstage and up-close. The ultimate party token would have been a Moss-led pas de deux: sadly I left my selfie stick at home.

The McQueen extravaganza was just a weekend in a fashion calendar already cluttered with engagements, private dinners, personal appearances and exclusive signings and screenings. In order to lure us in, the fashion invite has evolved an increasingly specialised language of entreaty that must be studied carefully before engagement. For example, in Paris I was invited to a

Even the slightly ickily-named 'intimate dinner' means mass catering and a top table

"Secret Party", hosted by Valentino to celebrate the show in which Derek and Hansel from *Zoolander* upstaged a season's worth of dresses. Abuzz at the possibility of a tête-à-tête with Ben Stiller, I asked around to see who might be going. Answer: everyone. Not such a secret party after all.

In fact, the really secret party that night was a private audience with Kanye West — who was performing an evening of song for the benefit of the few at the Fondation Louis Vuitton. Or so it suggested in the small print: in truth, a few hundred people turned up to capture the night on their iPhones.

Words such as "private" and "secret" lose all meaning in fashion. Even the slightly ickily-named "intimate dinner" means mass catering and a top table. Sitting at one such supper last season, I watched intrigued as a gang of supermodels, stylists and socialites redressed their placements with the same zeal and enterprise of those Potsdam politicians carving up eastern Europe. Ultimately, they staged a highly successful, highly intimate, highly Instagrammed dinner before the rest of us, who observed from the outskirts in social Siberia.

Anyway, "intimate" is so last season. The latest trend is to specify exactly how many others are coming. I have just been invited to an "alphabet dinner", where only 26 guests will be present.

In the interim, I'm holding a little soirée of my own: it's a "pyjama party" with the new Karl Ove Knausgaard novel. And no one's invited at all.

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Naomi Campbell and Kate Moss at the 'Savage Beauty' gala dinner — Getty



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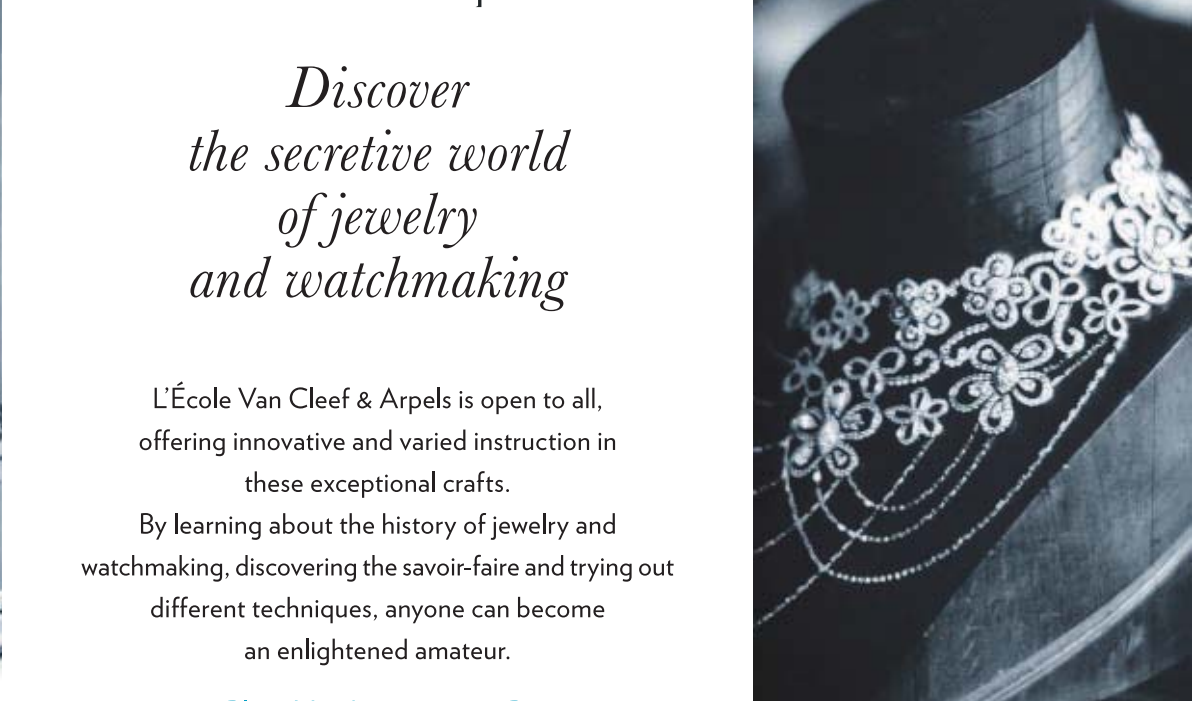
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Trend | The most versatile of fabrics, gingham can be City-boy smart or Sunday-school sweet. This season finds it at its sultriest best, says *Malwina Gudowska*

Hip to be square

What do Dorothy from *The Wizard of Oz*, Brigitte Bardot, the wild west and a bistro have in common? All bring to mind images of gingham: Dorothy in her blue-and-white pinafore dress; Bardot marrying Jacques Charrier in pink gingham; a cowboy in a check shirt on the American frontier; and the red-and-white tablecloths bedecking Mediterranean seaside tables.

Gingham has always been versatile. “Some designers use it to evoke a type of nostalgia, styling it in classic silhouettes,” says Natalie Kingham, buying director at matchesfashion.com. “Others use minimal shapes or modern twists to add something new.” Moreover, it’s easy to wear: last August, the ubiquity of a bold blue-checked shirt from J Crew menswear even inspired its own Instagram account, the prosaically named @thatJCrewginghamshirt.

On the spring runways it was interpreted in every which way: girlish and swingy at Diane von Fürstenberg; sultry and undone at Joseph Altuzarra; prim and proper at Oscar de la Renta; and Sunday-school sweet at Bottega Veneta.

“Gingham is a classic fabric, it has nostalgia, naïveté and a preppiness,” says designer Richard Nicoll, who used gingham in both his resort and spring collections to create ultra-feminine floaty pieces alongside more masculine looks, such as a gingham boiler suit.

For Nicoll, the appeal of gingham is in the contrasts it presents — it’s the stuff of girlish school dresses and men’s work shirts, of summer meadow sweetness and steamy seduction. For SS15, Nicoll spiked the fabric’s wholesomeness with revealing cut-out details at the midriff and sheer panels. The result: gingham pieces that teetered on the line between naughty and nice.

Diane von Fürstenberg’s spring collection featured baby-doll dresses inspired by the Côte d’Azur, and spiced up with sheer panels. Von Fürstenberg is long familiar with the good-girl-gone-bad quality of the fabric: a photo recently posted on the company’s Instagram account shows the designer, aged 26, wearing a scandalously unbuttoned gingham shirt.

At Oscar de la Renta, the opening looks featured fresh gingham overcoats, as befitting ladies who lunch, before diverting to rather more risqué sheer skirts and midriff-revealing gingham short suits. But it was Joseph Altuzarra, inspired by Mia Farrow’s demure gingham jackets in *Rosemary’s Baby* (1968),



From top: Brigitte Bardot with Serge Gainsbourg (1959); Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart in ‘To Have and Have Not’ (1944); SS15 designs (from left) by Richard Nicoll, Oscar de la Renta, Joseph Altuzarra and Bottega Veneta; the actor Kiefer Sutherland
Rue des Archives/Collection Christophe/Photoshot/Catwalking.com/Splash News



who best subverted gingham’s wholesome appeal. The designer’s spring show featured sharply-tailored pastel pink suits and gingham shirt dresses. At first they seemed the epitome of prim but the skirts were slashed with a thigh-high slit. “I took an iconic pattern that felt very American — wholesome, preppy, picnic — yet very French at the same time and reinvented it with a sexy, modern silhouette,” says the designer.

Gingham continues to inspire because its patterns are fresh, and because it lends itself to so many ideas. “It can suddenly look new because it’s rendered in a different silhouette or a different colour combination,” says Rebecca Arnold, a lecturer in dress history at the Courtauld Institute of Art in London. “It’s a fabric that is really easy to care for, really easy to wear, and it instantly signifies summer and lightness and freshness.” It’s also one of the few truly global fabrics: although many countries claim it as their own, it first appeared in several places simultaneously. “In a way that makes it special because it had an international evolution,” adds Arnold.

Gingham was first manufactured in Dutch-colonised Malaysia and Indonesia, and also in India, before being exported to Europe and the United States in the 17th century, from where it was later produced. According to the Oxford Dictionary, its name derives from the Dutch *gingang* and Malay *genggang*, meaning “striped”, but the fabric is characterised by its cross-hatch of equal-sized squares in two colours, typically white and bold.

In the 19th century, gingham became popular in home furnishings as well as

‘It’s a fabric that’s really easy to care for, really easy to wear, and it instantly signifies summer and lightness and freshness’

children’s clothing — it was used for school uniforms because it was easy to care for and affordable. In the late 1930s and 1940s, its popularity was cemented in several prominent screen appearances. It was Dorothy’s school-dress in *The Wizard of Oz* (1939); Katharine Hepburn wears a tiered gingham dress in the comedy of Waspy manners *The Philadelphia Story* (1940); Lauren Bacall heats up the screen, and her co-star Humphrey Bogart, in a gingham suit in *The Big Sleep* (1946).

After the second world war, it found further sartorial life as a fabric for formal occasions: in 1959, Brigitte Bardot wore a summer dress in pink nuptial vichy (as gingham is called in France), to marry the second of her four husbands and inspired a generation of gingham-wearing beatniks.

“It can conjure the American prairie in the 19th century, the 1950s American ready-to-wear, mid-century modern fashion, and a rockabilly,” says Arnold. “It can fit into different types of fashionable ideals.” In other words, gingham has the potential to be all things to all people.

Natalie Kingham says: “We buy gingham each season as it is such a timeless fabric. It can be worn casually and in a modern way during the day but it also feels feminine and summery and looks great teamed with a sandal or wedge.” For spring, Kingham’s picks include Oscar de la Renta’s pastel pink coat (£2,058) and blue silk sweater (£1,025), Altuzarra’s pink seersucker skirt (£400), Diane von Fürstenberg’s black-and-white Riviera dress (£398), and Richard Nicoll’s Lyria gingham jumpsuit (£645).

What do all these have in common? A flash of leg here, a peek of décolletage there, and a whole lot of subtle sensuality for spring.

Neighbourhood watch

Retail The chicest, most successful mall in America is celebrating its 50th year. But can Bal Harbour Shops keep up with the new kid on the block? *Rachel Felder* reports from Miami

If you want to call it a mall, it’s the most beautiful mall in America,” says designer Tomas Maier of the near-legendary Miami Beach retail complex Bal Harbour Shops. The antithesis of most people’s idea of a shopping centre, Bal Harbour is open-air, with ponds of koi fish among breezy walkways and palm trees.

“It has that indoor/outdoor feel so you don’t feel like you’re in a shopping centre,” continues Maier who, with the opening of a boutique showcasing his eponymous sportswear collection, will join the 100 luxury brands including Chanel, Dolce & Gabbana and Miu Miu at the complex (although as creative director of Bottega Veneta, he already has a large boutique there.) It’s a formula that seems to work. In the 50 years since it opened, Bal Harbour has consistently enjoyed full occupancy. Sales have been up in all years except 2001 (post-September 11) and 2009, with last year’s averaging \$2,854 per square

foot, about six times the American national average.

Opened in 1965 by Stanley Whitman on a stretch of land that was once army barracks and a second world war prisoner-of-war camp, the mid-century modern Bal Harbour is still family-owned, now in its third generation. “It has been taken care of so well — the lush planting, the nice restaurants and [the fact] that you don’t see any cars once you’re in the mall,” says Maier. “It has the reputation and has always tried to have the best stores.”

Recently, though, keeping these stores hasn’t been easy. The Design District, a new luxury shopping area only 20 minutes’ drive away, has lured retailers including Hermès, Lanvin, Céline and Louis Vuitton (in Vuitton’s case, the move is about more than just a change of geography: the brand’s parent company LVMH is an investor in L Real Estate, a partner with the Design District’s main developer, Craig Robins).

The walkways and luxury outlets of Bal Harbour Shops today (right), and how the mid-century modern mall was envisioned 50 years ago



But the more genteel atmosphere of Bal Harbour still appeals to out-of-towners, who make up about 65 per cent of its clientele in a city that hosts more than 20m visitors a year. “For luxury retail to thrive . . . nothing is more important than a healthy tourist base,” says Stanley Whitman’s grandson, Matthew Whitman Lazenby, who is president and chief executive of Whitman Family Development, which

owns Bal Harbour Shops. “Our store mix has evolved to meet the needs of our now overwhelmingly international customer.”

Although Bal Harbour isn’t based in the coolest of neighbourhoods (it lacks the Design District’s colourful edge), the mall is starting to attract more fashion-forward customers. At its men’s-only branch of The Webster, a tastemaker-approved boutique that opened last year, there are pieces by designers such as Raf Simons, Junya Watanabe and Thom Browne. Stock along these lines has begun to arrive at its neighbouring women’s boutique also. “I wasn’t sure if the clientele would respond to the direction we are taking,” says Laure Heriard Dubreuil, the store’s chief executive office and co-founder. “But there is a wave of clients who are more daring. I think it’s the children of the people who used to be the Bal Harbour clients. We’ve changed generations, which is very encouraging.”

To further reach its evolving client base, Bal Harbour plans to grow, increasing the square footage of its department stores, Neiman Marcus and Saks Fifth Avenue, and adding about 40 new boutiques, a cinema, and a branch of Barneys New York. Although the village of Bal Harbour has not yet officially agreed to the project, Lazenby is confident it will be in motion later this year. “All these steps have taken longer than you would imagine, but now we’re in the home stretch and expect to have final approvals within the next few months,” he explains.

While its footprint will increase, the feel of luxurious understatement will remain. “It is mid-century modern and was intended to be invisible,” Lazenby says of the shops’ design. “The structure is not supposed to take centre stage, and it does not. It has withstood the test of time. We aren’t referring to our forward plans as an expansion as much as an enhancement and renovation.”



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Grand Tour with a modern spin

Italy | Independent owner-run boutique hotels are joining forces to create an ‘anti-hotel chain’ and offer a new take on an 18th-century tradition, complete with vintage sports cars. By *Andrew Eames*

A man who has not been to Italy is always conscious of an inferiority from his not having seen what it is expected a man should see,” declared Samuel Johnson in 1776. At the time, the Grand Tour was reaching its zenith, becoming a rite of passage for young British aristocrats intent on imbibing culture (and wine) at the Italian wellspring of civilisation. Mass travel ended all that, of course, the classic Grand Tour destinations becoming swamped by coach tours, but I recently experienced what is being pitched as a modern version of the aristocratic original. Mine was hardly a scholar’s pilgrimage, nor a religious one, but I had imbibed culture and wine like the best of them. I’d learnt the correct way to eat a persimmon from a Russian; I’d learnt how Count Montefeltro got that famous hook in his nose; and I’d learnt that the brakes on a 1977 Fiat Spider can be a little soft in mountain conditions. This new “grand tour” is being offered by Otium, a nascent collaboration between independent owner-managed boutique hotels. The aim is to create a sort of “anti-hotel chain” — a group of linked properties that tourists can con-



Clockwise from above: San Lorenzo Mountain Lodge in the South Tyrol; Petrella Guidi in the hills of Montefeltro; Castello di Vicarello in Tuscany



veniently book and travel between but that offer history, character, tradition and the chance to meet and be personally looked after by the owners (things so noticeably absent from most conventional chain hotels). To date, four properties have signed up but the aim is to have between eight and 12 in the network by the end of this year. Guests can be driven between the hotels, or can opt to drive themselves, in a modern or vintage sports car.

I was travelling with three travel agents — one from Israel, one from China, one from Australia — who had come to join the dots on an Otium test run. We began at Castello di Vicarello, 25km inland from Grosseto in the Maremma region of Tuscany, owned by Aurora and Carlo Baccheschi Berti. The pocket-sized Castello, built by Knights Templar in the 11th century, sits on its own island of olive groves and vineyards in a rolling sea of the Maremma’s typical *macchia* scrub — mostly holm oak, buckthorn, juniper and sage. Here, venturing out on to the terrace after dark was like emerging on to the bridge of a ship, with the lights of the Etruscan coast in the far distance, and a neighbouring hilltop village silhouetted like an ocean-going liner cresting a wave.

The castle’s exterior is medieval but its interiors are eclectic, reflecting the couple’s peripatetic journey from the

Milan of the 1950s and 1960s to Bali in the 1980s and 1990s, with a few side trips to Marrakech along the way. My split-level room had a huge hollow ceramic fish by the entrance, and what looked like a giant teak throne downstairs. Both, explained Aurora, were part of their personal collection from 18 years in Indonesia, when they were both in the fashion business.

Of course, given that this was Tuscany, we had access to the staple offerings of Renaissance Italy, with Siena around 40 minutes away, but the Castello was a fusion of design and gastronomy that was hard to leave. Carlo took us down into his vineyards for a sunset

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Andrew Eames was a guest of Otium (otiumitaly.it). A nine-night trip, with three nights at each of the properties mentioned, including private transfers, half-board, guides and activities, costs from €8,650 per person

tasting. Aurora showed us how she made olive oil, salami and cheese. There were local craftsmen to visit, a secret spa built into the hillside, and two swimming pools. The warp and weft of the place was sufficient cultural experience in itself; we had no desire to go traipsing around galleries or museums. Soon, though, it was time to move on. We made our way across Italy’s hairy chest, courtesy of Aurora’s Range Rover, via a town created by a pope (Pienza) and a monastery reputedly built by an emperor (Sant’Antimo) where Mass was being sung in Latin.

Our second destination was hidden in the hills of Montefeltro, just west of San Marino. Petrella Guidi is a small, castel-

lated borgo, first mentioned in 1225, that sits among a scramble of chestnut and oak half way up the valley flank. For much of the 20th century this settlement was little more than an empty ruin, until it was stumbled across in the 1970s by a group of artists and intellectuals. Among them was Paolo Trento, the founder of luggage brand Mandarin Duck. With his Russian wife Galya, he combined three of the farm cottages and outlying buildings to conjure a treasure box of a hotel set on several levels, among sunken gardens and summer terraces, with a commanding view of a monastery across the valley. There’s a hammam, a private cinema, an indoor pool, and four suites for a



maximum of eight guests. They eat in the communal kitchen of the main house, a place of music, exposed beams and fine food, and it was here that Galya demonstrated the polite way of eating the soft persimmons that grow in her garden. It was Galya, too, who took us to the extraordinary nearby fortress town of San Leo, perched on a towering slab of sheer-sided rock, complete with a 9th-century church and a 12th-century cathedral, topped by a formidable prison. St Francis of Assisi stayed in the town; Dante wrote about it in *The Divine Comedy*; in Tuscany, it would have been heaving with tourists but, in Montefeltro, we had the place practically to ourselves. San Leo used to be the mountain stronghold of the fiercely independent counts of Montefeltro, of whom the most famous was Federico, distinctive for his hugely crooked nose and whose portrait by Piero della Francesca has become the symbol of Florence’s Uffizi gallery. Galya told us the legend of that nose; the count lost one eye in a tournament, she explained, so he had the bridge of his nose removed to improve his field of vision and thus was able to see his enemies coming. Such was life in old Montefeltro.

Our Russo-Italian interlude in Montefeltro was followed by another day on the road, travelling to Otium’s final stop, in the foothills of the Alps. Here it isn’t just the landscape that changes; the language does too. Villages are better maintained, street names are more guttural, and churches turn baroque. This is the South Tyrol, a German- (and ancient Ladin-) speaking territory that became part of Italy after the first world war.

Our destination was the former hunting lodge of a 16th-century bishop, along a twisty road that zigzagged up through forest to a sloping meadow at 1,700m, with a panoramic view over the distant town of Brunico.

San Lorenzo Mountain Lodge, a 500-year-old chalet of larch and pine, sits on this grassy balcony. It is the simplest of Otium’s Grand Tour properties but it is animated by the affable owner, Stefano Barbini, former general manager of fashion house Escada.

Barbini initiated me in the crazy world of mountainside golf and introduced me to the satisfaction of chopping wood for the stove — “a man with an axe feels like the king of the world”. He also arranged for a classic sports car to be delivered to the lodge — the 1977 Fiat Spider with the slightly soft brakes — and for a while I became a blur of red on the forest roads, enjoying the smell of warm leather and pine cones.

In the evenings, he let us share in his wine cellar, and his chef produced meals worthy of Michelin stars. Afterwards we alternated between the sauna and the lodge’s outdoor hot tub, where we could contemplate the moon above and the mist in the valley below.

It was a place to take stock. Would Otium work for my fellow travellers’ clients, I asked as the mountain weather closed in. The general opinion was it would, with possible adjustments. Chinese guests would want to bring their own chef. Australians might not want to connect all three properties, given the distances involved; Israelis might want to do their travelling by helicopter. But the overall consensus was that the basic principle was sound — that there was still a market for a modern-day Grand Tour.

Short cuts

London Publishers of travel guides and maps are boasting a surprise increase in sales — the first rise for a decade. Competition from online sources of information has hit the industry hard but new figures from the Nielsen BookScan Travel Publishing Year Book, released this week, suggest the decline has bottomed out. Map sales in the UK in 2014 were 2.95 per cent higher than the previous year, and road atlases were up 2.83 per cent. Travel guidebooks recorded a slight rise, of 0.08 per cent, but the top five publishers saw their sales grow 4.47 per cent. Stephen Mesquita, the report’s author, put the growth down to an improving economic climate leading to more people travelling as well as the fact that “consumers are coming to accept a balance, where digital platforms work best for them in some areas of information and printed guides work in others.”

Waterloo Part of the farmhouse that formed the focal point of the battle of

Waterloo is to be offered as a holiday home for the first time. Coinciding with this year’s bicentenary of the battle, a two-bedroom apartment within Hougoumont farm has been restored and will be rented out through the Landmark Trust, the charity dedicated to conserving historic buildings and letting them as holiday homes. So critical was the farm, 10 miles south of Brussels, that on the eve of the battle, when asked to explain his plan in case he was killed, the Duke of Wellington simply replied: “Keep Hougoumont.” The open terrain offered few other defensible points and, for more than six hours on June 18 1815 British troops defended the farmyard against wave after wave of attack by Napoleon’s army. “There can be few buildings in Europe on which the continent’s history turned more definitively,” says Anna Keay, director of the Landmark Trust. The apartment costs from £482 for four nights; bookings open on April 12, for stays from July 3 onwards. Meanwhile, English

Heritage is preparing two exhibitions in London to mark the bicentenary. One takes place inside the Wellington Arch at Hyde Park Corner, which was built between 1825 and 1827 to celebrate the victory and features Europe’s largest bronze sculpture, an angel of peace on a four-horsed chariot. The exhibition will include the sword Wellington carried at Waterloo, his handwritten battle orders on scraps of vellum, and an original pair of the leather “Wellington boots” he



Hougoumont on the battle of Waterloo site

made fashionable. A few steps away at Apsley House, Wellington’s London home, there will be new multimedia tours and a new presentation of the Waterloo Gallery, where Wellington held annual banquets to commemorate the victory. Both exhibitions open on April 18. [landmarktrust.org.uk](http://landmarktrust.org.uk/english-heritage.org.uk)

Doha Qatar Airways has announced plans to expand into the hotel sector internationally. The airline already operates two hotels in Doha, including one that opened airside at Hamad international airport in December. That property, which boasts a swimming pool and squash courts, clearly fits Qatar’s strategy of making its hub an attractive place for long-haul travellers to change planes but the airline has now announced the purchase of the 350-room Sheraton Skyline hotel at London’s Heathrow airport, which will shortly be rebranded as the Oryx Sheraton Skyline. More purchases, in the

El Caminito del Rey, which reopens next weekend — AFP



US and UK, are planned, with a focus on properties at or near airports. qatarairways.com

Spain Tourists are vying for the chance to walk a path dubbed “the world’s most dangerous” when it opens next weekend. El Caminito del Rey is a 8km-long walkway that clings to the side of a gorge 40km northwest of Málaga. Built between 1901 and 1905 to connect two hydroelectric plants, it got its name after King Alfonso XIII visited in 1921. The fearsome reputation came later, after the path, which is more than 100m above the valley floor in places, had fallen into disrepair. Five hikers died in 1999 and 2000 and it was closed the following year. Now, after a €5.5m restoration, it is being reopened to tourists. There is a daily limit of 600 but more than 30,000 have applied in the three weeks since bookings opened. Entry is free. caminitodelrey.info

Tom Robbins

Adventure | On a pioneering trip to a remote corner of Mongolia, Mike Carter stays with a nomadic family who hunt with birds of prey

There,” whispered Alpamas. I followed his finger but saw nothing. He launched a series of rocks. Twenty metres in front of us, something bolted: a manul, also known as Pallas’s cat, a rare and beautiful animal, stocky and flat-faced. The cat looked terrified but the rocks were the least of its problems. Suddenly, two giant, dark shapes appeared above, sweeping across the snow — golden eagles, with wing-spans of two-metres or more, working together tracking the cat’s desperate zig-zagging, inches off the ground. The eagles thrust forward their talons, each the size of a child’s finger, and the prey disappeared under a canopy of feathers. There was a shrill mewling protest, then silence.

I was with the Kazakh eagle hunters in the extreme west of Mongolia, one of the remotest places on earth, the far fringe of a country bigger than France, Germany and Spain combined. The Kazakhs are a nomadic people spread throughout not just Kazakhstan but a swathe of Central Asia. For more than 2,000 years they have lived a subsistence life based around their *tavan hoshuu mal* — or five-animal herds consisting of yak, goats, sheep, Bactrian camels and horses — and have trained,



Where eagles hunt



and hunted with, golden eagles. Until very recently, eagle-hunting apart, this traditional life was typical for the majority of people right across the Mongolian steppe. But things in Mongolia are changing, and fast.

My journey to visit the eagle hunters was almost over before it began. Just 200m above the ground at the airport in the capital, Ulan Bator, my pilot abandoned his landing. Smoke, he explained as we went around, had obscured the runway. “The smoke here is very, very bad,” said Buyandelger, my guide for the week, once we were safely down. As we drove into the city — officially the world’s coldest capital, with a record low of minus 49C — a pall of acrid smoke hung around us.

Buyandelger — Mongolians only tend to use one name — explained that, since the break up of the Soviet Union, Ulan Bator (or UB as it’s known to locals) had trebled in size, becoming home to at least 1.5m people, more than half the country’s population. We drove past sacred shaman *ovo* poles by the roadside, draped in blue silk *khadag* scarves, and past coal-fired power stations pumping out columns of sulphurous smoke into the cold air. Then past sparkling Louis Vuitton and Swarovski shops (catering to the new coal and copper-mining economy) and old Buddhist temples under siege from towering five-star hotels and swish apartment blocks going up alongside.

“And this is a ger district,” said Buyandelger (or Buya for short). On an escarpment, as far as the eye could see, were thousands of gers, the classic circular yurts of the Mongolian nomads. We took a walk, as if through a bonfire, each ger pouring out smoke from its coal fire. “Over 60 per cent of the city’s population lives in a ger,” Buya explained. The nomads have arrived in UB over the past 15 years, driven here by a changing climate, with summer droughts and catastrophic winters called *zuds* (white death) that have wiped out entire herds. “Their animals were everything: meat and milk, clothing and transport. They have no animals now, so they have no choice,” said Buya.

The next day Buya and I left behind the smoke and took a flight into the cloudless *munkh khukh tengri* (eternal blue sky), as Mongolians call it. Below were the ghostly outlines of huge former collective Soviet fields and the infinite steppe dotted with white gers, sparkling like little mirrors in the sunshine.

We flew for four hours to the small town of Ölgii, close to the Russian and Chinese borders. The few foreigners who have seen eagle hunters in action have tended to do so here, at an annual festival held on the outskirts of town in October. There are hotels in Ölgii, and the festival makes a convenient way of seeing the spectacle, but our plan was to leave the town behind, to go out into the wilderness to stay in the nomads’ own homes, experience family life and watch them hunt for real. This was a recce, run by the tour operator Steppes Travel, to trial the logistics (its first trips for paying guests depart later this year).

From Ölgii, we drove — off-road — for five hours, careering across snow and ice with larks flocking around the 4X4, passing nothing but the odd horseman tending his *tavan hoshuu mal*. Finally we arrived at my eagle-hunting family’s winter home, a single-storey mud-brick building in the lee of a mountain, with a summer ger stored in pieces on the roof, ready to be moved by camel to the summer pastures in spring. My hosts were Kalehkhhan and his wife Gakku, both 45, and their four boys, Jarken, two, Jambel, three, Jakhlag, 12, and Jargal, 14.

As we sat on low stools around a table, Gakku brought in the first course, a big plate of yak dairy products arranged in tiers like a wedding cake: sweet clotted cheese, dried curds and cubes of yoghurt so hard they could only be sucked, all served with salty tea into which we melted yak butter. In summer, Kalehkhhan explained, while the animals are grazing and the human need for fat and protein is diminished, nomad families subsist largely on “white” food. In the corner, Gakku fed yak dung into the fire.

Then came the main course, a huge platter of meat that looked as if a sheep had exploded: the centerpiece was the head, surrounded by the stomach,

From top: eagle hunter Tugelbaya readies his bird for release; Bactrian camels on the route from Ölgii to the winter home of the eagle hunters; three-year-old Jambel, the son of hosts Kalehkhhan and Gakku, wearing his fox-fur hat; a traditional Mongolian ger house

Mike Carter

i / DETAILS

Mike Carter was a guest of Steppes Travel (steppestravel.com). Its nine-day “Eagle Hunters of Mongolia” trip costs from £3,075 per person, or £3,695 including flights from London.



spine, colon and neck. A prayer was said, giving thanks to the animal, then Kalehkhhan ripped off a piece of cheek and handed it to me, explaining through Buya that, as the guest (and only the second foreigner they had seen in two years), Kazakh hospitality insisted that I eat first. After that, there was a frenzy of flesh-tearing and raucous slurping, hands dripping in juices. “We Mongolians love meat,” said Kalehkhhan, tearing at the liver. “Grass is for goats, meat is for men.”

The next morning we walked across the snow to Kalehkhhan’s corral, where our horses were being fitted with winter shoes. These squat, tough little animals, no bigger than 14 hands, are fast and can travel 100km a day. In the 13th century, they were Genghis Khan’s secret weapon as he forged the biggest land empire in history.

My horse was hobbled then, bucking and snorting furiously, thrown on to its back and restrained with a knee to the neck as the nails were hammered in. “Mongolian horses are half wild, half trained,” said Buya, and I couldn’t help but think that a knee in the neck would do little to elevate this one’s mood. “You need to show them who’s boss or they will have a big laugh with you. Have you ridden much?”

“No,” I said.

“Oh dear,” said Buya.

A wrangler with emerald eyes handed me the reins. The faces of the others — the sharp, weathered Slav features and the softer Tibetan ones with feather-shaped eyes — spoke of thousands of years of migrations across the steppe.

A distant sound of hooves and, there, thundering across the frozen steppe, were Tugelbaya and Dalaihan, both 55, the latter in a fox-fur cloak and hat, his dark trousers embroidered with holy Tibetan script in vivid colours. Perched on their right arms, two golden eagles, wings splayed. It was the most spectacular thing I had ever seen.

We set off to hunt, climbing steadily, my confidence climbing too, with every sure-footed step of my horse. We rode along exposed narrow ridges, where the wind ripped at our faces, making the minus 28C feel much colder. Sheer drops fell away to the Sagsai valley far



below, where herds of *tavan hoshuu mal* looked like specks of coal dust on a canvas of white. “There are more animals than men [in Mongolia],” wrote the poet Zahava Hanan, “so they still have the world as God made it.”

Surrounding us, the profound silence and vastness of the Altai Mountains, a jumble of sweeping peaks like a frozen ocean. Riding alongside me was Alpamas, 27, Dalaikhan’s son, who started singing softly. “That’s a song about good horses,” said Buya.

As we rode, Dalaikhan explained that hunting with eagles began 2,000 years ago but that now it is only the Kazakhs in Mongolia who maintain the tradition. “Fine horses and fierce eagles are the wings of the Kazakhs,” goes an ancient proverb, he said. He told me how the hunter (known as a *berkutchi* — Kazakh for eagle is *berkut*), is lowered on a rope down a cliff to a nest. How he selects the chick with the strongest claws and eyes — only the females, as they are bigger — all the while being attacked by the par-



ents. How the training takes six years. The birds live until 25 or so, he said, and when they are 12 they are repatriated to the wild, so they are able to breed and thus provide another generation of hunting birds. It was another example of how these nomads worked so closely with the natural world, an ancient, interwoven bond of sustainability.

A cry. A rabbit had bolted. The eagles were immediately unhooded and launched. From our position on a ridge at 2,600m, it was like being in the upper circle of a theatre: we watched as the two birds wheeled and swooped, a noiseless aerial ballet, the two supreme horsemen tumbling down the mountain in pursuit. The rabbit escaped. The birds returned, Dalaikhan’s eagle misjudging its landing and skewering his arm, a crimson filigree decorating the snow.

That night, after dinner, vodka was produced and a Mongol three-toast ritual observed. Buya dipped his ring

‘We Mongolians love meat,’ said my host, tearing at some liver. ‘Grass is for goats, meat is for men’

finger into the liquid and rubbed a little on his forehead, letting the rest run down his hand. This, he explained, dated back to the poisoning of Genghis Khan’s father by an enemy. If the alcohol discolours the ring, it is lethal.

Alpamas took a *dombra* — a Kazakh two-stringed instrument, strummed like a lute — off the wall and started singing a mournful song about mountains, long-dead ancestors and, of course, beautiful horses. In turn, Buya began throat-singing, or *khoomii*, where changing the shape of the mouth creates overtones in the chest and abdomen to reproduce the sounds of storms and animal noises in elegiac, unearthly harmonics. In the corner of the room, the hooded eagle sat on a stool, quizzically turning its head back and forth. Outside this little mud-brick building in the middle of nowhere, the Mongolian winter blew hard.

On my final day with the hunters, we caught the Pallas’s cat. Or, rather, we didn’t. A few seconds after it disappeared beneath the wings, it emerged, miraculously, and sped away. For me it was the Disney ending. For the hunters, it was lost fur and meat. Disney endings have no place in this environment.

As we rode back, I asked Buya what he thought the future held for Mongolia. He told me how 30 per cent of Mongolians still lived a nomadic life but the number was falling; about the riots in UB in 2008; the 45,000 new cars in the city every year; the unemployment in the ger districts. “Every year, thousands more come from the countryside. Children living there are afraid of animals. Can you imagine?”

There was a cry of *chu, chu*, and suddenly we were galloping, flying across the steppe; these sublime horsemen, eagles on their arms, laughing and hollering, and me, terrified, hanging on for grim death.

Books
Life&Arts

Essay | Should mankind fear the ‘intelligence explosion’ that comes when computers begin to

improve themselves? Don’t assume they will have our best interests at heart, writes *Stephen Cave*

Rise of the machines

Where humans have got being the cleverest creatures in town. In the absence of claws, wings or venom, intelligence is our evolutionary special power. And it has served us well, as we have risen to dominate great swaths of this planet. But now, institutions across the world – including universities, defence agencies and internet giants – are striving to create something that will knock us off this top spot. They are working towards machines that will be cleverer than we are; towards not merely artificial intelligence, but artificial *super*-intelligence. As a species, we are racing to create beings that will supplant us in our own evolutionary niche. What are we thinking?

Some of our most celebrated human brainpower is now worrying about just this question. Professor Stephen Hawking, for example, recently warned that artificial intelligence (AI) could be “a real danger in the not-too-distant future”, joining voices from within the technology industry including Microsoft co-founder Bill Gates, Jaan Tallinn, co-founder of Skype, and the entrepreneur Elon Musk, who have all suggested we think hard before we summon this particular genie. A batch of fascinating recent books reveals the current state of hard thinking on this topic and how much more there is to be done.

It is tempting to suppose that AI would be a tool like any other; like the wheel or the laptop, an invention that we could use to further our interests. But the brilliant British mathematician IJ Good, who worked with Alan Turing both on breaking the Nazis’ secret codes and subsequently in developing the first computers, realised 50 years ago why this would not be so. Once we had a machine that was even slightly more intelligent than us, he pointed out, it would naturally take over the intellectual task of designing further intelligent machines. Because it was cleverer than us, it would be able to design even cleverer machines, which could in turn design even cleverer machines, and so on. In Good’s words: “There would then unquestionably be an ‘intelligence explosion,’ and the intelligence of man would be left far behind. Thus the first ultraintelligent machine is the last invention that man need ever make.”

Good’s prophecy is at the heart of the book *Our Final Invention: Artificial Intelligence and the End of the Human Era*, in which writer and film-maker James Barrat interviews leading figures in the development of super-clever machines and makes a clear case for why we should be worried. It is true that progress towards human-level AI has been slower than many predicted – pundits joke that it has been 20 years away for the past half-century. But it has, nonetheless, achieved some impressive milestones, such as the IBM computers that beat grandmaster Garry Kasparov at chess in 1997 and won the US quiz show *Jeopardy!* in 2011. In response to Barrat’s survey, more than 40 per cent of experts in the field expected the invention of intelligent machines within 15 years from now and the great majority expected it by mid-century at the latest.



Prototype humanoid robots at the Intelligent Robotics Laboratory in Osaka, Japan — Nick Hannes/Eyevine

Our Final Invention: Artificial Intelligence and the End of the Human Era
by James Barrat
St Martin’s Griffin \$16.99
336 pages

In Our Own Image: Will Artificial Intelligence Save or Destroy Us?
by George Zarkadakis
Rider £12.99, 384 pages

Eclipse of Man: Human Extinction and the Meaning of Progress
by Charles T Rubin
Encounter Books \$23.99
200 pages

Smarter Than Us: The Rise of Machine Intelligence
by Stuart Armstrong
Machine Intelligence Research Institute £2.99/\$4.99, 62 pages

Following Good, Barrat then shows how artificial intelligence could become super-intelligence within a matter of days, as it starts fixing its own bugs, rewriting its own software and drawing on the wealth of knowledge now available online. Once this “intelligence explosion” happens, we will no longer be able to understand or predict the machine, any more than a mouse can understand or predict the actions of a human.

Our only guide to living alongside super-machines comes from science fiction, whether the apocalyptic *Terminator* films or Douglas Adams’ Marvin the Paranoid Android, whose massive intellect only made him feel lonely and misunderstood. In his rich new book, *In Our Own Image: Will Artificial Intelligence Save or Destroy Us?*, George Zarkadakis interweaves sci-fi visions with explorations of the philosophy, technology and deep history of artificial super-intelligence (ASI). An AI researcher before turning to writing, he demonstrates how the goals and ambitions of the technology industry have been shaped by centuries of “successive metaphors and conflicting narratives of fear and love” – from golems to Faust and Frankenstein – and how they might be misleading us.

We have an innate tendency to anthropomorphise, Zarkadakis argues, and this is, therefore, how we try to make sense of our technology. We imagine humanoid robots such as Marvin or Arnold Schwarzenegger’s Terminator; we imagine we are fulfilling the ancient dream of creating a creature in our own image. But an ASI will be far from human: it will not share our million-year evolutionary history, nor be

limited by a confined flesh-and-blood brain. Who knows what its goals and values will be, or how it will regard us humans – perhaps as nothing more than handy bags of carbon that it could use for some higher purpose of its own?

The sheer otherness of ASI is also a theme of political philosopher Charles T Rubin’s book, *Eclipse of Man: Human Extinction and the Meaning of Progress*. Rubin explores the roots of our desire to radically alter the human condition through technology. This urge has brought real advances in medicine, food production and many other fields. But Rubin identifies a disquieting tendency among technologically-minded idealists to regard not the human condition but humanity itself as the problem. Such utopians hope that superior machines will take decisions out of our unreliable hands and so solve all our problems.

But these hopes require that such machines be wise in ways that make sense to us. Like Barrat and Zarkadakis, Rubin believes they are more likely to be utterly incomprehensible. Instead of improving us, our technology might simply supplant us; he concludes that “if this kind of posthuman hyperintelligence were to arrive on our doorsteps tomorrow, it is hard to see how it would look different from a hostile alien invasion”.

If this were a Hollywood movie, the camera would now switch to a modest suite of offices in a narrow street in Oxford, where a group of earnest young men and women are, unusually for philosophers, working against the clock to stop global catastrophe. This is the Future of Humanity Institute, a

pioneering research centre given the task of worrying about the prospects for human civilisation, and wellspring of the most advanced thinking about the problems and potential of ASI. Nick Bostrom, the institute’s director, has written the most definitive analysis to date: *Superintelligence*, reviewed previously in these pages. This work is complemented by a brilliant short book from Stuart Armstrong, one of the institute’s fellows. Both Armstrong and Bostrom have been thinking hard about how ASI could be made to be

If we discovered that we were created by bacteria, would we be nicer to them? Probably not much

“friendly” – and concluded that it would be very difficult indeed.

Armstrong, in *Smarter Than Us: The Rise of Machine Intelligence*, makes beautifully clear how challenging it would be to communicate with the profoundly alien being that is a computer mind. Imagine we ask it to cure cancer – and so it wipes out the human race; hey presto, problem solved. Or you command it to get your mother out of a burning building, so it blows a gas main sending your mother’s body high into the air. Or you ask it to increase GDP, so it burns down Los Angeles, creating a boom in reconstruction. Our values are based on a good deal of common sense and unstated assumptions, and as such are – as any moral philosopher will tell

you – extremely hard to spell out. To turn those values into programming code would take centuries, Armstrong argues, and to avoid catastrophe, we would “need to get it *all* exactly right”.

A theme of all these books is that ASI would not need to hate us in order to destroy us. Even if its goal were to bake the perfect Victoria sponge, it might decide to wipe out all of humanity just in case one of us was tempted to turn the oven off early. We may hope that it would not do such a thing to us, its makers, but instead regard us with a sense of affection and filial obligation. But that is to project on to it those un-programmable human sensibilities. And anyway, if we discovered that we were created by bacteria, would we be nicer to them? Probably not much.

Perhaps more worrying than the difficulties of creating friendly machines is that most AI developers are not even trying to or, indeed, are striving for the opposite. As Barrat points out, most of the research is sponsored by business and designed to do things such as make money on the stock market – well over half of all Wall Street’s equity trades are already made by automated systems. The other main sources of funding are defence agencies. Darpa, the US defence department’s research body, has long been a major sponsor of AI. According to Barrat, alongside the US, at least a further 55 countries are “developing robots for the battlefield”. In other words, the serious money is going into AI designed to be decidedly *unfriendly* – AI that is, in fact, designed to kill humans. What could possibly go wrong?

This brings us back to the question: what are we thinking? The answer is that there is no coherent “we”, but a diverse group of competing interests striving to make the big breakthrough. Their motives differ, from utopian hopes of curing cancer to just making money; from natural curiosity to the narcissism of creating a being in our own image. And behind all this is simply the pursuit of power. Why would we invent something that could destroy us? The answer is that which underlies all arms races: because we hope we could use it to destroy our enemies first. The difference is that, this time, the arms will have minds of their own.

But perhaps this is all just a fantasy, another hair-raising fairytale in the long line from golems to the Terminator. As one researcher has pointed out, we have not yet managed to invent a machine that could walk into your house and make a cup of tea. But if an AI did decide to take over the world, it wouldn’t be by walking in through the kitchen door, or even knocking it down Schwarzenegger-style. It would be by taking over the digital infrastructure on which we increasingly depend; or perhaps by persuading us of its innocent intentions so that we open the door for it; or by some means that we mere humans cannot imagine. Given what is at stake, even if there is a small chance that this fairytale might come true, then these authors are right to suggest we should be worried.

Stephen Cave is author of ‘Immortality: The Quest To Live Forever and How It Drives Civilisation’ (Biteback/Crown)

The ties that bind

A history of the British public school locates the institution’s ‘golden age’ firmly in the present. By Alwyn Turner

The age-old tussle over the role of fee-paying schools has recently taken an unexpected cultural turn. Well over a third of British medal-winners at the 2012 Olympics were privately educated, while the battle for the Best Actor Oscar this year was fought between Eddie Redmayne (Eton) and Benedict Cumberbatch (Harrow). Elsewhere, a political spat saw Labour’s arts spokesperson, Chris Bryant (Cheltenham), and pop singer James Blunt (Harrow) taking pot shots at each other over privilege.

So it’s an intriguing time for David Turner – formerly the education correspondent of this newspaper – to publish an account of what the British (to the

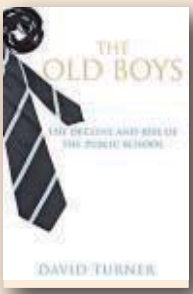
bafflement of the rest of the world) still refer to as public schools: institutions outside state control that educate the children of the elite. The picture that emerges in *The Old Boys* is of an extraordinarily resilient survivor whose obituary has been written many times but which, Turner insists, is only now enjoying its “golden age”. Unlike some who have gone before him, he comes not to bury but to praise. In his last chapter, he argues that public schools make a positive contribution to the country, raising the stock of knowledge and “human capital”, increasing educational diversity and innovation, and “spurring the state to do better by its schools”.

These are bold claims in an era that prefers to look at fairness, and Turner is unlikely to win over many converts when positions are so entrenched. But the book is not primarily a polemic and even dissenters will enjoy a story that starts with the foundation of Winchester College, as the Church attempted to recruit boys for the clergy during the labour shortage that followed the Black

Death. Drawing heavily on statistics as well as on anecdotal evidence, it’s a rigorous, colourful and entertaining portrait of the institution that has dominated British public life for centuries.

The first prime minister, Robert Walpole (Eton), included seven public schoolboys in his first cabinet and, though diminished, the influence survives: 36 per cent of the present cabinet, and 22 per cent of the shadow cabinet, attended fee-paying schools. The benefits have been felt on all sides of politics. Clement Attlee, while a pupil at Haileybury, worked in the school’s mission to the East End poor of Stepney, and later attributed his social conscience, even his socialism, to the experience. Like William Beveridge (Charterhouse) and George Orwell (Eton), he bears witness to a reforming strand of the Old Boy network. Even the self-proclaimed outsider Nigel Farage did his time at Dulwich College, alma mater to Raymond Chandler and Bob Monkhouse.

Part of the fascination of the story is the way that, for centuries, this political



The Old Boys: The Decline and Rise of the Public School
by David Turner
Yale £25/\$65
352 pages

class emerged from an education system staggering perilously close to anarchy and collapse. A semblance of discipline is maintained only by violent floggings dished out by teachers and prefects alike: a liberal headmaster is one who uses his left hand to administer beatings “to minimize the severity”. Even so, there was a mutiny at Winchester in 1710 over beer rations, followed by a wave of rebellions serious enough to require the summoning of the militia. Money could buy privileges – including that of “not having to share a bed with another snotty boy” – but these were

still austere places for adolescents, replete with bullying and bad food.

The strong thrived. Field Marshal Montgomery said the lesson he learnt at St Paul’s was “that life is a stern struggle, and a boy has to be able to stand up to the buffeting and set-backs”. Generations of soldiers and administrators went forth to run the Empire, taking their obsession with sport with them. In an unexplained anomaly, the Royal Navy remained relatively immune, though Eton could boast an impressive roster of pirates, both real (Sir Francis Verney) and fictional (Captain Hook).

In a shortish book documenting more than 700 years, there are, inevitably, gaps. Homosexuality is covered, but not the international perception of flagellating the male as *le vice anglais*; folk rock band Mumford & Sons (King’s College) get name-checked but not Genesis (Charterhouse). More troubling than such absences, though, is an intrusive tone of modernity, a constant reminder that we are viewing the material through 21st-century, child-friendly

sensibilities. The fierce regimes of the past are sufficiently well evoked that we don’t need telling they “may sound hellish to many a modern reader”. Similarly, accounts of classroom overcrowding – one master trying to keep control of 190 boys – feel less convincing when accompanied by current jargon about pupil-teacher ratios. (The same is true of anachronisms such as “pastoral care” and “inappropriate behaviour”).

The genius of the British establishment has long been its ability to adapt, and the modern public school bears virtually no resemblance to its precursor. The advent of academic league tables and parent power have promoted maths and science at the expense of the classics, there has been “the civilizing influence of girls” and a huge rise in overseas students, while boarding is in decline. Happily however, some traditions remain intact: Turner finds that the food at Winchester remains appalling.

Alwyn Turner is author of ‘A Classless Society: Britain in the 1990s’ (Aurum)

Books

Reading Yan Lianke’s novels, you find that one phrase recurs again and again: “the higher-ups”. The term refers to members of the Chinese Communist party, from county secretaries to top government ministers. But Yan, China’s foremost literary satirist, invariably aligns himself with those at the bottom of the pile. “Writers should pay attention to the emotional lives of the masses,” he once wrote. “They are the majority, but our literature happened to have forgotten them.”

If that sounds rather worthy, Yan’s fiction is, in fact, arch and playful. Take *Lenin’s Kisses* (2004), a formally inventive novel about a provincial cadre who creates a travelling freak show to raise money to import a new tourist attraction from Russia — Lenin’s embalmed corpse. Or the Cultural Revolution-set *Serve the People!* (2005), the steamy tale of an affair between a military commander’s wife and a strapping young

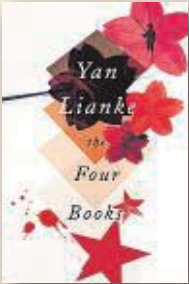
As in his previous work, Yan is interested in how morality collapses in extreme circumstances



Dan Mitchell

The hunger gap

A Chinese novelist explores the chasm between high-flown ideology and brutal reality in this satire on the Great Leap Forward. By *David Evans*



The Four Books
by Yan Lianke
translated by Carlos Rojas
Chatto & Windus £16.99/
Grove Press \$27, 352 pages

orderly. When the passion flags, the lovers turn each other on by smashing up Maoist knick-knacks.

“Sometimes the truth shines more brightly through a curtain of farce,” as Yan puts it in that novel. He deploys off-beat humour, anarchic set pieces and surreal imagery to shed new light on dark episodes from modern Chinese history. *Dream of Ding Village* (2006), for example, concerns the “Plasma Economy” of the 1990s, a botched state-led blood collection drive that left thousands of rural villagers infected with HIV. Unsurprisingly, given his choice of subject matter, Yan has a fraught relationship with the government, and his work often falls foul of the censors.

His newly translated *The Four Books* — which had a small print run in Hong Kong in 2010 but has never been published in mainland China — explores one of the 20th century’s ghastliest events. In 1958, Chairman Mao, impatient with China’s progress after nearly a decade of communist rule, launched the Great Leap Forward, a series of policies designed to boost the economy. Peasants were relocated to collective farms and forced to build backyard furnaces to smelt steel. The programme backfired spectacularly as the inefficient system left whole regions without food. An estimated 45m died in the resulting famine.

Yan’s brave, brilliant novel focuses on the 99th district, a labour camp for bourgeois “counter-revolutionaries” — known only by their former professions: Author, Musician, Scholar, and so on — who have been sent to the countryside to participate in the Great Leap. In charge is a young official nicknamed the Child, a strange mixture of despot and naïf — part Stalin, part Prince Myshkin — who exhorts the group to meet swingeing quotas imposed from above.

As in his previous work, Yan is interested in how morality collapses in extreme circumstances. The members

of the 99th compete to survive, informing on each other to win the Child’s favour; collectivisation, in practice, means every man for himself. Punishments for misbehaviour range from the bizarre — one recidivist is forced to pull his trousers over his head and wander out into the night to count the stars — to the relatively prosaic: a bullet to the head. The Child, meanwhile, jostles with other cadres to win the approval of his own superiors at Orwellian regional assemblies.

Driven by fear, the 99th initially hits its targets but soon the smelting furnaces dwindle to embers and the over-harvested land stops yielding wheat. The prisoners are abandoned to their fate and begin to starve; they resort to eating tree bark, bird droppings and, ultimately, human flesh.

Yan’s prose, ably translated by Carlos Rojas, alternates between blank descriptions of the horror — “the ninety-ninth was bloated and listless, and periodically someone would die” — and extravagant symbolism: crucifixes, infernos, wheat sheaves mysteriously swollen with blood. It’s not exactly subtle but these Grand Guignol flourishes seem grimly appropriate.

The title refers to four manuscripts apparently penned by survivors of the 99th, excerpts from which form the bulk of the narrative. We have a

surveillance report the “Author” writes on his fellow inmates to win the approval of the higher-ups — this strand contains a wry commentary on the state’s influence on literary production in China — along with a “true” account of his experiences. There is also a hagiographic portrait of the Child and, last, a theoretical tract that offers a new rendition of the myth of Sisyphus.

If this final thread nods to the allegories of Albert Camus, it also speaks to an ongoing tension in Yan’s own work between the broadly philosophical and the specifically political. In *Dream of Ding Village*, for instance, it can be difficult to tell whether he is ascribing the HIV-Aids epidemic to policy mistakes or simply to the cruelty of rural life, and the ambiguity blunts the satire’s edge.

In *The Four Books*, however, the absurdist philosophy and the political criticism are more closely aligned. Towards the end of the novel, as the Child tries and fails to navigate a seemingly infinite chain of command to reach the inner sanctums of the polit-buro in Beijing — there are allusions here to Kafka’s *The Castle* — we see how the Great Famine resulted from the callous detachment of senior Maoists. In Yan’s bleak vision of communist China, the party bureaucracy rises above the multitudes like an endless tower — and it’s higher-ups all the way up.

SMALL TALK
JENNY OFFILL

Jenny Offill was born in Massachusetts in 1968. She is the author of *Last Things* (1999), which was a finalist for the LA Times First Fiction Prize, and *Dept of Speculation* (2014), as well as several children’s books. She lives in New York and teaches creative writing at Columbia University.

Who is your perfect reader?
Anyone willing to devote his or her entire life to the study of my work. (Or, barring that, any kind soul with a library card.)

What is the last thing you read that made you laugh out loud?
A bumper sticker that said: “Where are we going? And why are we in a handbasket?”

Which books are currently on your bedside table?
Lake Superior by Lorine Niedecker; *Outline* by Rachel Cusk; *Finding Your Way Without Map or Compass* by Harold Gatty; *On Malice* by Ken Babstock.

Which book changed your life?
The Dream Songs by John Berryman.

Which book would you give to your own child to introduce them to literature?
Go, Dog. Go! by PD Eastman. Sample dialogue:
Do you like my hat?
I do not.
Good bye!
Good bye!

When were you happiest?
Now. Much to my amazement.

How do you relax?
Bad TV. Booze.

What is the best piece of advice a parent gave you?
You should take a sick day.

Where do you write best?
In Ucross, Wyoming, population 25. I wrote part of both my novels there.

Who would you like to be stuck in a lift with?
A St Bernard carrying a tiny barrel of rum.

What does it mean to be a writer?
Wheelbarrows full of money, baby! And groupies galore!

‘Dept of Speculation’ is shortlisted for the Folio Prize, to be announced on Monday. Jenny Offill appears this weekend at the Folio Prize Fiction Festival at the British Library in London, bl.uk/folio-festival

The Poem Night Drive

By Tom French

The closest, Mother, we have been in years was a night drive back from Achill on our own. Our tyres pressed their smooth cheeks to the ice, gripping nothing, squealing, barely holding on.

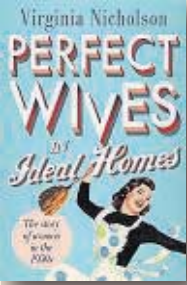
Something stepped into our beam and stood there, dumbly, ready to confront its death. I remember your right hand in the darkness — a white bird frightened from its fastness

in your lap, bracing yourself for the impact, hearing you whisper ‘Jesus’ under your breath, preparing your soul for the moment of death. Then, just as suddenly, nothing happened —

the sheep stepped back into the verge for no reason, attracted by a clump of grass. For days I felt the pressure of your hand on mine. You would’ve led me to the next world, Mother, like a child.

From ‘Poems of the Decade: An Anthology of the Forward Books of Poetry’ (£8.99). The poem first appeared in Tom French’s ‘Touching the Bones’ (The Gallery Press), winner of the 2002 Forward Prize for Best First Collection

In brief



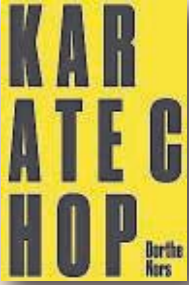
NON-FICTION

Perfect Wives in Ideal Homes
by Virginia Nicholson
Viking £16.99, 544 pages

In 2011, Virginia Nicholson’s *Millions Like Us* compiled an anecdotal history of Britain in the 1940s from the perspective of its women, tethering their first-hand accounts to the broader landscape of the second world war. Four years later, she has turned her gaze to the decade that followed.

The world that Britain’s women found themselves in was both old and new. Though peace prevailed and liberalisation was on the horizon, women were still in the grip of a confined, masculine reality. What Nicholson provides is not a broad sketch of the era but an intimate patchwork of personal histories. Women wrestle with divorce, sexual awakening and professional inequality. From housewives to princesses, their testimonies add up to a rich and moving history.

India Ross



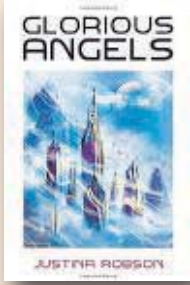
FICTION

Karate Chop/Minna Needs Rehearsal Space
by Dorthe Nors
translated by Martin Aitken and Misha Hoekstra
Pushkin Press £8.99, 190 pages

The British debut from the darkly funny and incisive Danish writer Dorthe Nors is both a novella and short-story collection, published back to back in a single volume. The stories, *Karate Chop*, are aptly named: in these literary body-blows — some delivered in just four pages — Nors takes merciless aim at families, relationships and egos. Even her swiftest allusions hint at devastating backstories.

Minna Needs Rehearsal Space appears on the page like a verse novella; written in mostly single-line sentences, it gives a thought-by-thought account of a musician’s quest to build resilience in the aftermath of a break-up. Here, as in *Karate Chop*, self-delusion is simultaneously a survival strategy and a pitfall.

Maria Crawford



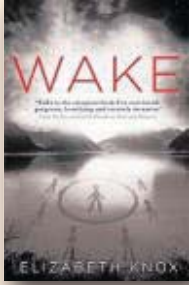
SCIENCE FICTION

Glorious Angels
Justina Robson
Gollancz £14.99, 512 pages

Justina Robson’s 10th novel is set in a world where females are, in her own words, “by nature the top of the social hierarchies”. The concept isn’t there simply as the pivot for a what-if-women-were-in-charge? satire, however. Instead, it’s one of many themes underpinning an intriguing — if top-heavy — tale of war, internecine politics and ancient technologies.

The opening chapters form a longish prelude, richly detailing the lives of courtly intrigue and intellectual exploration that Tralane Huntingore and her daughters lead in the city of Glimshard. Beautiful prose and some succulently concocted sex scenes keep one’s interest from flagging; and once the plot kicks in and the action leaves Glimshard, *Glorious Angels* quickens from thoughtful to forceful.

James Lovegrove



SCIENCE FICTION

Wake
by Elizabeth Knox
Corsair £12.99, 445 pages

The opening passage of *Wake* is a corker, as the small New Zealand town of Kahukura is thrown into a maelstrom of slaughter and suicide. A violent madness has gripped the residents and, once the massacre is over, only 14 survivors remain. Some kind of force has cut them off from the outside world so their only recourse is to bury the bodies and soldier on. As their small society disintegrates, however, hope lies with a black-clad, black-skinned stranger, an alien other who holds the key to the mystery of their confinement.

Although coming across like a hybrid of two recent Stephen King offerings, *Cell* and *Under the Dome*, the novel is a triumph all of its own. Knox writes with a rare psychological acuity about humans under pressure in a baffling, intolerable predicament.

JL

A banquet of Bloomsberries

Jan Dalley on two attempts to fictionalise the lives of women at the heart of the Bloomsbury group

There should be a name for this genre: the “novel” that spins off the documented lives of the already famous. A biovel, perhaps, or a fictography? The high priestess of the cult is, of course, Hilary Mantel, who knows what kings and queens are thinking.

The authors of these two books know what members of the Bloomsbury group are thinking. Not too difficult, perhaps, since the Bloomsberries laid bare their thoughts and feelings in reams of diaries, letters and often quasi-autobiographical novels.

In fact, Priya Parmar, in a note at the end of *Vanessa and her Sister*, says without any apparent irony that “It is not easy to fictionalise the Bloomsbury Group, as their lives are so well documented . . . For me the difficulty came in finding enough room for invention in the negative spaces they left behind.”

It’s a remark that tempts a reply along the lines that, er, they were actually real people, whose lives were and remain their own, rather than palimpsests for a novelist to repurpose and thereby lend lustre to her own creation.

But — even if one takes that view of the fictographer’s craft — here are two books that will give Bloomsbury addicts an enjoyable fix. Chronologically, they act well as a pair: Parmar’s opens at the start of the Stephen sisters’ adult lives (1905, when the orphaned siblings and their two brothers set up their own ménage in Bloomsbury) and ends in 1912, the year Virginia married Leonard

Vanessa and her Sister
by Priya Parmar
Bloomsbury £12.99/Ballantine \$26, 352 pages

Adeline: A Novel of Virginia Woolf
by Norah Vincent
Virago £14.99/Houghton Mifflin Harcourt \$23.272 pages

Woolf; while Norah Vincent’s *Adeline: A Novel of Virginia Woolf* takes up the story 20 years later, and runs with a version of Woolf’s life until her suicide in 1941.

Searching for the chink in which to build her fiction, Parmar was in luck: Vanessa Bell (née Stephen), Virginia’s artist sister, never wrote a diary. Parmar, therefore, has done it for her. Interspersed with invented letters between the well-known dramatis personae — Lytton Strachey, Leonard Woolf, Clive Bell, Roger Fry, Duncan Grant, Lady Ottoline Morrell and of course Virginia

Both books treat Virginia’s mental instability as a constant presence, and her strongest bargaining chip

— the diary deals skilfully with the friendships, the parties, the death of the adored brother Thoby, the fluctuating loves and betrayals, the art, Virginia’s terrifying bouts of insanity, and her almost equally terrifying bouts of whimsical brilliance and charm.

Parmar’s touch is a reasonably sure one and she creates a convincing voice. Perhaps one of the reasons is that Vanessa and, by extension, the creator of her avatar, do not consider her primary gifts to be linguistic, and thus the writing can remain wholehearted and relatively unpretentious.

Not so, unfortunately, Vincent’s *Adeline*, which — although it narrates its version of Virginia’s story in the third person, not the first — adopts an archly highfalutin prose in both descriptions and dialogue. Is it some kind of attempt at a Woolfian interior voice, a Mrs Dallo-way soundalike? Hard to say; but sometimes, also, hard to read.

Here, too, the author serves up the famous cast of characters, and chunks of the book consist of set-piece conversations: Virginia with WB Yeats; Virginia and Leonard with TS Eliot and his crazy wife Vivienne; Virginia with Lytton Strachey, and so on. But its main thrust involves another “character”. This is Adeline, Virginia’s childhood alter-ego (she was christened Adeline Virginia, after a dead aunt) and — this book imagines — her interlocutor in her bouts of insanity. Adeline was the figure, as Vincent has it, who recalls what Virginia cannot bear to: her mother’s deathbed, the incestuous fumbblings of her stepbrother — and the figure who held her hand on the riverbank as she went to her suicide. It is all a bit lurid.

Both books treat Virginia’s mental instability as a constant presence and the most powerful bargaining chip in her relationships. Vanessa placated her for fear of it, as did Leonard. Everyone around Virginia forgave her much: the waspishness that could turn into vitriol, the envy, the vanity, the calculating desire to destroy her sister’s happiness in marriage, the disgust at all physicality. All this was tolerated, partly through fear of her madness, partly through love of her weakness and admiration for her brilliance — but on Vanessa’s part, in the end, it was never really forgiven.

Priya Parmar will be speaking at the FT Weekend Oxford Literary Festival on Friday March 27, oxfordliteraryfestival.org

A world of allusion

Disparate plot lines and offbeat ideas run through Reif Larsen’s sprawling epic. *By Henry Hitchings*

Reif Larsen’s first novel, *The Selected Works of T.S. Spivet* (2009), was a whimsical and artfully designed portrait of a child prodigy. Though often charming and witty, it seemed overburdened with cleverness, and the 2013 film adaptation by Jean-Pierre Jeunet (whose previous hits included *Amélie* and *Delicatessen*) captured its odd mixture of tweness and flamboyant precocity.

Now Larsen, a thirtysomething Massachusetts native who lives in Scotland, returns with this swaggering 650-page epic, which spans five decades and four continents. It begins in New Jersey 40 years ago, during a hospital blackout, with the birth to white parents of a child the colour of charcoal. The baby boy looks like a puppet brought to life, and his Serbian father Kermin calls him Radar after the character in the television series *M*A*S*H*.

While Radar grows up in suburbia and his parents fend off jibes about their child’s true origins, another boy, Miroslav, is growing up in Bosnia. He, too, is regarded as the product of a strange prank played in the maternity ward. A bright but melancholy child, he develops into an obnoxious boozehound whose artistic talents make him a cult figure in Sarajevo.

The story’s third strand opens in 1953 in Cambodia, where an orphan is adopted by a French colonialist who aspires to turn him into the country’s “first native quantum physicist”. The three distinct plot lines are united by the involvement of a Norwegian avant-garde group known as Kirkenesferda, which combines interests in physics, puppetry and radical activism.

The Norwegians contact Radar’s mother out of the blue, and she visits them at their Arctic research camp, believing they can cure her son’s “hyperpigmentation” by electrocuting him. The ethical questions involved in this are vexed to say the least. Larsen is concerned with the politics of race and with broader attitudes to appearance.

Radar’s story recedes for a while as we follow the quixotic progress of Kirkenesferda. The group’s commitment to pursuing projects in war zones culminates in a trip to the Democratic Republic of Congo, where the world’s largest library is being assembled in an attempt to inspire peace. Though offbeat ideas pervade the novel, Larsen is interested, above all, in the wartime role of art — the ways in which creative endeavours can illuminate or even alleviate conflict, but can also seem unhelpful.

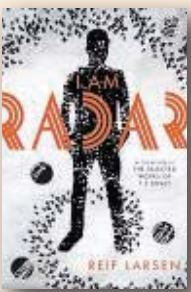
At the same time, as in *T.S. Spivet*, Larsen challenges expectations of what a novel should look and feel like. *I Am Radar* is abundantly illustrated with charts, sketches and ephemera, among them a picture of a neutrino collision in a bubble chamber, an illustration of how puppets mingle during a stage show, and a map that reduces a Cambodian atrocity to a few wiggly lines.

While these graphic embellishments serve to authenticate some of the narrative’s more improbable elements, Larsen’s copious literary allusions are calculated to have the reverse effect — they make us suspect that we’re caught up in an elaborate bookish hoax.

At the end of the novel there’s a bibliography, which is two-thirds serious and one-third tongue-in-cheek. It features Joseph Conrad’s *Heart of*



Brigdemann Art Library



Radar
by Reif Larsen
Harvill Secker £18.99/Penguin Press \$29.95, 672 pages

Darkness and Thomas Pynchon’s *The Crying of Lot 49*, both palpable influences on Larsen’s writing, yet omits a book that has arguably done even more to shape it, Mikhail Bulgakov’s satire *The Master and Margarita*.

Some of Larsen’s literary in-jokes are ingenious but others are sustained for too long — among them a gag, about a professor called Funes with an astounding memory, which pays exhausting homage to a story by Jorge Luis Borges.

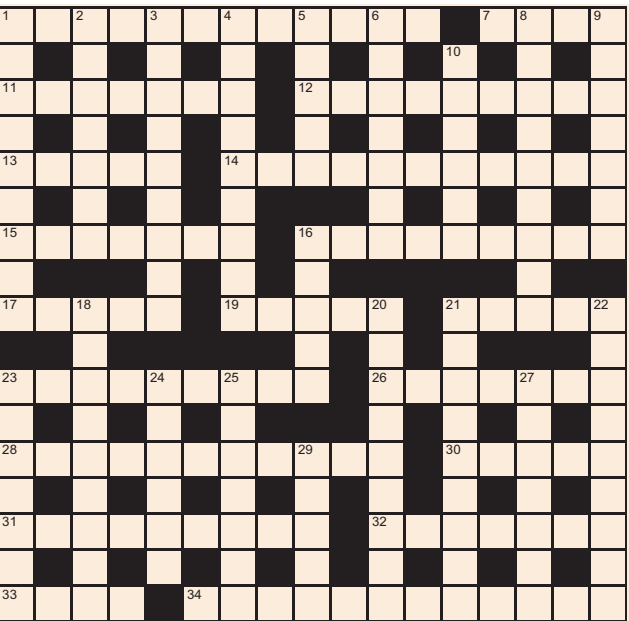
One is left with the impression of a writer who combines formidable erudition with an ardent but sometimes giddy sense of humour. *I Am Radar* resembles Kirkenesferda’s performance art at its most self-conscious: inventive, surreal, intent on weaving complicated puzzles yet also eager to subvert its own logic. The delight in detail can, however, feel overindulgent, and the result is intriguing sprawl rather than riveting coherence.

Diversions

POLYMATH 805 SET BY HAMILTON

- ACROSS**
- The object of another person’s affections (7,5)
 - Term used when addressing the Queen for a second or subsequent time (4)
 - Glucoside derived from various plants that produces a soapy froth (7)
 - David, who had a UK no. 12 hit with *Mama* in 1955 (9)
 - A type of cultivated grass from the genus *Triticum* (5)
 - One of the core subjects in GCSE examinations (11)
 - Publisher and club owner born Geoffrey Quinn (7)
 - Computer programs available for free trials (9)
 - Inventor born in Norfolk in 1947 (5)
 - A whirring sound, such as that made by birds in flight (5)
 - Variety of beet with broad, white edible leaves (5)
 - Condition less commonly known as odontalgia (9)
 - Argentinian folk dance where couples dance in a ring (7)
 - Spiritual journeys (11)
 - Dave, who had a UK no. 5 hit with a different song called *Mama* in 1966 (5)
 - Actor (1885-1956) who specialised in playing macabre villains (9)
 - Band that had a UK no. 4 hit with a different song called *Mama* in 1983 (7)
 - 100 sene in Samoa (4)
 - Plays that are meant to be read rather than acted (6,6)
- DOWN**
- Setting for the series of books begun in 1983 with *The Colour of Magic* (9)
 - Kim, who had a UK no. 19 hit with a different song called *Mama* in 1991 (7)
 - Liverpool footballer 1961-71 who was capped 21 times for Scotland (3,2,4)
 - Cupbearers (9)
 - Obsolete word meaning inward knowledge or conscience (5)
 - A mythical triple-hybrid fire-spouting monster (7)
 - A style of music that combines country, folk and rock (9)
 - Jellyfish (7)
 - To rub out or wear away (6)
 - 29 Group that had a UK no. 1 hit with a different song called *Mama* in 1997 (5,5)
 - Ancient sport, similar to cricket, that originated in Sussex (9)
 - Skill and judgment shown by bell-ringers in change-ringing (9)
 - A steel link with a safety closure used by rock climbers (9)
 - The affections of a top (9)
 - Put material into such a form as can be used for printing (7)
 - The fee paid for the temporary use of equipment (6)
 - Relating to a count, an earl or a county (7)
 - A child’s baptismal robe (7)
 - See 16

Winners
Crossword 14,867: S Jeyadev, Rochester, US; M Barrott, London; A Wolpin, New York, US
Crossword 14,868: J Cooper, Fife
Polymath 803: M Jung, Los Angeles, US



The first correct entry drawn on Wednesday March 25 wins a copy of *Brewer’s Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*. Entries, using the form below, should be addressed to Polymath No 805, Weekend FT, One Southwark Bridge, London SE1 9HL. The solution and winner’s name will be published on March 28.



Jotter pad

Name.....

Address.....

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Solution Polymath 803

H	Y	P	E	R	I	C	U	M		R	A	J	A	N	Y	A
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R	O	E	G	T	H	O	R	N		T	O	N	D	A	L	E
I	A	K	P	U	O	F	D	M		M	A	U	R	I	T	
S	L	X	D	S	R	N	R			H	O	O	D	E	T	
A	F	R	O	S	A	S	A			W	R	O	N	G		
W	R	O	N	G	U	N				S	E	R	O	T	O	N

Polymath 806 and Crossword 14,885
Due to a production error, the Polymath and Crossword that were due to be published in this weekend’s edition of Life & Arts were published last weekend. The two puzzles and the sets of answers that should have appeared last week are published here. The normal sequence, with Polymath 807 and Crossword 14,891 will resume on March 28. The order of publication of the puzzles online has not been affected; visit ft.com/crossword

CHESS LEONARD BARDEN

Chess popularity among Vikings a millennium ago has continued in modern Iceland. Its best ever player, the world title candidate Friðrik Ólafsson, became president of the global body Fide, then secretary to the Icelandic parliament.

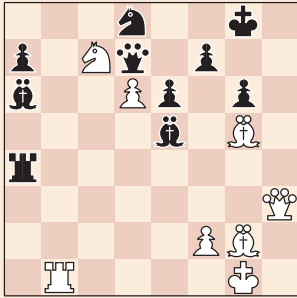
Reykjavik staged the world title match of 1972, and also gave Bobby Fischer sanctuary in his final years.

The annual Reyjkavik Open is regarded as No2 in western Europe after Tradewise Gibraltar. Its 2015 renewal this week coincided with Ólafsson’s 80th birthday, and he received a painting signed by the world champion Magnus Carlsen.

England’s Gawain Jones was second at Reykjavik 2012 and hoped for another good result, but he was eclipsed at the start by Daniel Bisby, a director of the accountants Mercer&Hole and a strong

amateur. Rounds two and three were played on the same day, and Bisby beat two grandmasters. His first win, featured below, was against an Armenian who at his peak ranked world No10, while against an Italian grandmaster Bisby was winning inside 20 moves. He then dropped back against tough opponents, but it is days like that which stay in the memory for a lifetime.

2093



D Bisby v S Movsesian.
Can you find White’s winner?
Solution, back page

BRIDGE PAUL MENDELSON

To counter a good defence requires foresight. Would you have timed this hand correctly?

Dealer: North Love all

North	East	South	West
NB	IS	2H	NB
4H			

West leads 7♣; declarer plays J♠ from dummy, East wins with K♠, cashes A♠ and leads a third round. South carefully ruffs with J♥ and this holds the trick.

With one of his top three trump honours gone and A♥ and 10♥ still outstanding, South should be on high alert but, instead, he lazily

played a low trump to dummy’s Q♥, losing to East’s A♥.

East now led a fourth round of spades and South finds himself defeated. If he ruffs low, West over-ruffs with 10♥; if South ruffs with K♥, West’s 10♥ is promoted into the setting trick. West is pleasantly surprised that his awful hand has made the crucial trick — but it should never have happened.

South should have placed ♣AK and A♥ in East’s hand from the bidding and, after trumping high on the third round of spades, been very careful to protect his high trumps. All he needs to do is to cash A♦ and ruff 9♦ in dummy, then lead a low trump from the table. If East hops up with A♥, South plays low and, when East leads another spade, he can trump with K♥, knowing that Q♥ should draw the last trumps. If West started with ♥107x and East the singleton A♥, South will almost always fail.

Indian summer

David ShafTEL on a novel that benefits from an insider’s view of Native American life

Native Americans, more than any other group, are experienced through image and text and story more so than through shared, lived experience,” wrote David Treuer in *Native American Fiction: A User’s Manual*, his 2006 collection of essays. According to Treuer, most Americans will never know a Native American, or “Indian”, a term he uses interchangeably. But the Indian looms large in the American imagination, often as a virtuous, stoic victim of the country’s expansion. In literature and popular culture — to the extent that Native Americans are portrayed at all — the result is often one-dimensional.

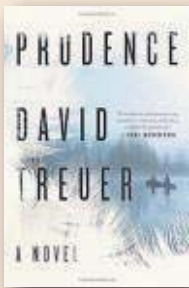
Treuer, the son of an Ojibwe Indian mother and an Austrian Jewish father who fled the Holocaust, avoids this trap in *Prudence*, his compelling, if bleak, fourth novel. It is set in northern Minnesota, where Treuer grew up on an Indian reservation, and some of the novel’s most arresting passages are its austere descriptions of an unforgiving landscape.

Much of the action takes place at the Pines, a small seasonal resort on the bank of a river, during the second world war. The Pines is owned by the Washburns, a family from Chicago who use it as a summer retreat for their friends and family. Emma, the Washburn matriarch, dreams of it staying in the family for generations; Jonathan, her adulterous husband, can’t stand it. “You couldn’t even drive to the Pines,” he thinks, “you had to cross over in a boat, and it was on a reservation, and surely the Indians would break in or set it on fire or something.”

In the summer of 1942 the Washburns await the arrival of their only child, Frankie, a Princeton University graduate (like Treuer) who has just enlisted in the air force. Emma is hoping for “one last innocent holiday before Frankie joined the world and the war”, but her idyll is spoiled by the construction of an internment camp for German prisoners of war across the river. When one of the

prisoners escapes, the newly arrived Frankie forms a search party with his childhood friend Billy, a half-Ojibwe boy who does odd jobs around the resort.

The manhunt has tragic consequences. Rather than finding the German, the half-drunk boys accidentally shoot and kill a runaway Indian girl who has been scavenging a living nearby with her elder sister. Stricken with remorse, Frankie promises to make things right with the surviving girl — the Prudence of the title — and installs her at the Pines. But he and Billy are deployed to Europe and the Washburns soon abandon the place altogether. The resort is left to its Indian caretaker, Felix, who looks after Prudence as she slumps into an alcohol-fuelled decline (the novel jumps forward to 1952 in parts). “Across the river,” however, “as if to mock their loss



Prudence
by David Treuer
Riverhead Books
\$27.95, 272 pages

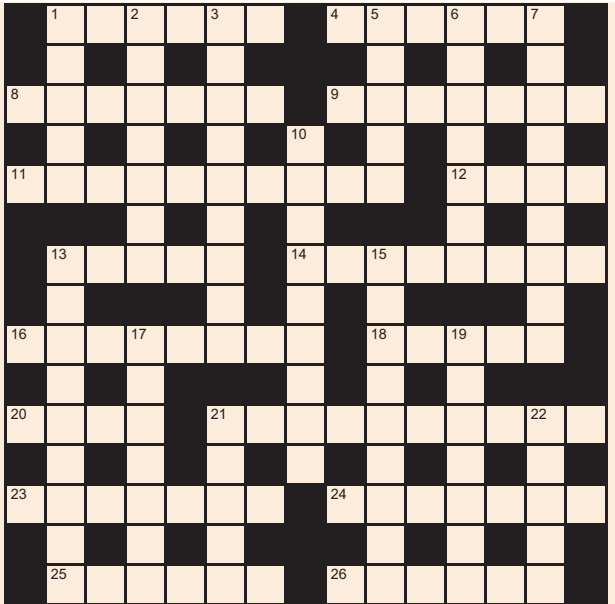
and the slow death of the Pines, the prison camp was thriving.”

Treuer writes as an insider — he still lives for part of the year on the Leech Lake Reservation in Minnesota — and his Ojibwe characters are multi-faceted individuals, not mere decorative ciphers. They are, moreover, engaged like everyone else in their country’s broader history: Billy serves in France and Felix, we learn, fought in the first world war. In fact, it is Treuer’s white characters that are less deftly drawn — the tension between Frankie, who is gay, and his philandering father feels a bit rote compared with the more nuanced rendering of Prudence’s relationships with Felix and Billy.

Although *Prudence* is suffused with tragedy, Treuer skilfully sustains a sense of pace and tension. In doing so, he brings to life a little-examined corner of America, and shows how it, too, was touched by war.

CROSSWORD 14,879 SET BY ROSA KLEBB

- ACROSS**
- Japanese clobber dictator in Pyongyang, or thereabouts (6)
 - Frank read on loo (6)
 - They help to pull out infant prince held by soldiers (7)
 - Equestrian male astride donkey, back to front (7)
 - 20 Balfour Ave, Barking (10)
 - On vacation, end day in whirlpool (4)
 - “Wheat” represented orthographically (5)
 - Infidel in Italy is fellow on the fiddle (8)
 - Exaggerated masculine pride of male probing misplaced comma (8)
 - Deviating from normal right of way moving eastward (5)
 - Try and censor content of op-ed promoting welfare (4)
 - What most women do, sexually, close to important promotion (10)
 - Strauss-Kahn describing love trap in Ukrainian city (7)
 - Biannual event involving docked horse and castrated bull (7)
 - They obey their bosses and fix currency, according to Spooner (3,3)
 - In retirement, enthusiastic about good music (6)
- DOWN**
- Two kings in contact with a Scandinavian capital (5)
 - During epidemic Rob encounters pathogen (7)
 - Write about why British banks failed — it’s viscerally inflammatory! (9)
 - American person with English home (5)
 - Recognise Cinders, dancing (7)
 - Immoral behaviour of northern Anglicans ten years previously (9)
 - Independent review originally called for local anaesthetic (9)
 - Coy gals to be punished for dropping science (9)
 - Weird request: go bust (9)
 - Husband with garden tool beginning to scrape layers off (7)
 - Way of working which over time would become attractive (7)
 - Sporting tips lead to extremely slippery slope (5)
 - Shoving egg into orifice, old execution method (5)



Copies of *How to Sound Clever* by Hubert van den Bergh and *So You Think You Can Spell* by David L. Grambs and Ellen S. Levine, published by A&C Black, will be awarded to the senders of the first three correct entries opened on Wednesday March 25. Entries marked Crossword 14,879 on the envelope, should be sent to Weekend FT, One Southwark Bridge, London SE1 9HL. Solution on March 28.

Solution 14,878	Solution 14,867
DOORMAT VALET I T E M Z LEASTW R N N YOKEL E I T I STRAPL I R H DRAKE E L A CLOU A O E REFER	BARBERSH AD O G AVON STR A G E A INFORM C A A E S E A F R E Y D SHOE T T R O L R A O W I M M S T I M E O T THEODOL
Name.....	Name.....
Address.....	Address.....
.....
.....

SUDOKU
Complete the grid so each row, column and 3-by-3 box (in bold borders) contains every digit, 1 to 9. For strategies on how to solve Sudoku, visit www.sudoku.org.uk

4		3		9		7	6
					5		
	8						
1			9				3
9	4		6	7	5	1	8
2				8			9
	6				3		
3	1		7	6			4

SOLUTION TO LAST SATURDAY’S PUZZLE

9	4	5	8	1	3	6	2	7
3	6	8	2	5	7	9	1	4
7	2	1	9	6	4	5	8	3
8	7	4	6	2	5	1	3	9
6	1	2	3	4	9	7	5	8
5	3	9	1	7	8	4	6	2
2	9	7	5	3	1	8	4	6
1	8	3	4	9	6	2	7	5
4	5	6	7	8	2	3	9	1

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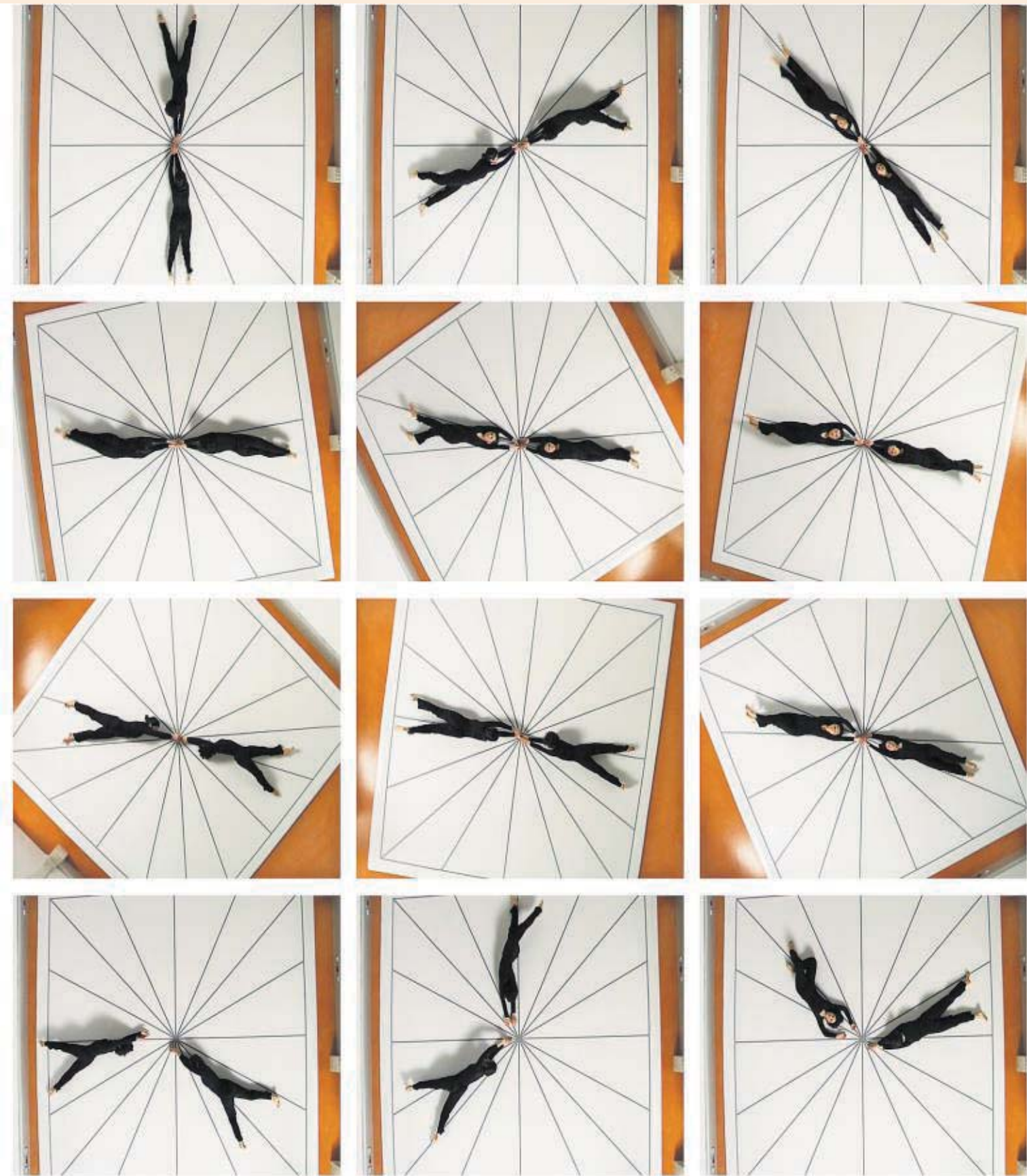


Bleak vision of the deadly clown

Minimalism | A Jean Nouvel-designed building

creates an apt setting for this Paris retrospective

of Bruce Nauman. By Jackie Wullschlager



Silently, three yellow pencils hover, touch, separate, on a sheet of blank white paper, magnified hundreds of times on one of a pair of huge LED screens. On the other, the same experiment plays out on a cluttered studio table amid just perceptible sounds of the tread of paws as a cat strolls by intermittently.

On a spring day in Paris, we watch this game of frustration and futility, tension and equilibrium, abstraction and glimmers of life, standing within an enormous crystalline box built on aluminium stilts. It is 8m high, 16m wide and the walls, made of glass, appear to dissolve into transparency and reflections. Around us are not only pencils and cats' paws but the sun-dappled trees and buildings of Boulevard Raspail outside.

"Pencil Lift/Mr Rogers" (2013) is the opening piece in Bruce Nauman's exhibition of old and new work at the Fondation Cartier, designed by Jean Nouvel in 1994. The American artist and the French architect are a marriage made in heaven. Born within a few years of each other in the 1940s, both have mathematics and philosophy in their background and came of age when, according to Nouvel, "the most important cultural movement was structuralism".

Both have made prominent careers around an art of dematerialisation. Nouvel says his glassy façades "play on absence and presence, absence of limits". Nauman fills the most daunting museum spaces with mere sounds or phrases, as he did in *Raw Materials* at Tate Modern's Turbine Hall in 2004.

For those who, like me, tend to find much of Nauman either too horrible or too tedious to bear – the video *Clown Torture* screaming "no"; the banal repe-

titions across a 60-minute film of *Tony Sinking into the Floor, Face Up, and Face Down* – this exhibition is lifted to revelation by its setting. Flowing on to a wild garden centred on a cedar of Lebanon tree planted by the Romantic writer François-René de Chateaubriand in 1823, Nouvel's building balances interior and outer space, enclosure and openness, in a perfect foil for the stress between claustrophobia and intellectual inquiry animating Nauman's oeuvre.

Take the sound piece "For Children/Pour les Enfants" (2015). The words are proclaimed again and again by a male voice in a neutral tone, although sometimes with a grainy, imperfect sound quality that nags. Gradually, the insistent repetition becomes menacing, suggesting authority, extreme control, even abuse of power. Nauman's peculiarly brilliant malevolence is to spark in every viewer his or her own nightmare associations: this piece, reworked into French for the Paris show, led me back to Louis Malle's great film of the Occupation, *Au Revoir Les Enfants* (1987).

Meanwhile, the phrase "pour les enfants" echoes across an airy ground floor gallery, which reflects trees and clouds, conjuring freedom in contrast to the verbal rigidity of the piece. The sounds continue to resonate outside. Or have they by now merely lodged themselves in our heads? "Get Out of My Mind" is another Nauman title. Either way, the garden hosts a second sound piece, "For Beginners (Instructed Piano)", which picks up the continuum of learning, discipline, manipulation, domination: the jarring, unmelodic score consists of instructions by Nauman regarding the random positioning of the pianist hands on the keyboard.

Repetition of daily tasks, life stripped bare, the macabre of the commonplace: Nauman's bleak vision and austere deadpan manner are offset in these grand ground-level galleries by Nouvel's high-spirited geometry. Downstairs, in a series of rooms from which all natural light has been blocked, things get more brutal. For "Untitled 1970/2009", a double projection on a wall and on the floor, Nauman instructed two dancers stretched out on a mat to twirl until "they reach the point of exhaustion". Their intertwined hands are the centre of the work, their bodies fan out into a circle as over and over they trace a mathematical formula into a spiral of endurance.



Life as a joyless dance to the music of time or as a sinister merry-go-round? After the dancers comes "Carousel" (1988), a fairground ride turned slaughterhouse: dismembered taxidermy models of deer, lynx and coyote, suspended from the neck, whirl around, scraping the floor as they go, filling the space with a hideous grating noise.

In competition is the incessant, abrasive singsong of a bald man with gaping mouth whose face in close-up is projected, sometimes upside down, on the surrounding walls and on half a dozen monitors. This is classical singer and performer Rinde Eckert chanting three phrases – "feed me/eat me/anthropology", "help me/hurt me/sociology" and

Nauman is a figure of towering impact on body art, conceptualism, minimalism, performance

"feed me/help me/eat me/hurt me" – in Nauman's discomforting immersive video installation *Anthro/Socio* (1991). Another circular work: like the dancers and animal corpses, round and round spins Eckert's shaven baby-head as he choruses his musical round for one – a primal scream, infantile, insatiable, assaulting the viewer from all sides, giving voice to our own inner contradictions and the discontents of man (anthro) in society, trapped between different states of need and pain, abjection and conformity.

It is not the sort of piece that makes you want to hang around – "Run from Fear, Fun from Rear" advises one of

Clockwise from main: Film stills of Nauman's 'Untitled 1970/2009'; Bruce Nauman in 2009; the exhibition at Fondation Cartier in Paris

Bruce Nauman/ADAGR, 2015; Jason Schmidt; Luc Boegly

Nauman's neons – but it is the one that, in Eckert's expressive mix of menace and desperation, distils most of the cerebral and emotional tenors of Nauman's oeuvre. Appeals for human contact and the failure of communication; the paradoxes and limitations of language; moral uncertainty; undercurrents of violence and sexual unease, anxiety, compulsion, obsession: *Anthro/Socio* is the *Waiting for Godot* of conceptual art, a taut, spare, rhythmic postscript to the theatre of the absurd.

"Pointless seriousness – serious pointlessness" is how Peter Plagens, whose biography of Nauman appeared last year, describes his work. As an artist whose raw materials are voice, gesture, skin, limbs, the gaps between sound and silence, Nauman is a figure of towering impact on conceptualism, minimalism, body art, performance.

In 1968, when he was at the beginning of his career, critic Lucy Lippard noted him among an avant-garde making new "ultra-conceptual art that emphasises the thinking process almost exclusively", which she defined as "the dematerialisation of art". No one then could have imagined how mainstream and commercialised – and diluted and tamed – the art of mind over matter would become. But Nauman, as the Fondation Cartier's tightly choreographed, sensitively installed show pinpoints, has always maintained a particular tough formality and sculptural grip, distinguishing him from most conceptual and performance artists today. This is a penetrating celebration of the art world's most eminent, deadly clown.

'Bruce Nauman', Fondation Cartier, Paris, to June 21, fondation.cartier.com

Review

THEATRE

The Broken Heart
Sam Wanamaker Playhouse, London
★★★★☆

John Ford's *The Broken Heart* is not performed as often as his incest thriller *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, and a quick glance at the play synopsis tells you why. It has a plot that reads like an advanced algebraic equation. But the themes that drive *'Tis Pity* – jealousy, suppressed desire, obsession, repression – also course through this play and Caroline Steinbeis's witty staging picks its way nimbly through the loops and twists of the plot and unearths, along with the dark deeds, a rich vein of comedy.

It makes for a vivid and enjoyable

evening. But the twist into horror isn't as forceful and troubling as it was in the Globe Theatre's recent *'Tis Pity* – largely because the play is patchier, denser and less pliable.

Again, the possibly disturbing intimacy of brother-sister relationships is key to the plot. The drama is set in ancient Sparta, where the haughty Ithocles breaks off his sister Penthea's betrothal to Orgilus and marries her off to madly jealous old stick Bassanes. Orgilus vows revenge but nonetheless forces his own sister to swear that she will only marry with his consent.

Soon we have a cat's cradle of cross-

purposed longings, in which the urge to protect twists into constraint. It ends, not surprisingly, with a high body-count, but what is interesting is the way Ford uses stoicism to examine the cost of emotional repression.

Ithocles, remorseful, submits to his own murder; Orgilus chooses his mode of execution; Penthea starves herself to death; the princess Calantha (played with grace and wit by Sarah MacRae, pictured) dies of a broken heart.

We are reminded that if everyone had been able to marry for love, there would have been no cause for this stifled pain and row of broken hearts.

Steinbeis's sprightly

production brings this macabre, murky brew to life, relishing Ford's vividly expressive language and making good use of the intimate space and the candlelight. Owen Teale's delightfully pompous Bassanes works himself up into fits of jealousy, Brian Ferguson brings a mad, jaunty flourish to his sadistic revenge, and Amy Morgan's Penthea has real spirit – though no outlet for it. And a satirical little dance expresses the restrictive codes of honour within which the women operate.

It's dark, imaginative fun. But it can't quite turn the corner to transmit the serious pathos and psychological torment behind all this grisly scheming, and the play seems unlikely to elbow its more famous sibling out of the limelight.

Sarah Hemming
To April 18, shakespearesglobe.com



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Giving women a voice

Cinema | Rachel Halliburton

on a film that challenges
the repression of women
in fundamentalist states

If Kafka had been transposed to 21st-century Iran, he would have recognised several elements in Sara Najafi's story. The real-life protagonist of the documentary *No Land's Song*, she deals with increasingly surreal impositions of authority as she strives to put on a concert featuring only female singers.

Since the revolution of 1979, it has been forbidden for women to sing solo in public in Iran, in case men listening to them become sexually aroused. Early in the film, an Islamic scholar tries to compare the dangers of listening to women singing to eating cheese: "If you eat simple cheese, that's fine. But if you add more and more ingredients, the joy from this harms you."

The analogy may be risible, yet it conveys how dangerously nebulous are the restrictions on women's behaviour in Iran. *No Land's Song* tracks Najafi's vigorous challenge to such rules as she works to bring French and Iranian female singers on stage together in Tehran. Like many films from the Middle East in recent years — *Rafea: Solar Mama*, *Camera/Woman*, *In the Shadow of a Man* — this work reveals an increasingly assertive, articulate generation of women in Islamic countries. Just as Athol Fugard's theatre gave a voice to South Africans without rights, so film is allowing a vivid, nuanced perspective on how women tackle oppression in the Middle East today.



Above: Sara Najafi (with no headscarf), the real-life protagonist of 'No Land's Song'. Below: singers Emel Mathlouthi and Jeanne Cherhal in the film

The documentary is directed by Najafi's brother Ayat, whose previous film, *Football Under Cover*, followed women trying to organise the first female soccer match in Iran. Overtly it celebrates the — benign — power of song at the same time as it shows Najafi and her collaborators trying to evade the tentacles of government bureaucracy. Najafi, a trained composer, is inspired by Qamar-ol-Moluk Vaziri, a legendary mezzo-soprano who, in 1924, became the first female performer in Iran to sing in front of men without a veil. At a public concert at Tehran's Grand Hotel in 1924 she sang the famous Iranian political song "Morq e Sahar" (Morning Bird), which used the image of a nightingale in its cage to urge escape from oppression.

Najafi herself, a petite dynamic figure, is in little doubt that what she is attempting is "at this point . . . the most revolutionary act you can dare in Iran". The film shows her starting to campaign to put the concert together in 2011,

when Mahmoud Ahmadi-Nejad was still in power. She decides to collaborate with French performers, partly because of historic cultural ties linking the two countries, partly because foreign involvement will make it harder for the authorities to cancel the event. Provocatively, she also approaches Emel Mathlouthi, the female Tunisian singer-songwriter whose song "Kelmti Horra" became a revolutionary anthem at the start of the Arab Spring.

Visually, the film gives a strong sense of the contrast between the active bustle of daily life in Tehran and the sterile conditions imposed by the authorities. When she's out and about with her friends and collaborators, Najafi wears bright headscarves or nothing on her head at all. When she visits the Ministry of Culture and Islamic Guidance, she wears a black hijab — which means she can smuggle in a microphone that records every authoritarian absurdity.

"Rewrite the application and add some male singers," she is told. "One man would be enough if you introduce him as the soloist and your female singers as the background singers."

In a separate filmed encounter with an Islamic scholar, he explains with disconcerting mathematical precision why it's all right for men to sing: essentially because men fight, and women look after babies. "So a woman is more tender than a man. And when she speaks she is nine times more tender than a man. You see, that's why a man [singing] isn't stimulating but a woman is."

For those looking for clues as to whether Hassan Rouhani's Iran has become genuinely different from Ahmadi-Nejad's, the signs are not encouraging. In the run-up to the election in 2013, the concert was banned and the French performers — including singers Elise Caron, Jeanne Cherhal, and drummer Edward Perraud — were denied visas to travel to Tehran. A breakthrough seemed to have occurred once Rouhani was in power: the visas were granted. Yet although it looked as if the concert would finally take place, the agents of the absurd were waiting to swoop again.

The conflict on this occasion epitomises the clash between Iran's modern and medieval sensibilities. Mathlouthi, the Tunisian singer, posted about the

An Islamic scholar tries to compare the dangers of listening to women singing to eating cheese

concert on her Facebook fan page. Desperate to avoid a scandal, the Iranian authorities tried first threats then bribery to stop it from happening.

Najafi may eventually win her battle, yet we are left in little doubt of the longer struggle she still faces.

'No Land's Song' is being shown tonight at the Human Rights Watch Film Festival at the Barbican, London, and tomorrow at the Ritzy, Brixton, ff.hrw.org/london



The greatest eye in Europe

Photography Francis Hodgson on the lost daguerreotypes of John Ruskin

In 2006 Ken and Jenny Jacobson, rock-solid scholars and dealers in 19th-century photography, got wind of an auction lot in Penrith, in Cumbria, estimated at just £80-£120. But other bidders had been alerted to the battered 19th-century box (it said "Venice" on the inside of the lid), and when the bids reached £2,000, the small attendance gasped. At £75,000, other bidding fell away.

It became apparent that the Jacobsons had bought 188 daguerreotypes by John Ruskin, the leading English art critic of the Victorian era and still considered one of the most eminent theorists of art. It is the largest surviving group of such work: the Ruskin Library in Lancaster has fewer than 150 daguerreotypes by Ruskin.

The Jacobsons' book on their find, *Carrying off the Palaces*, is now elegantly published by the antiquarian book dealer Bernard Quaritch, after a major conservation programme and years of scholarship that included trips all over Europe to check locations. Their account goes far beyond their own trove: it is a *catalogue raisonné* of all the daguerreotypes Ruskin is known to have made. Ruskin, it turns out, didn't take all his own pictures. He trained a

succession of his valets in the alchemies of the daguerreotype, and used them as operatives. But his was the operating mind. The greatest eye in Europe controlled the making of these pictures, and was fully aware of what they could mean.

Here are pictures that are not accounted for in the canons of art history and Ruskin's place within it. A rocky landscape puzzled the Jacobsons for a long time; until they turned it 90 degrees to find a vertical wall with weeds growing out from it, a perfect preview of a known sketch of Ruskin's.

Outdoor daguerreotypes are quite rare in any case. It was a cumbrous process, and easy to spoil, and most daguerreotypes were made indoors where some, at least, of the variables could be controlled. Yet here are views half-way up mountains near Chamonix, with the nose of the camera pressed into the rock. Here are plunging views over Fribourg so steep as to be almost aerial perspectives on the town below. Here's washing hanging from a line in a way that we can no longer call unRuskinian. Here are contre-jour studies through the dark arches of a Venetian façade which — were they not on the lovely

metal surfaces of the daguerreotype — could have come from modernist studies of architecture of the 1930s.

Ruskin has often been quoted as disliking photography, or at least disparaging it. He was always a contradictory thinker, and in this book there are many instances not only of his dependence on photography for drawing — as in many of the studies of architecture that he redrew again line for line in various sketches — but also, in certain circumstances, of his great delight in the medium. He enjoyed accurate looking more than anything, and photography provided him plain information speedily marshalled.

Ruskin was an early-adopter in many fields (including in the choice of photographic techniques by which his books were illustrated). That he stuck with the daguerreotype is itself interesting: it was not the first choice of the gentleman-amateur. But its clarity of detail is far superior to the rival calotype system (Fox Talbot's process, in which paper prints were made from paper negatives). The daguerreotype is a highly polished plate of silver-covered copper, and its resolution far surpassed the human eye. That appealed to Ruskin. For all his gentlemanly ways, he was certainly a professional.

The Jacobsons' study is written in an engaging style, yet this readability should not be mistaken for the absence of scholarly achievement. A selection of these remarkable pictures should be exhibited in one of the national spaces. They are unfashionable, and small, and made by a critic whose importance people tend now to acknowledge without taking the trouble to read him. They are also brilliantly exciting, and contribute something sharply new to what we know about Ruskin.

'Carrying off the Palaces: The Lost Daguerreotypes of John Ruskin', Bernard Quaritch £85



The Ca' d'Oro, Venice, under restoration (1845)
K & J Jacobson

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Be part of an extraordinary performance

It is an interesting irony of the contemporary art scene that artists, instead of being on the receiving end of philanthropy, are increasingly the providers of it. Patronage has always given vital sustenance to the arts but today it is the benevolence of creative professionals that is proving to be particularly valuable.

Every auction season now brings with it a wealth of sales and events that direct the majority of their proceeds to charities, ranging from “sale in sales”, where donated lots are integrated into the usual auctions, to star-studded dinners where work especially made for that evening goes under the hammer, and one-off selling exhibitions. The results are impressive: last year Christie’s raised \$261.5m for non-profit organisations; Paddle8 – the online auction site that has hosted 500 benefit sales since it was founded in 2011 – made \$33m for charities over the past two years. It is not unusual for the fortunes of deserving causes to be changed in one evening.

“Charity auctions show art’s relationship to money at its most naked,” says artist Grayson Perry, who is frequently asked to provide work for these causes. “There comes a moment as an artist when you realise you have this magic ability to print money, so it seems churlish to deny the charity that opportunity.”

And artists, and their foundations, are proving to be sensorially generous. A recent study by the Aspen Institute found that giving by foundations endowed by American visual artists rose 79 per cent between 2000 and 2010, from \$39m to almost \$70m. In 2010, Damien Hirst formalised his philanthropic activities by registering a charity, Victim, which in 2013 alone gave £955,700-worth of his work to other charitable organisations. In 2014, artists represented by the art gallery David Zwirner donated work with an approximate value of \$6m to non-profits.

There is a limit, however. “Galleries and artists are overwhelmed with requests for contributions to charity auctions,” says Jeremy Epstein of the gallery Edel Assanti, which receives several requests a month for charitable donations from each of its nine artists. Not all members of a profession whose median annual wage was recently found to be £10,000 are enthusiastic about giving away valuable work, or lending their time and creative energies to customising a *Starship Trooper*’s helmet, say, or a fibreglass elephant.

The artist Humphrey Ocean puts it even more bluntly. “Artists don’t have a



All in a good cause

Philanthropy | As artists are increasingly being asked to donate work for charity

art auctions, *Lily Le Brun* examines the pros and cons of benefit sales



From top: a Sotheby’s charity auction with works by Francesco Vezzoli (sold for £32,5000) and Takashi Murakami (in background, £317,000); Sharon Stone at a charity dinner; Grayson Perry’s ‘Charity Dogs’ (2013) — Victor Salgado/Reuters/Grayson Perry/Victoria Miro Gallery



job and the world’s revenge is charity auctions,” he says. “Unless there is a genuine spirit of overgenerosity on the occasion, they can mean humiliation, a counterproductive waste of time and emotional energy for the artist.”

What he means is that if a work fails to sell or achieve a good price, not only might artists feel they have disappointed the charity but – especially for those whose works do not appear frequently at auction – it can have a destabilising or deleterious effect on their market value.

Yet the requests are difficult to turn down. “For some unknown reason,” Ocean continues, “I find I have already committed to four charitable obligations this year, two of them auctions, that I swore recently I would never take part in again. No to self: from now on the answer is no, go away, *absolutment Non*, upper-case.”

Dea Vanagan, who has organised many charity art auctions and chairs the Macmillan De’Longhi art auction committee, frequently encounters artists reluctant to donate their work. “Even if they feel passionate about the cause,” she explains, “donat-

ing works can be very risky for artists because more often than not, works go for well under their market value. Mainly this is due to organisations running the auction not being established or experienced in the commercial art world, or they haven’t done enough work promoting the initiative and finding buyers. Also there’s a lot of competition.”

For high-profile artists, requests can be incessant. Asked to donate work or do something for charity at least once a fortnight, Perry says he is now in the habit of giving ceramics that satirise the situation: “Another charity doodle”, their graphics might read, or: “Look how generous Grayson Perry is!”

This tactic also prevents work that might have been obtained cheaply at benefit events being flipped for profit. Sub-standard work resurfacing at full retail price is a thorny issue. “I was once offered a great Koons for about \$1m,” the dealer Kenny Schachter says, “a giant work on paper that struck a lot of the right chords in relation to the sculptural body of work and was outstanding in its own right. The price seemed a bit on the low side for such a large-scaled

work and, after a little digging, I found out why: it had been made with the aid of a bunch of preschoolers for a charity. Aesthetics aside – it was good – that fact turned it into a whole other box of crayons.”

Aside from the vertiginous sums that contemporary art sales can achieve, there are other pragmatic reasons why asking artists for fundraising help is becoming more common. For cash-strapped arts institutions, they are becoming an integral part of the development strategies, which, Vanagan says, are now “vital to their lifeblood”. For non-art charitable institutions, “it can be a clever way to introduce the organisation to new audiences, update their image [and] align them to popular culture.”

New art-selling companies seeking to establish themselves in a competitive marketplace are alert to these advantages and have integrated benefit auctions into their business models. “It’s a symbiotic partnership,” says Osman Khan, chief operating officer and founding partner of Paddle8. Charity auctions allow “collectors access to coveted

Grayson Perry is in the habit of donating ceramics that might read: ‘Another charity doodle!’

works of high-quality art sourced by non-profit institutions with close connections to artists and galleries.”

Anders Petterson of ArtTactic agrees that their prevalence is allied to the growth of online retail, which was responsible for selling €2.5bn worth of art in 2013.

“Choosing the charitable route has positioned [new businesses] as friends of the art world rather than disrupters of the traditional art market,” he claims: they like to be seen “enablers” rather than “predators”. And for first-time or inexperienced buyers, an ostensibly non-commercial, charitable purchase is perhaps less intimidating.

However, as benefit sales become increasingly absorbed into the art trade’s usual channels, there is a growing sensitivity towards the work involved in putting together a successful sale and the pressure that it places on artists. Christie’s, for example, provides detailed advice for those planning a benefit auction and actively recommends that they do not concentrate on fine art, because of its relatively limited audience and the difficulties in obtaining quality consignments.

Paddle8 also encourage the proceeds to be shared with artists, “because we recognise that it is a drain on an artist to continually donate – and you also often receive a more important work, yielding higher auction results.”

Good results are in everybody’s best interests: for the broker, the artist and most importantly, the charity. If goodwill and commercial savvy continue to partner as successfully as they have done so far, then there is every chance that benefit auctions can always live up to their name. Just don’t expect the artists to watch.

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THE LIFE OF A SONG

I JUST DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MYSELF

A

t the age of 86, Burt Bacharach is currently touring the US and will be arriving in the UK and Ireland for dates in June and July. On stage, he contributes vocals to a handful of songs but anyone who has seen the great man perform will testify that he is a pretty terrible singer; notwithstanding his advanced age, his voice is dry, husky. He leaves most of the vocal work to the singers in his ensemble.

Bacharach's gifts, of course, lie elsewhere: he has composed some of the most sublime melodies in the history of popular music and his 15-year partnership with lyricist Hal David yielded a string of classics, beginning in 1958 with Perry Como's "Magic Moments" and lasting until the pair's acrimonious split in 1973. Bacharach and David's chief muses were Dusty Springfield and Dionne Warwick, both of whom released versions of "I Just Don't Know What to Do With Myself", in 1964 and 1966 respectively.

The song's life began in 1962, when Bacharach and David were songwriters at New York songwriting factory the Brill Building. It was first recorded by the American singer Chuck Jackson but his version went unreleased and remained shelved until 1984. Using the same lush, orchestral backing track, it was recorded again in 1962 by Tommy Hunt – and failed to chart.

Despite this inauspicious start, the song's dramatic ebb and flow had lent

itself to Jackson's and Hunt's soulful voices (there's a streak of soul running through many Bacharach/David compositions) and so, when English blue-eyed soul singer Dusty Springfield met Bacharach in New York in 1964, she returned to London with the song, recording it at Olympic Studios.

The song itself is characteristic Bacharach-David, with its shifting tempo and keys (as a young music student Bacharach had immersed himself in the music of Stravinsky, Ravel and Dizzy Gillespie), while the lyric is packed with immaculate rhymes. Also, enjoy Hal David's clever transposition of the word "just": "I just don't know what to do . . .", followed by "Don't know just what to do . . ."

Springfield's version was a triumph, reaching number three in the UK charts, and Warwick recorded her own a couple of years later; it follows the same template – big, emotion-drenched vocals, grandiose string-laden arrangement – but it perhaps lacks Springfield's sense of desperation.

Another soulful treatment of the song came in 1970 from Isaac Hayes, though this is very different: the protagonist seems to be pacing his apartment in the small hours, brooding rather than boiling (the song lasts a simmering seven minutes). Also in 1970, Cissy Houston – mother of Whitney, aunt of Warwick

Above: Dusty Springfield. Below, from left: Tommy Hunt; the White Stripes; Elvis Costello — Getty Images

— released a stomping, up-tempo, brassy soul version.

Bacharach went out of fashion in the 1970s but he had a couple of unlikely new-wave champions: the Stranglers, who covered "Walk On By", and Elvis Costello, who took to incorporating "I Just Don't Know What to Do With Myself" in his live set – stripped down but typically histrionic. A version appears on the 1978 Stiff Records compilation album *Stiff Live* and Costello, a crooner at heart, went on to record an album co-written with Bacharach, 1998's *Painted from Memory*.

And then the White Stripes took the song by the scruff of the neck, giving it the full raw-rock treatment: a wall of guitar noise, wallowing drums and a vocal from Jack White that teeters on the brink of hysteria. The duo recorded it in 2001 during a BBC Radio 1 Evening Session and put it on the B-side of their 2002 single "Fell In Love With a Girl"; it struck a chord and was subsequently released as a single in its own right, with Sofia Coppola's famous video of Kate Moss pole-dancing. If Bacharach performs the song on his current tour, it's likely to be in a more sedate arrangement than this sonic tornado, which is perhaps one of the most startling cover versions of all time.

David Cheal

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Change in the air

The Art Market | Art Basel

Hong Kong and its new satellite event; a low-bling

Art Dubai. By *Georgina Adam*

This year Art Basel Hong Kong finally achieved its much desired date change, from the busy month of May to, erm, the busy month of March. So the fair, in its third edition as part of the Basel behemoth, kicked off on a Friday, too late for inclusion in last week's column.

This is a huge fair, spread out on two floors with 233 booths, about half from Asia. Twenty of the exhibitors were new, and of course all the exhibitors were hoping to meet some of the wealthy Chinese who are building private museums on the mainland.

With a truncated opening vernissage, business was sluggish on the first night but over the weekend the big galleries at least were trumpeting excellent sales, and it quickly became clear that the hoped-for mainlanders did attend. Among them was Alibaba founder Jack Ma, worth a cool \$22bn. "We saw young, rich mainland Chinese, they are buying and they are paying!" said Hong Kong-based Edouard Malingue. David Zwirner sold two Neo Rauchs (both tagged at \$1m) to the mainland, one to a new collector from Shanghai. Sean Kelly found success with foil-on-tar paper works by Hugo McCloud at \$18,000-\$22,000.

Meanwhile much interest was sparked by the new kid on the block, Art Central, the inaugural edition of the satellite event created by the founders of the Hong Kong fair, Tim Etchells and Sandy Angus. It was housed in a vast white tent on open land on the waterfront, an area used by protesters during the Occupy Central movement.

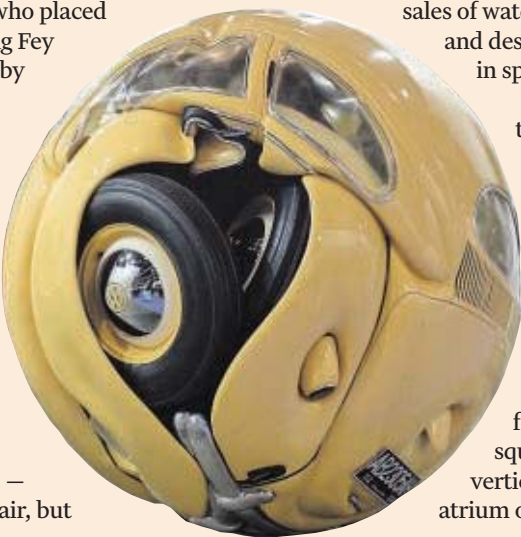
The tent was airy, light and spacious, with 77 stands, 19 of them Hong Kong



'Take Another View on Art' at the Landmark building. Below: Ichwan Noor's 'Beetle Sphere' (2013), Mondecor Gallery at Art Central

galleries — an opportunity for some who had not made the cut for the main fair. The quality was variable, as were sales. Among the success stories was Richard Koh of Singapore, who placed five abstracts by Wong Perng Fey (\$12,800) and a large work by the Thai artist Natee Utarit (\$500,000), while AJC Gallery sold "Nostalgia no 1" by Lee Sang Hyun for about \$20,000 — "A price level which is about right for this fair," said a gallery spokeswoman.

The top brass from Phillips auction house — chief executive Ed Dolman and deputy chairman Matt Carey-Williams, plus others — were in Hong Kong for the fair, but



more particularly because they are scouting out a home for Phillips's extension into Asia. Depending on how quickly they find one, they will start sales of watches, contemporary art and design either this autumn or in spring 2016.

They also made the trip to the bling-and-neon gambling island of Macau for the inauguration of Joana Vasconcelos' "Valkyrie Octopus", a vast inflatable entanglement of colourful fabrics and LED lighting suspended from the ceiling and squatting atop a colossal vertical aquarium in the atrium of the MGM hotel-casino.

The creature has eight legs, a lucky number in China, and the hotel, again on a vast scale, boasts other high-impact artworks, almost all in gold and glitter. The resort belongs to Sotheby's board member Pansy Ho, daughter of the casino mogul Stanley Ho, but the reason for Phillips' presence was that it will be hosting an exhibition of 45 of the Portuguese artist's pieces in its Berkeley Square premises after the summer sales. This has not gone down well with her dealers — who include Pearl Lam and Nathalie Obadia — and Obadia has decided not to continue the relationship. "Selling in an auction house — I don't agree," says Obadia.

One of the more bizarre art "events" in Hong Kong is taking place in the Landmark building, a luxury mall in Central. Entitled "Take Another View

on Art", the installation consists of a "celestial dome" in iridescent baby pink and blue Plexiglas discs (the promoters hilariously reference Brunelleschi and the Sistine Chapel) under which various artworks are suspended, including a Monet (lent by Christie's), a Chagall (Opera Gallery) and a Zeng Fanzhi ("private collection"). Positioned under them at ground level are telescopes, enabling visitors to get a close view of the "museum quality artworks valued at over HK\$190m" hanging six metres above them. Definitely a new way of looking at art, but I doubt it will catch on elsewhere.

Following immediately on from Hong Kong was Art Dubai — "the largest annual showcase for artists from the Arab world". An additional attraction was the Sharjah Biennial, which had opened earlier this month, and an art conference in nearby Qatar, all of which brought hordes to the fair's opening.

After the Basel event, Art Dubai — which ends today — is refreshingly smaller with 92 galleries and mainly lesser-known artists than the "brand names" seen in Hong Kong. Prices are lower and few major international galleries exhibit, reflecting the smaller market in this part of the world.

Perhaps surprisingly, the fair does not offer much bling. Much of the work is pared-down, such as graphite-on-paper "sculptures" by Diogo Pimentão at Schleicher/Lange. An installation of small lightboxes showing the ruins of Homs in Syria by Tiffany Chung at Tyler Rollins, "Finding one's shadow in ruins and rubble" (2014), is priced at \$45,000. Sfeir-Semler of Beirut is showing a group of 22 prints, "Preface to the Third Edition" (2013), using artefacts from the Islamic collection of the Louvre reframed in traditional shapes (\$125,000). Sales were slow at the beginning but, unlike many fairs, this one often sees deals concluded towards the end. The dealers are certainly hoping so.

Georgina Adam is art market editor-at-large of *The Art Newspaper*



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PHOTO: ROBERT KEZIERE

Arts

Sooner or later, enthusiastic appraisals of Björk usually devolve into lists. The bard of Reykjavik contains multitudes, and not just any multitudes, but a roster of influences that gleams with intellectual profundity and avant-garde cred. Mahler! Stockhausen! Meredith Monk! She is the rare pop phenomenon who has planted one custom-cobbled boot in the commercial arena and the other in musical worlds so rarefied most of her fans have never heard of them. More even than Madonna, she is a diva for PhDs.

I have never been convinced by the claims that Björk belongs on a higher plane than other pop stars, and I've never got past my aversion to her soulful incantations. But, then, this retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art makes only a halfhearted case for her musical originality, and then mostly in the catalogue, where Alex Ross, a critic at the New Yorker, lionises her with an essay suggesting her kinship with an assortment of avant-garde greats.

This spectacularly off-putting show invites a whole other catalogue of comparisons, ranging across different fields. MoMA's version of Björk is not only a musician but also a poet, a performance artist, a video virtuoso and a fashion icon. In 2001, she showed up at the Oscars wearing a tulle-and-feathers concoction designed by Marjan Pejoski to look like it had been stolen from a flayed swan. For the cover of her 2007 album *Volta*, Bernhard Willhelm encased her in a blobby styrofoam "body sculpture" like a psychedelic version of a dancing M&M.

Both outfits show up at MoMA. How has a pop star earned this tribute from a highbrow museum? Why has MoMA/PS1's curator Klaus Biesenbach been pursuing her for more than a dozen years, hoping she would condescend to be honoured? Partly because she has nurtured a polymorphous persona, equal parts vulnerable little girl, ageing temptress, bionic sprite, cosmopolitan party creature and self-conscious weirdo. And no performer has so thoroughly turned her public identity into an expressive tool — or commissioned such theatrical plumage, or treated the music video genre as a miniature *Gesamtkunstwerk* — except perhaps Kanye West. Or Lady Gaga. Or David Bowie, or Laurie Anderson . . . oops, another list.

MoMA's show is a victim not just of Björk's ambitions but of its own delusions of her grandeur. An ideal exhibition might have been able to make a clearer, more persuasive, case but this extravaganza betrays a level of slavering



Diva-watch | Museums have taken to exhibitions featuring pop stars.

At MoMA's Björk show, *Ariella Budick* finds out how it shouldn't be done

Theatrical plumage



fandom, confusion and misjudgment that makes the exhibition hard to take seriously at all. If a would-be great museum is going to pander to a ready-made audience, it might as well do so with panache. Instead, the institution has shown itself to be not simply ruderless but also hopelessly uncool.

In the museum's immense canyon-height atrium, Biesenbach has had erected a two-storey warren of dark temporary galleries guaranteed to terrorise claustrophobes and create endless queues. I have never experienced a more dismally designed show. Equipped with un-pausable iPods, we wind through its passage-ways, while Björk murmurs in our ears, narrating a treacherous fairytale version of her life. Scraps of handwritten lyrics and bits of diaries glow in the cavern walls. Costumed mannequins stand in wait like creatures in a haunted house.

Our glum destination is "Black Lake", a 10-minute video commissioned by the museum, directed by Andrew Thomas Huang, and projected on a pair of large screens in a cavelike room. Björk's whiny-child/mystic-temptress voice, supported by a throb of plaintive strings, emanates from the walls. Feel around and you might detect



Clockwise from top: Björk in the video for 'Wanderlust' (2008); on the cover of 'Volta' (2007); at the 2001 Oscars in a swan dress — Nick Knight/Wellhart/One Little Indian; AP

the wall covering of tiny speakers, each housed in its own hand-stitched fabric crater. In the video, the singer wanders barefoot through a stark Icelandic landscape. Her native land's tough nature fascinates her, but mostly as a metaphor for herself. The song, which appears on her new album *Vulnicura*, is a bitter elegy for her 13-year relationship with the artist Matthew Barney.

"You have nothing to give/ Your heart is hollow/ I'm drowned in sorrows/ No hope in sight of ever recover/ Eternal pain and horrors."

Apparently even a hypersophisticated museum-worthy composer with idiosyncratic grammar and a strong attachment to Stockhausen keeps returning to the blues' most basic message: you've done me wrong, and now I'm sad.

Placing "Black Lake", with its emphasis on Björk's lifestory and song-writing skills, at the center of the experience only highlights the problem that music doesn't adapt naturally to the exhibition format. That's not an impassable hurdle, however. Last year, the New Museum in New York did a sublime job of embedding music in a retrospective of Ragnar Kjartansson, another Icelandic. Guitar players and singers drifted around the gallery, producing a seductive burble of

live music that enriched the video projections. And in Paris' new concert hall, the Philharmonie, a darkened maze takes visitors through the glittering career of David Bowie, complete with costumes, videos and memorabilia — a show transferred from the V&A in London — and the result is compact, effective and entertaining.

Pop singers are supposed to be the stars of their own fantasy worlds and the objects of their own adoration. In a museum setting, though, the relentlessness with which Björk has fixated on herself becomes demoralising. Here she is, in the video for "Who Is It?", wearing an Alexander McQueen outfit encrusted with bells, dancing on a lava field. There she is in "Oceania", singing underwater in Rhine maiden gear, her face spangled

The show is a victim not just of Björk's ambitions but of its own delusions of her grandeur

with rhinestones. And isn't that her again, sashaying along a flatbed truck as it moves through Midtown New York, and singing "Big Time Sensuality"?

MoMA has reinforced the cult-of-personality feel by dressing up a platoon of life-sized plastic doubles in her get-ups. The mannequins have her small body, dense black hair and impish features. It's as if body snatchers had taken over the installation.

Perhaps MoMA has hedged its bets by populating the show with these clones; once the hardcore fans have jammed in and then dispersed, the only public that can be counted on to tolerate this much Björk is an army of inanimate Björks.

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Catherine Deneuve, 1990, Charcoal, 76 x 56.5 cm

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Still fighting

During the second world war, thousands of Chinese women were forced into sexual slavery as their country was overrun by invading Japanese soldiers.

Lucy Hornby meets one of the few surviving ‘comfort women’

The sound of clay pots smashing against a stone floor shattered the cold spring morning. Zhang Xiantu woke. Japanese soldiers were in her home, breaking bowls as they searched for food. Zhang, then 16 and just married, tried to run. But she couldn’t run fast enough: as the daughter of a landowner, she’d had her tiny feet bound and broken when she was a child.

Sitting in her village home in Yu County, Shanxi province, the newly-wed so rudely awoken in 1942 is now a birdlike widow, grey hair pulled back from her lined face, her breath raspy from lung disease. “When I dream of that time, I always dream of being seized,” she says. “I was so terrified.”

There was no escape. “The soldiers came and they found us . . . The streets were full of people running in every direction.” Her breathing slows, and becomes harsher. “*Aiyya* . . . I’ve forgotten everything else.” Zhang spent the next 20 days a prisoner. Locked in a neighbour’s house, she was prostituted as a “comfort woman” for the Japanese soldiers battling to control northern China. “I almost died of fear,” she says.

Most women like her did die, of disease or abuse or both. An estimated 200,000 Asian women were kidnapped or coerced into sexually servicing Japanese soldiers in “comfort stations” during the second world war, under a policy to deter the invading armies from widespread rape and pillage. When the 70th anniversary of the conflict’s end is commemorated in Asia this year, the “comfort women” will count among the war’s unsettled ghosts.

In China, about two dozen of them are still alive. The movement to make sure they are not forgotten operates in an atmosphere of official neglect. As China jostles with Japan for a leading role in Asia, Chinese diplomats regularly issue stern warnings that Japan should not “forget the lessons of history”. But in quiet places such as Zhang Xiantu’s bedroom, history is already fading. Is it too late for an old story to take on a new meaning?

When I began researching this article, I wondered whether a comfort woman would welcome a foreign reporter. Could I be accused of picking sides? Would I become a “tool” (as one Chinese reporter warned) of the nationalists in China, or a target for the nationalists in Japan?

Most of these women live in the impoverished countryside. Their dialects are incomprehensible. Their health is failing. The Chinese press portrays them as fragile victims, their wartime rape shrouded by Confucian delicacy. But I was intrigued by the activists who had championed them for more than two decades, while relations between China and Japan waxed and waned. The window for any of these women to tell her story was closing fast.

I met Zhang Xiantu one autumn morning last year thanks to Zhang Shuangbing, a former primary school teacher in Shanxi province who has made elderly comfort women his campaigning cause. (Zhang is a common surname and the two old friends are not related.) At the door of her brick home, he shouted out a greeting and she clasped his hand warmly. She updated him on the neat pile of medicines on her window sill. She was preoccupied with the recent death of her elder son, and at odds with her second son’s wife. “What kind of life is this?” she asked, turning to me. “I don’t want to live.”

Her paved courtyard contained the usual clutter of the Chinese countryside: piles of coal and corn, some rusty farm equipment and a long washing line. Inside, a fluorescent lightbulb lit a wall poster of happy children riding a lucky red carp. A pastel portrait of Chairman



From top: former ‘comfort woman’ Zhang Xiantu, now 88; with two of her grandchildren in a family album; Japanese soldiers invading eastern China in 1938

Sim Chin Yin, Corbis



former Asian comfort women and forced labourers. Rising acrimony between the two countries has since strained the civic collaboration between Chinese and Japanese activists. In both countries, nationalists are gaining ground. Strident rhetoric from China and Korea and violent anti-Japanese protests have antagonised Japanese people born long after the war ended. Late last year, left-leaning Japanese newspaper Asahi Shimbun retracted articles on comfort women dating to 1982 that relied on a debunked account.

Meanwhile, old age is thinning the ranks of the surviving comfort women. In Seoul, a bronze statue of a young girl occupies the spot where Korean comfort women once held a weekly rally. She gazes accusingly across the street at the gates of the Japanese embassy. Etched into the sidewalk is the shadow of a hunched old lady.

“Looking at these 30 years [of campaigning] I can’t say they were in vain but they weren’t any great success,” says Zhang Shuangbing. “I feel rather disappointed. I didn’t achieve any result. I didn’t get these old people their wish.”

Zhang Shuangbing found his life’s mission one day in 1982, on his way to the village primary school. His path took him past peasant farms like his own, where families barely scraped enough to eat from green sloping fields amid vertical limestone cliffs. He noticed an old woman struggling alone to harvest grain, long after the other fields were cleared.

The young teacher felt sorry for her and asked if he could help. He discovered that she was ostracised because she had been a comfort woman, so dishonoured that no man would marry her.

Soon Zhang Shuangbing had worn out three black steel bicycles on the rocky yellow roads of Yu County, tapping gossiping villagers to track down former comfort women.

Japan’s imperial army traditionally recruited prostitutes from poor Japanese families. After a rampage of killing and raping during the 1937 conquest of Nanjing, then China’s capital, authorities decided that military brothels would keep the troops in check, although the mass deployment in Asia quickly exceeded the supply of prostitutes.

Korean, Chinese, southeast Asian and European women were recruited, tricked or forced into brothels run by or for the Japanese military. Most of them died. Korean scholars put the number of Asian comfort women at 200,000; Chinese scholars estimate that another 200,000 Chinese women were kidnapped in occupied cities or along the sprawling front.

Yu County changed hands several

‘I was full of remorse,’ says Zhang Xiantu. ‘When I was young I felt my sin grow bigger with every day I lived’

Mao gazed over framed family photographs. The 88-year-old spends her days cross-legged on a kang, or heated brick bed. She is neatly dressed in a dark cotton vest and cotton trousers, her bound feet tucked below thin knees.

Though the mis-shapen feet in their cloth shoes can barely carry her from her bed, they once took Zhang Xiantu all the way to a court in Tokyo. In the late 1990s, 16 women from Yu County (Zhang Xiantu is the only one still living) sued the Japanese state for compensation and an apology, shepherded by Zhang Shuangbing and a team of Japanese and Chinese lawyers. Their claims were denied, due to the statute of limitations and to the individuals’ lack of standing to sue the state.

Former comfort women in democratic South Korea had already formed a political movement to seek recognition and compensation from Japan in the early 1990s. Japan’s cabinet secretary issued an apology and Japanese activists took up the cause, recruiting Chinese lawyers to help track down elderly victims in mainland China. Airing their grievances would help Japanese society come to terms with the war, they argued. None of the lawsuits succeeded.

“I had no idea that it would prove this complicated,” said Kang Jian, a petite Beijing lawyer who gathered testimonials from comfort women on Hainan Island. There, just as in Yu County, local historians had tracked down a group of survivors. “Although it sometimes felt painful, not doing it was more painful,” she said.

In 2011, a Japanese court rejected the last of several lawsuits brought by

times between the Japanese army, the American-backed Kuomintang and the communist guerrillas. The “comfort stations” there were makeshift arrangements in village houses or army camps rather than the more formal military brothels of Shanghai.

After the Japanese surrender, the Chinese civil war raged, followed by land redistribution and political purges in the communist era. War records were destroyed. Comfort women hid their past to find a husband and protect the family name.

“When these women reveal their scars, they carry the weight of 5,000 years of Chinese history, of feudal times,” says Zhang Shuangbing. “They gave their story, took their own pain and spoke it out, because they believed in me. So not being able to do anything for them is very sad. It’s a historical responsibility. There hasn’t been a fair accounting for these victims, no accounting for their families.”

Zhang Shuangbing’s high school education set him apart in rural Yu County. A patient, gentle man, he won the trust of some 126 elderly women in Shanxi and Hebei provinces, then watched as one by one they succumbed to old age. He spent his savings helping women who were sick, poor or alone.

His wife and children disapproved, as did his mother. Frail and still beautiful in the white headscarf favoured by Shanxi countrywomen, she lives with his family in whitewashed caves carved into an earth cliff, shaded by peach trees. She is the same age as the ruined

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When diamonds aren't on tap



Tim Harford
Undercover economist

A glass of water costs very little; a diamond costs a lot. Yet there is nothing more useful than water, while the most prized uses of diamonds are decorative. This apparent paradox has tested some fine minds. Adam Smith’s answer to the paradox was that diamonds were expensive because it was hard work to find them and dig them up. That seems to strike close to the truth but it’s not the way that modern economics approaches the problem. The usual name for this puzzle is the “paradox of value” or “the water-diamond” paradox but I now prefer to call it the “Button Gwinnett paradox”. (I hadn’t heard of Button Gwinnett until his life was described in a recent episode of the WNYC radio programme *Radiolab*.) The British-born Gwinnett moved to the colony of Georgia in the mid-1700s. He was a failed businessman, a serial debtor and a B-list politician in the independence movement. But, as it happened, he was one of the 56 signatories of the Declaration of Independence. Gwinnett might seem a minor figure compared with some of the other men whose names sit beside his: John Hancock, Thomas Jefferson, John Adams and Benjamin Franklin. Despite that, a Button Gwinnett signature is vastly more valuable than a Jefferson or a Franklin. The simple reason for

this is that collectors naturally wish to own the complete set of 56 signatures. Ben Franklin lived into his eighties and was a prolific correspondent, so there is no shortage of Franklin signatures. Gwinnett died in a duel the year after signing the Declaration of Independence. His signature was recently discovered on the parish register of St Peter’s Church in Wolverhampton, where he was married. Most of the other signatures he left behind were on IOUs. Benjamin Franklin may have been one of the most remarkable human beings in history but when collecting your set of Independence signatures, it’s the Button Gwinnett that will prove the final piece of the jigsaw. Anyone selling a Gwinnett will find few other sellers and many eager buyers. Which brings us back to water and diamonds. Diamonds are expensive because at the point at which the supply of diamonds dries up, there are plenty of buyers willing to pay handsomely, and they compete with each other. Water is cheap in temperate climes because — after satisfying our demand for drinking and cooking, then for washing and for irrigation, and finally for swimming around in — there is still plenty left. The value of the first litres of water may be incalculably high but the marginal value of one more litre is very low, and it’s this value that sets the price.

Everything so far has assumed that our desire for an object — a diamond, a glass of water, a Button Gwinnett signature — is a given. Diamonds are costly because we desire them, and not the other way around. But what if that isn’t true? What if diamonds are desirable because they are costly? Economist Thorstein Veblen coined the term “conspicuous consumption” to describe situations where an object is attractive merely because it is expensive. The designer watch or car is valuable because, like a peacock’s tail, it is a credible indicator that you have resources to spare. What was the point of spending so much on that diamond engagement ring otherwise? Another possibility is “pricing bias”. If we don’t really know a good suit or a good bottle of wine from a bad one, we tend to use the price to give us a clue. This is not strictly logical — after all, anyone can double the asking price of anything they are selling, so price is not by itself a reliable clue to quality. But pricing bias exists. Studies show that people will rate a wine more highly in a taste test if they think it is expensive; even placebo painkillers are more effective if the patients believe they are costly new drugs rather than cheap new drugs. The final word on this should go to a team led by Laurie Santos at Yale’s

“Diamonds are costly because we desire them. But what if that isn’t true? What if they are desirable because they are costly?”

Comparative Cognition Laboratory. Santos has spent some time teaching capuchin monkeys how to use money, to exchange it for food and to understand the idea that food can have a price that is high or low. In recent work with Robin Goldstein of UC Davis, Santos’s team has been trying to figure out whether the monkeys also display pricing bias. It seems not. After a series of trials where monkeys were allowed to buy cheap or expensive jelly and ice lollies, they were then let loose on a free buffet to see if they gravitated towards the once costly items. They didn’t; unlike humans, the monkeys couldn’t care less what the item typically cost. They liked what they liked. In this, they differ not only from humans but also from starlings: Alex Kacelnik and Barnaby Marsh, zoologists at Oxford, have found that starlings prefer more costly food. My guess is that the monkeys would have little interest in a Button Gwinnett signature. And those glossy ads for diamonds and designer handbags? They are evidently far too sophisticated for capuchin tastes. *Tim Harford is the author of ‘The Undercover Economist Strikes Back’. He will be speaking at the FT Weekend Oxford Literary Festival on Monday at 6pm. tim.harford@ft.com, @TimHarford More columns at ft.com/harford*

Still fighting

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women her son befriended — but far from sharing their fate, she spent her teens as a communist partisan. “She fought the Japanese in the war, so she thought, ‘What’s the point?’ But then she came around when she saw how many Japanese supported me,” he says. Zhang Shuangbing’s armoire is stuffed with envelopes full of photographs of his “old ladies”. The fading snapshots include a formal black-and-white portrait of a woman who killed herself during the Cultural Revolution after years of persecution for “collaboration” with the Japanese. Other women were reviled in their villages or exiled to labour camps after the communists gained power. All of which helps explain survivors’ reluctance to speak out. Another photograph surfaces: a plump woman with white hair. She found a sense of peace by confiding in Zhang Shuangbing, he recalls. But when he began to write a book about the comfort women of Yu County, her mortified son forbade her from participating. Zhang Xiantu was different. Her husband and sons gave their blessing when Zhang Shuangbing recruited her for the lawsuit in Japan. When I asked her why she went public, she poured forth a litany of grievances: about the village women who shunned her, about decades of hardships and near-starvation, and about her loneliness now. Zhang Xiantu was freed only because her father paid a ransom. He sold all his sheep, and the payment ruined him. “I felt so angry I couldn’t stand it,” she says. For two years, her stepmother

Comfort women were reviled in their villages or exiled to labour camps after communists gained power

nursed her back to health. Food was scarce. After the communists won, their land was confiscated. “I had nothing to eat, nothing to wear. My parents were also starving, we had nothing. What kind of life was this? I was full of remorse. I didn’t know what to do. When I was young I felt my sin grow bigger with every day I lived.” The price of her freedom ruined the family, she says. “I want the Japanese to pay the money.”

Chinese reparations activists say their movement has entered an uncertain “third stage”. First came the effort to find elderly victims, then the long years of lawsuits in Japan. Now they are seeking reparations for forced labourers through the Chinese courts, betting that recent tensions will make the Chinese state willing to air claims against Japan. But Chinese courts won’t take comfort women cases, because the defendant is the Japanese state. “The history issue has always been bound up in the broader bilateral relations with Japan,” says James Reilly, who researches Sino-Japanese relations at the University of Sydney. Some veteran activists doubt that China will ever let the court cases proceed: the system has too many reasons for caution about individual attempts at historical redress. Tens of millions of Chinese starved or were murdered during communist political campaigns, or spent years in forced labour camps. Millions more lost land or property. Beijing’s attitude to the campaigns against Japan is “don’t support, don’t discourage,” says Tong Zeng, the voice of militant anti-Japanese activism. Head



Clockwise from main picture: Chinese ‘comfort women’ c1937-45; campaigner Zhang Shuangbing; the grave of former comfort woman Liu Mianchuan, who died in 2012; Zhang Xiantu at her home in Shanxi province, talking to Zhang Shuangbing



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To watch Lucy Hornby’s video about China’s ‘comfort women’, visit ft.com/comfortwomen

of a small investment fund, 58-year-old Tong is a rarity in China: an activist who has avoided serious trouble despite a lifetime of agitprop, including stunts such as landing boats on disputed islands. That tolerance is a far cry from the long jail sentences meted out to intellectuals pushing for constitutional rights for Chinese citizens. Anti-Japanese activism is double-edged in China, with complicated factional sub-currents. That creates openings for agitators such as Tong: “If they oppose us too much, they become the race traitors.” Beijing is careful not to endorse the nationalists either. Rallies against Japan by angry young Chinese can quickly morph into protests against their own government. Shrill rhetoric in the state-controlled media is carefully calibrated. “There’s concern that the old generation of activists might link up with the new generation of angry youth,” says Jessica Chen Weiss, a political scientist at Yale who wrote *Powerful Patriots: Nationalist*

Protest in China’s Foreign Relations. There are diplomatic considerations too. When Mao Zedong mended fences with Japan in 1972, the People’s Republic of China waived claims to reparations in return for Japanese aid and investment. Chairman Mao never waived the rights of individual Chinese, Tong contends. But then he laughs. “Possibly because they didn’t have that concept during the Great Cultural Revolution!” “**‘Don’t support, don’t discourage’ is in sharp relief at No 1 Lane 125 on East Baoxing Road in Shanghai. Seventy families squeeze into a dilapidated three-storey building festooned with laundry. The narrow front door opens on a pitch-dark hallway. Japanese tour groups occasionally visit.** Eighty years ago, the building housed the first military brothel in occupied Asia, according to Shanghainese historian Su Zhiliang. He wants to turn it into a museum. The Shanghai government



protects it from the wrecking ball but won’t pay to relocate the families inside. Twenty years ago Su returned from studying in Japan and, like Zhang Shuangbing in Shanxi, took to his bicycle. He pedalled around Shanghai looking for elderly residents who might remember life in the comfort stations. He recruited his wife Chen Lifei to conduct the long and painful interviews with former comfort women. “Most people don’t know their own history,” says Su. “I find it a shame. The Chinese history of world war II is as dark as a bowl of soy sauce.” The couple founded the Research Center for Chinese Comfort Women at Shanghai Normal University. The centre collects testimonials and funnels donations to elderly comfort women. Nowadays, it also pays for funerals. Does the death of the comfort women signal the end of the movement? Some activists argue that the women’s descendants should also be entitled to

compensation. But, as an outsider, I can imagine an alternative “third stage”, one that might some day transcend the current fixation with national honour. In China, the state decides who should be commemorated. Schoolchildren study cookie-cutter revolutionary victories; there is no one to give the past a human face. The exception is the comfort women. Testimonials gathered as part of the search for justice have preserved the lives of ordinary people in a brutal time. The activists have created a record for future generations of Chinese that goes well beyond the sanitised exploits of revolutionary heroes. Some day, this could mean that Zhang Shuangbing’s compassion and Zhang Xiantu’s rage will have yielded a result; that the lessons of history will not, in the end, be forgotten. *Lucy Hornby is the FT’s China correspondent. Additional reporting by Owen Guo*

Bear Grylls has climbed Everest, dined on maggots and made a fortune from his displays of derring-do. Conversation, however, is not really his thing, finds *Lucy Kellaway*

I am sitting in the bar of the Connaught hotel in Mayfair talking to a man who has just slid out of his chair and is hiding under the table. “Right. That’s it. I’m back under the parapet now,” he calls up to me. Bear Grylls, who thinks nothing of hauling a dead sheep out of a bog, cutting it open to eat its raw heart before settling down to sleep in its bloody fleece, cannot cope any more. In the past hour I have asked too many questions and he has reached the end of his endurance. In truth, I am getting quite close to the end of mine. Bear Grylls is a well-mannered old Etonian, a former member of the SAS, an elite army unit; a God-fearing boy scout who is good at climbing mountains and whipping his knife out — as well as compressing his muscular body into a tiny space under a table — but the cut and thrust of conversation is not really his thing.

All varieties of survival, on the other hand, are very much his thing. Surely, I ask him, when he is still sitting beside me, he has developed a strategy for surviving interviews? Grylls fixes his pale blue eyes on me; they show no trace of impatience — or any emotion at all. The blandness almost seems like a tactic; taken with the short-back-and-sides, neat checked shirt and jeans, he looks more dishy plainclothes policeman than TV personality. He rattles off a three-point plan:

“Try to be authentic. Don’t do very many. Don’t try to justify anything, let things speak for themselves.” Authenticity, I protest, can be a mistake in an interview; the trick is to be inauthentic in just the way that fits your brand.

“You’re right,” he says, surrendering without struggle. “I’m not very good at arguing.”

Equally, not doing many interviews is tricky when a man has quite so much to promote. Grylls has written 18 survival books in 10 years, a rate of production that almost matches that of Barbara Cartland. He has seven TV shows running simultaneously — three in the UK, three in the US and one in China, all of

‘As a kid I used to hate my name. Now I can understand Bear is a cool name for an adventurer’

them featuring the clean-cut action man pretending to be a hunter-gatherer, or helping others pretend to be one, some 12,000 years after hunter-gathering went out of fashion. “It’s pretty cool,” he says, contemplating the sheer scale of his output. “Pretty fun.” He nods his handsome head and smiles. As for the last point in his three-point plan — not justifying anything — that is all very well, only the whole purpose of our sitting here sipping Diet Cokes is for him to do just that. Above all, what I want to understand is our fascination for survival in inhospitable places. Never has crawling into a camel’s carcase to escape a sandstorm been less relevant to modern office-dwelling couch potatoes; yet never have we loved watching Grylls do it more, and never have we been keener to try it ourselves.

For the second season of Grylls’ TV show *The Island*, 80,000 people came forward eager to be allowed to spend six weeks getting hungry, thirsty, bitten and scared. That is more than three times as many as those who applied to suffer lesser indignities on *Big Brother*. And it is not only ordinary people who feel the pull. Stephen Fry, Ben Stiller, Miranda Hart and other assorted celebrities have all trekked through the wild with Grylls, pursued by dangerous creatures — as well as by a camera crew. “It’s two things,” he explains. “One is



Action man

that I think people like to feel that they are prepared. What would happen if you really were stripped of everything? And the other side of it is that people like to wonder, could they actually do it?” But prepared for what, exactly? Real life is never going to leave us on an uninhabited desert island. Indeed, so artificial is the experience that Grylls’ TV crew had to import a few crocodiles in advance to make the island seem more dangerous, as well as quantities of fresh water to keep everyone alive.

What might be more relevant to telly viewers is programmes that told them how to survive on the minimum wage, deal with ugly divorces, dementia and that sort of thing.

Yet, according to Grylls, the two sorts of survival are the same. “In the end, it’s about positivity, kindness, humility, courage, determination.”

He reels off the list of attributes as if he has said it 100 times before but I get the sense that Grylls, a pillar of the Alpha movement, believes it. His reality TV series offers an alternative version of human behaviour. The first two episodes of *The Island* show how 14 men and 14 women initially take to the wild: the women shriek feebly at every encounter with a snake and the men fight each other.

“I think that women have a much harder time, actually,” he says. “So the men want to be strong, they want to show that they’re the man. Women on the whole wanted to look after each other and to nurture.”

I say this is sexual stereotyping of the most blatant kind, but he goes on: “Every man on the island, since they were a kid, has grown up dreaming of being Rambo.”

Grylls flexes his biceps, which are so eye-poppingly big that the fabric of his shirt strains.

“Take your son,” he goes on. “If you put him on an island, he’d like to think he’d know what to do.”

I say my son — who I’d earlier outed as a Grylls fan — wouldn’t have a clue. What he likes doing is lying around in his dressing gown watching YouTube. Grylls looks momentarily disappointed, then says the most interesting thing about men and women is not the difference between them but that what they learn in *extremis* is the same.

“When you haven’t eaten for 12 days, you’re covered in sandfly bites, you’re tired and you’re cold — the only thing of value is: I want to hold my kids, or I want to tell my mum I love her.”



Again I find myself protesting that things have come to a very odd pass if we need starvation and sandflies to remind us we love our parents and children. “My wife would agree with you,” he says. And yet this lust for extremity has been central to Grylls’ life. He dropped out of the SAS in 1996 after breaking his back and, instead of spending the rest of his days in a bath chair, two years later became among the youngest people to climb Everest. “Life covers us with a layer of fluff. When you’re high up a mountain and you’re really touching life and death — I mean, if I look at my time on Everest, four people had died just the day before. I did touch something — I found a strength that I don’t find in everyday

From top: honorary Royal Marine Bear Grylls aboard HMS President in London; with his dad, Michael; eating a maggot; with Ben Stiller in ‘Running Wild with Bear Grylls’; and submerged in quicksand

Dan Burn-Fort: Discovery; YouTube: Duncan Gaudin/NBC/NBCU Photo Bank via Getty Images; Mud, Sweat and Tears © Bear Grylls 2011

life. I struggle with everyday life. And I can’t kind of really connect well but, when I’m pushed like this, I find there’s an authenticity in what I’m endeavouring to do that makes me feel a bit complete.”

Perhaps this is the difference between Grylls and me. He thinks the “fluff” is meaningless; I think it is what life is made of. I also wonder if what he is describing is merely the luxury of a near-death experience, which tends to be a warped guide to living.

“Yeah. Maybe,” he says, again deciding to roll over rather than fight.

Although it is interesting to ponder whether we are closer to the essence of humanity up a mountain than pottering in the back garden, the answer to the question has little to do with his rip-roaring success. Judging from the traffic on YouTube, what people really love about Bear Grylls is that he does things that we think revolting. A clip of him biting into a maggot fatter than his finger has been watched more than 15m times, while him drinking his own pee has had more than a million views.

If I were Grylls, I would despair at how my fans loved me not for being brave, nor for my good work with the boy scouts (he became leader of the movement nearly six years ago aged just 35), but for drinking my urine, which takes no skill at all. Anyone could pull it off if they put their mind to it.

“If somebody could have told me aged eight that that’s what I’d be known for, I’d just laugh. It’s brilliant,” he says.

It might be brilliant but, according to the US Army Field Manual, it is also wrong. Urophagia, or the drinking of urine, is not recommended as a rehydration strategy.

“They haven’t been in as many jungles as I’ve been in. So here’s the truth: if you’re dehydrated and it’s pure waste product, and there’s yellow and red and brown, it’s not going to help you. If you’re well hydrated, you suddenly find yourself crashed, you’re in your life raft, you’ve got a full bladder, you should not be wasting that.” Grylls gives a small smile of such confidence that I know that if I ever found myself in a tight spot with him, I would gladly drink — and do — anything he told me to.

“Look at this,” he suddenly says, changing the subject. Out of his pocket comes his phone, and he is showing me a video of two boys having a fight in a back garden with wooden swords, and then another of a boy being pulled along in a muddy stream.

“He’s on a waveboard with an old garden rake tied to a quad bike . . . And it’s February.” All three are whooping with joy.

This is Grylls with his sons — Jesse, Marmaduke and Huckleberry — and here he is reproducing his own happy childhood in which his father, the Tory MP Sir Michael Grylls, endlessly took him out in boats and up mountains.

“My dad was really one for finding what you love and going for it, keeping your core competency as what you do,” he says, masking any feeling with a layer of management jargon.

Another thing Grylls senior did for his boy was to allow the sensible name he gave him — Edward — to be pushed aside in favour of the silly nickname provided by his older sister. This was a masterstroke: Bear Grylls the explorer is as fine an example of nominative determinism as was ever thought up. It is hard to imagine that the programmes of Edward Grylls would have been watched 1.2bn times — as his website asserts Bear Grylls’ programmes have. “As a kid I used to hate my name. I’d go, ‘Why can’t I just be called something normal?’ Well, I’m an adult now, so I can look back and understand that Bear is a cool name for an adventurer.”

Not only has it been cool, it has been the basis of a global brand. As well as the TV programmes and books, there are Bear Grylls survival holidays in a dozen places around the world — including such unriskey spots as the Surrey Hills, near London — and several hundred different bits of Bear Grylls survival kit. In particular, there is the Bear Grylls Ultimate Knife (about \$75), which he tells me is the biggest-selling knife in the world, having sold “literally millions”.



So does merchandising make more money than everything else put together?

“Yes,” he says, ending the conversation there.

But the books aren’t doing too badly, either. Although there was a fairly limited appetite for a cookbook featuring elephant dung and raw goat’s testicle, his autobiography, *Mud, Sweat and Tears*, was voted “the most influential book in China” in 2012.

Why? Is it because the Chinese are even fonder of eating eyeballs and testicles than the British explorer?

“I don’t know,” Grylls replies. I wait for him to offer a reason but he doesn’t. “I don’t know,” he repeats.

The story of the Bear Grylls brand might make a fascinating case study but it is one its owner seems to have no interest in. Instead, the lesson he teaches business leaders on the ground is how to survive at 29,000ft. When I ask what the parallels are, he says at once: “Have no ego.” This might be great advice but I point out that every chief executive I have ever come across is in possession of a giant ego and they aren’t going to get rid of it because he says so.

“Then they need to hear the message,” he says firmly.

And what about the size of Grylls’ own ego?

“OK, here’s the deal. I’ve genuinely never liked things that draw attention to what I do, to me. The irony is I’ve found myself in a job where it’s all about that. I have to always put my head above the parapet.”

I start to say that if he hates drawing attention to himself, he could always just stop doing it. He’s 40 now, and could just do the adventures, and leave the telly cameras at home. If publicity is loathsome to him, he’s stupid to go on courting it.

“I would no sooner go and meet someone and call them stupid than go to the moon, do you know what I mean?”

His words are angry but his demeanour remains pleasant, in a bland sort of way.

From the corner of my eye I see his PR is signalling that time is up. I turn to look at her and, when I turn back, Grylls is nowhere to be seen. He has inserted himself under the table.

After a bit he comes out and gives a bone-crushing handshake. He makes to leave, then as an afterthought, asks my son’s name.

“Hi Stan, it’s Bear,” he says into my tape recorder. His voice sounds entirely different — so upbeat it could turn the most delinquent adolescent into a keen boy scout at once.

“Just to say, keep going, hero: you can do it. See you at the top.”

The second series of *The Island with Bear Grylls* starts on Channel 4 and Channel 4 HD in early April



Sebastian ‘Seb’ Kolind, 24, is a member of the elite Danish naval unit, Sirius Patrol, based on the east coast of Greenland



The ghost village of Dundas, whose residents were relocated in the 1950s after the Americans were allowed to build an air base in nearby Thule



An aerial view of the Ilulissat Glacier in Disko Bay, northwestern Greenland — Panos Pictures



Signs in Mestersvig showing the distances from the outpost to various locations. Copenhagen is 2,464km away, the North Pole a mere 1,984km

The new frontier

Photography | Drawn by Greenland’s natural resources, countries across the world are keen to invest. *Mads Nissen* has recorded its icy, empty landscapes before a new influx of visitors arrives

One of the most controversial and sensitive spots in Greenland is the abandoned village of Dundas, where, in 1909, Greenland-born Danish polar explorer Knud Rasmussen established the Thule Trading Station, naming it after the mythical land of the far north, Ultima Thule. After the second world war, the US expressed interest in buying the whole of Greenland but had to settle for permission to build an air base a few kilometres from the village. The local inhabitants of Dundas were relocated to Qaanaaq, 140km north, where they had to endure months of living in tents until their new homes were built. Dundas remains a ghost village to this day, with boarded-up wooden huts and an abandoned cemetery sinking into the snow. In 2003, members of the original Dundas families failed in their attempt to reclaim their homes near the American base. The evictions remain a controversial issue in Greenland.



The cemetery in the abandoned village of Dundas; for a slideshow of photographs by Mads Nissen and Panos Pictures, visit ft.com/mads

Lying halfway between the US and the Soviet Union’s industrial heartland, the base served mainly as a landing and refuelling strip for American bombers during the cold war. Today it is the US military’s northernmost installation and plays a central role in US satellite communications and surveillance efforts, including the Ballistic Missile Early Warning System designed to track intercontinental missiles. Once the last frontier of resource extraction, Greenland is attracting attention from countries across the world as global warming makes hitherto inaccessible natural resources, such as silver, copper, aluminium, uranium and rare earths, more profitably extractable. In 2012, Denmark despatched a research expedition to the Arctic Ocean near the North Pole to collect data that would confirm Danish sovereignty over a 150,000 sq km zone around Greenland. Meanwhile, Russia has been investing in new nuclear submarines and coastal installations to reinforce its

Arctic presence. Next month, America takes over leadership of the Arctic Council, which includes the eight Arctic states: Canada, Finland, Iceland, Norway, Denmark — including Greenland and the Faroe Islands — Sweden, Russia and the US. It is the renewed interest in Greenland’s raw resources, and the freeing up of the Northwest Passage, a shipping route that has only recently become navigable due to melting ice, that will keep missions such as the Sirius Patrol — an elite naval unit based in Daneborg, on the far east coast — busy. Manned by a rotating team of 12 Danish men, it oversees Danish sovereignty in the north and east, including 972,000 sq km of national park. Its long-range missions are usually carried out by pairs of men, who head out for four months at a time, often without any other human contact. As interest in Greenland continues to grow in the coming years, the patrols will most probably see a steep increase in visitors of all kinds. **MN**

A meal in search of a menu

Restaurant insider
Nicholas Lander sees a high-risk approach struggle in Napa Valley

Chefs shoulder a heavy responsibility: trusted to select, prepare and cook ingredients that will enter our digestive system, a personal and most vulnerable ecosystem. A menu allows us to choose either those dishes we feel most comfortable with or those we feel most in need of. But without a menu, the diner is flying blind, placing all his trust in the chef. Over the past 20 years, chefs have increasingly obliged the customer to put even greater faith in their judgment via undivulged tasting menus — albeit now taking into account food allergies and dislikes. This is a tall order: the chef has to hit a lot of high notes for the customer to believe, at the end of the evening, that he or she has not been disappointed (invariably, expensively so). At Meadowood, the destination resort that real estate developer Bill Harlan has sensitively built off the Silverado Trail in Napa Valley, chef Christopher Kostow has adopted this high-risk strategy, garnering acclaim and three Michelin stars. He starts with numerous natural advantages. The walk from our Meadowood cottage through the fading sunlight could not have been more appealing to the senses and, as we approached the restaurant, the evening mist moved in across the golf course. The interior of the restaurant reflected this setting. There was the feeling of an English pavilion about the place, with large windows, a high wooden ceiling and a sense of space and comfort. We sat down in a mood to be impressed. The waiter recited to us the food allergies we had sent in advance, confirmed that the menu would be revealed only at the end of the meal and advised that the dishes would first favour white wines, then reds. Sommelier Benjamin Richardson, in knowledge and charm, was the star performer of the night. Unfortunately, no one on the food side matched him for continuous attention. Over the next two hours a series of dishes was brought to us by young waiters who swiftly came, cleared and left. There was no one who seemed to take overall responsibility for our comfort.

Light vegetable dishes got the meal off to a lively start, most notably a plate of crudités picked that morning, fermented in a champagne yeast for extra flavour, and a small bowl of potato, also fermented, hiding a mound of oscietra caviar, along with a rendition of Parker House rolls. But as the meal developed and the combinations grew more ambitious, the sense of balance broke down. A bowl of three thin slices of mackerel, its skin blackened and topped with slices of young celery, was let down by the over-acidic verjus, the juice of unripe grapes, that lay underneath. This was followed by a far more unlikely but equally disappointing combination of a thin slice of foie gras, cured in a mixture of rice, sea salt and water, with a clam, diced and served in its own shell. I was intrigued by the combination of ingredients but the dish was less than the sum of its parts and we left most of the clam. At about course eight, a consommé was poured over a tea bag of diced herbs, an alternative to the sorbet course of yore. But at this stage of the meal, as we moved from white to red wine, it seemed misplaced. Though a fine rendition here, consommé is best served at the outset. Our main courses were one slice of lamb with yams and several thin slices of aged bavette, both lukewarm, the latter with nothing other than a sauce of shiitake mushrooms. It was good beef but dull in its isolation. The high quality of the baking led us to have high hopes of dessert but what the tattooed pastry chef brought to our table was again unbalanced. Pears, cooked in pear pomace, the solid remains of the pressed pear, were spooned over a brown sugary concoction. The combination was overly sweet and overpowered by rosemary. The menu and \$600 bill for two were handed over in separate envelopes, sealed with wax, alongside a handwritten note saying what a pleasure it had been to take care of us. As the customer, I simply could not share this enthusiasm.

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More columns at ft.com/lander

i / DETAILS

The Restaurant at Meadowood, 900 Meadowood Lane St Helena, California, tel: +001 (707) 9671205; therestaurantatmeadowood.com



The dining room at The Restaurant at Meadowood

A 21st-century IQ

Observations | Are we any smarter? Well, we’re not any stupider. *Douglas Coupland* on the new intelligence

Today I wondered, “If the internet had an IQ, what would it be?” And so I made a guess: 4,270 — a four-digit IQ. Yes, I know the internet is just a tool and not a sentient being. But one can dream. I remember growing up in the 1970s when IQs were a big deal, and we were always getting tested in school. But the intelligence that was being measured wasn’t empirical (if such a thing is even possible). Rather, IQ tests quickly became about nothing more than the tests themselves. Do you know how these tests work?

Does that question remind you of other similar questions? Oh, it’s the rearrange-the-cubes question again. And so on. There was a magazine in the late 1970s called *Omni* that catered to the culture of people who take IQ tests. There was something kind of sexy and key party about it — I think that’s because the genes for intelligence are right beside the genes that predispose a person to nudism. I think Valhalla for the Mensa set was group sex with Xaviera Hollander on a houseboat with walls covered in macramé hangings and fencing swords. I was born at the very end of December, so I was always the youngest person in my grade. I was also terrifyingly skinny, so my way of surviving was to be the smartest one in the class, which is not the same thing as being actually smart — just smart within the framework of school.

It did the trick and I emerged in one piece, and after high school I did one semester at university where it dawned on me: I don’t have to be smart any more. For the first time in my life I was getting Bs and Cs and it was like a drug, and I really remember feeling high when I got my first D. I quit, went to art school and I’ve never again wanted to enter a situation where I have to take a test. I think people are smarter now than they were in, say, 1995. I’ve touched on this before: we all feel stupider yet I think if we were to compare IQs from then and from 2015, we’d find that our new standard IQ is more like 103. People time-travelling from 1995 to 2015 would probably speak with us for a few minutes and then quietly excuse themselves and go meet in the kitchen and wonder what drug we’re on. “They have no attention span, and the moment you tell them even the slightest

fib, they reach into their pockets, pull out a piece of glass, dapple their fingers over it and then look up at you and tell you that your fib was a fib. What kind of way is that to live life?” If you go online, there are all sorts of free IQ tests you can take but I can only guess that they’re going to rate you as a genius while they ravage your hard drive, steal all of your passwords and give you a wicked case of malware. A few years back I had the perhaps singular experience of varnishing a gymnasium floor with a group of retired high-school principals. I asked them what they did when they had a problem student, which is not to say a low-IQ student — problem students tend to be smart — and they told me, “Oh that’s easy. Once we reached the end of our rope, we simply phoned their parents, who were, of course, expecting more bad news — but in a reverent tone of voice we’d tell them, ‘We think your son/daughter is truly gifted. They’d be much better served at a school that has better resources for brilliant students.’ Nine times out of 10 they were so floored, they’d just murmur a timid

thank-you and a week later our problem student would be gone.” Lately I have made my peace with the fact that I will never be intelligent enough to turn on my TV. I upgraded everything last year; there are not two but three remotes on the side table gathering dust. I stare at them, and then I look up at the cool, judgmental blackness of my large new flatscreen, and then . . . I open my laptop’s lid to binge on season three of *Homeland*. I mean, what on earth is HDMI? (I know, I know: HDMI is High-Definition Multimedia Interface, an audio/video interface for transferring uncompressed video data and compressed or uncompressed digital audio data from an HDMI-compliant source device.) But couldn’t they have just named it Walter? Or Trish? People, how hard would that have been?

I’m writing this at Toronto’s Pearson airport at gate E72. Instead of endless banks of airport furniture, they have elegant marble tables with leather furniture, and each seat has its own iPad and an electrical outlet. The WiFi is, of course, smoking hot. There is also no sound in this airport lounge, which feels like the Airport of Tomorrow. Children who would otherwise be shrieking from sugar spikes and boredom sit calmly and play video games. Everyone is feeding on data and images and sounds. Information flows in and out of these portals. Nobody is getting stupider during this whole process. Words are being learnt. Connections are being formed. Patterns are being recognised. The next kind of intelligence is being crafted before my eyes, and it feels like a much more useful sort of intelligence opposed to knowing how to rearrange cubes on a piece of paper. Oh yes, my IQ is 510. *Douglas Coupland’s most recent book is a non-fiction title, “The Age of Earthquakes”, published by Penguin* *Twitter: @dougcoupland*

The battle for Barbara

Jancis Robinson
Wine



Eleven years after the release of *Sideways*, the movie that put wine tourism on the map and set American wine bottlers on a desperate search for Pinot Noir, the Santa Barbara region in which it is set still has some of the least developed facilities for visitors. Wine country in the hinterland off the southern California coast is some of the most visually appealing in the world. But wineries that apply to open tasting rooms or entertainment options find that they are turned down by the authorities time and again.

The Lerner family started growing Rhône grape varieties in 1999 and make some fine Syrahs in the relatively recent Ballard Canyon appellation north of the determinedly Danish immigrant town of Solvang. They have been trying for years to get approval to build a winery with a tasting room. The Grassini family planted Bordeaux grapes in the wonderfully named Happy Canyon appellation, and make wine exclusively from their own grapes (unusual in this part of the world). But they have been forbidden from holding tastings at their sustainably designed winery.

Morgen McLaughlin, executive director of Santa Barbara Vintners, used to hold a similar position in the Finger Lakes region in New York state, and moved west a couple of years ago. She was used to seeing, on average, a million visitors a year in that small, cool wine region five hours' drive northwest of Manhattan. In Santa Barbara, a two-hour drive from the massive Los Angeles conurbation, she is lucky to see 400,000.

Her husband is also in the wine trade and the couple have had ample opportunity to travel to

It took hours to inch, bumper to bumper, into Napa Valley one Sunday last month

other wine regions around the world. "It's really baffling," she says. "We go abroad and see how much more wine is integrated into the local community. Then we come back here and ask, 'What is wrong?'"

One person she presumably considers wrong is Bob Field, a leading campaigner against wine-related development. A retiree who has lived in the Santa Ynez Valley since 1998, he has stated that "the inappropriate location of alcohol-serving businesses in rural neighbourhoods and on dangerously substandard roads is a major issue in our community. They damage property values and present safety risks to residents and tourists alike." Field was chairman of the committee that developed the 2009 Santa Ynez Valley Community Plan, whose primary goal has been to preserve the rural character of the area, where most of Santa Barbara's wineries are located.

What strikes this visitor as odd is that the back roads of the Santa Ynez Valley are dotted with oil and gas fracking plants — and just east of Solvang is a Chumash Indian Reservation, where a vast casino built in 2004 is visited by 6,000 people a day. I'd have thought that vineyards and the chance to buy their produce would be more agreeably rural than either fracking or gambling.

But, having visited Napa Valley way to the north immediately before my tour of Santa Barbara's wine districts, I am keenly aware that wine tourism can get out of hand. It took me hours to inch, bumper to bumper, into Napa Valley one sunny Sunday in February. Locals there must plan their journeys minutely at certain times of the week and year,

knowing the physical impossibility of doing a left-hand turn on Highway 29, which runs north-south through some of the most visited vineyards and wineries on earth.

In southern California, anti-wine sentiment is not confined to Santa Barbara. Just along the Pacific coast, a new Malibu Coast appellation, named after the 21-mile strip of beach houses great and small, has just been approved, though local farmers have managed to get the right to plant vines rescinded. Would-be vintners are appealing against the decision.

All of this seems very strange to someone from Europe, where wine production is generally viewed as rather wholesome, and appellations are granted to formalise rather than precede its existence. But this corner of the world is a hotbed of activity in terms of applying for appellations, or American Viticultural Areas (AVAs) as they are known in the US.

The extensive Santa Ynez Valley AVA is in the process of being carved up into smaller ones. The Sta. Rita Hills in the far west (so written to distinguish it from Chilean producer Santa Rita) was the first to establish itself — as well it might, since proximity to the Pacific makes it much cooler than the rest of Santa Ynez Valley. I almost caught a cold thanks to the relentless coastal breeze in this district, where some of the tastiest Pinot Noir and Chardonnay in California is produced. One winery just east of the Sta. Rita Hills AVA is campaigning to extend it eastward. But it will be a tough fight in a part of the world where each eastward mile is said to represent one more degree Fahrenheit in the ambient temperature.

Ballard Canyon to the east is definitely warmer than Sta. Rita Hills, and Happy Canyon in the far east of Santa Ynez Valley is the warmest of all. Earlier this month, Sauvignon Blanc specialist Fred Brander was granted preliminary approval for a new AVA to fill in the gap between Ballard and Happy Canyons. The plan is to call it Los Olivos after the town in the middle — in whose eponymous café *Sideways'* anti-hero Miles declared his hatred of Merlot. It is also where many of the county's tasting rooms can be found, far from their owners' vineyards.

A particularly agreeable small town for visitors is Los Alamos, nestled between Santa Ynez Valley and Santa Maria Valley, the AVA to the north. Here, there are bed-and-breakfasts, galleries, attractive restaurants and bars, and the top-notch artisanal Bob's Well Bread Bakery, run by an escapee from the television business. There are even a couple of wine-tasting rooms — escapees, too, from the condemnation of people trying to preserve the rural nature of the region.

Tasting notes on Purple Pages of JancisRobinson.com
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Santa Barbara wines

- Au Bon Climat, Isabelle Pinot Noir 2011 Santa Maria Valley
- Bien Nacido Estate, Solomon Hills Vineyard Chardonnay 2010 Santa Maria Valley
- Brewer-Clifton, 3D Vineyard Chardonnay 2012 Sta. Rita Hills
- Dragonette, Fiddlestix Pinot Noir 2012 Sta. Rita Hills
- Lieu Dit Cabernet Franc 2012 Santa Ynez Valley
- Melville, Estate Pinot Noir 2013 Sta. Rita Hills
- Presqu'île, Presqu'île Vineyard Pinot Noir 2009 Santa Maria Valley
- Sanford, Sanford & Benedict Vineyard Pinot Noir 2011 Sta. Rita Hills

Stockists from wine searcher.com

Rolling news

Cookery | The secret behind making fresh egg pasta is that it can't be hurried, writes *Rowley Leigh*

There are some Italians who cannot make pasta, or at least cannot make it very well. There are certainly many who don't make it at all. It is often a job done by the mother of the house. I have witnessed a restaurant kitchen at the end of the night, when everything has been cleaned down and the whole family is engaged in making the agnolotti, while the chef has been drinking fine Barolo wine with us.

Part of the problem is that chefs are people in a hurry, and good pasta cannot be hurried. Whether it is home-made or factory-made, there are many factors that contribute to the poor quality of most egg pasta. Many home cooks do not understand the work — the fact that pasta must be rolled and rerolled several times to get a really silky, plastic result — or that the ingredients, simple as they are, must be of high quality. Soft flour and watery eggs don't make the cut.

As for me, this preamble is really just an apologia for never having made the stuff. Barring one or two forays into ravioli, my experience with fresh pasta is negligible. I have given countless pasta recipes over the years but they have always prescribed factory-made durum wheat pasta (always buy factory produce of the highest quality). When I resolved to make amends for this deficit, I turned to friend and mentor Giorgio Locatelli. Giorgio not only has a surname that sounds like a rather arcane form of pasta, I also don't know anyone who makes fresh egg pasta better. His magnum opus, *Made in Italy*, has been my guide.

I did several practice runs before I felt confident enough to let the photographer loose on my efforts but I think I have learnt well at the feet of the master.

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Andy Sewell

Recipe: pappardelle with artichokes

I am sorry to be pedantic with the egg measurements here but some "large" eggs are quite small these days, and volume is important. This recipe makes a lot of dough but it will keep well for a couple of days in a plastic bag in the fridge.

Ingredients
For the pappardelle
500g "00" flour
160ml whole egg (equivalent to 3 large eggs)
45ml egg yolks (equivalent to 2 large egg yolks)

Method
Sift the flour with a pinch of salt and place in the bowl of an electric mixer (if you prefer you can make the dough by hand on a marble slab, or in a food processor). Beat eggs and yolks together well and, with the beater attachment on the slowest speed, pour the eggs into the flour. Let the machine knead until the mass forms a homogeneous dough; if it doesn't, add a tablespoon of

cold water. Once the dough is formed, knead it on a marble or similar worktop, pushing away from you with the heel of the palm. When this is done, cut the dough into four, place in plastic bags and leave to rest in the fridge for half an hour.

Roll out one of the dough balls into a section 8cm-10cm wide and less than 1cm thick. Introduce this into the machine on its widest setting and roll through. Reducing the



setting one notch at a time, continue to roll the pasta to the thinnest setting.

At this point fold the pasta over on itself once and roll through on the second thinnest setting one more time. Trim the ends of this sheet and keep folding it in half until it forms a stack, the width of which is slightly narrower than the mouth of the machine. Start again at the widest setting and introduce dough in

the contrary direction so that it is stretched at right angles to before. Continue notch by notch — the end result can be at the thinnest or second thinnest setting, according to taste, with a silky texture. Cut into 1cm-wide strands and hang up to dry while you prepare the remainder.

Ingredients
For the artichokes
4 baby artichokes
Juice of 1 lemon
1 glass dry white wine
Pinch of salt
50g butter
8 leaves fresh mint, finely shredded
2 tbs freshly grated Parmesan

Method
Cut off the upper leaves of the artichokes. Trim around the bases with a small and very sharp knife, dipping the artichokes in the lemon juice and trimming them with a rounded action until no green is left on the base.

Split the artichokes in half and, with a teaspoon, remove any hairy choke that might be beginning to form. Slice these half artichokes finely and macerate in lemon juice.

Place the artichokes in a small pan. Cover with the wine, pinch of salt and a small knob from the butter and stew for 10 minutes until the artichokes are tender and the wine almost evaporated. Add the mint and set aside.

Bring a large pan of well-salted water to a good boil. Add the pasta and stir gently. Bring back to the boil; as soon as the pasta rises to the surface, lift it out into a large, preheated bowl. Add the artichokes and their syrupy liquor, a little of the pasta water and the remaining butter, turning this mixture so that it is well mixed. Check the seasoning.

Divide on to four plates, sprinkle with some Parmesan and enjoy the fruits of your labours.

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Last Word

Life&Arts

Are you ready for udon bolognese?

Tyler Brûlé

The Fast Lane



From time to time this column’s inbox takes the form of a part-time consultancy for all those readers who might be disillusioned with their regular advisers and are searching for ideas about where to deploy their funds for investment or where to send staff for inspirational jaunts. A typical letter might go something like this:

“Dear Tyler,

Apologies for starting with your first name but I don’t know how to put those funny accents on your last name. I’m running a small family office in Hong Kong and we’re keen on property investments in Australia. Have you seen any neighbourhoods or buildings that you think are interesting? We’re also looking for businesses that might need additional capital to go international. All thoughts welcome.”

I get a couple of these every week and sometimes I offer up my thoughts on potential zones of opportunity around the world. As the past two weeks have seen considerable ground covered (Brussels, Frankfurt, Singapore, Melbourne, Canberra, Sydney, Tokyo, San Francisco, Toronto and Montreal — all in 13 days) and I just arrived back at base, here’s a rundown of businesses you might want to call on and a few ideas on glaring gaps in the market.

Melbourne: for a city that just keeps on getting better (sample the fare at Supernormal on Flinders Lane if you get a chance), Victoria’s state capital is in desperate need of a good hotel. With none of the big chains putting on a particularly good show, the

opportunity is there for a small property to deliver 20-30 rooms in a residential setting complete with rambling garden and an easy-breezy restaurant/bar staffed by one of the city’s better chefs.

Canberra: while the sparkling new airport gets high marks for first (and lasting) impressions, the capital’s central business district leaves a lot to be desired. With seemingly every other shopfront available for lease, a lack of proper landscaping and no shortage of well-paid civil servants and diplomats, a smart developer should seize on a stretch of streetfront and kick off an urban renewal initiative.

When was the last time you tucked into a dish and found you haven’t been able to stop thinking about it?

Sydney: when was the last time you tucked into a dish and found the whole experience so delicious and mouthwatering that you haven’t been able to stop thinking about the next time you might be able to return to sample it again? Eight days after I sampled the udon bolognese at Cho Cho San in Sydney’s Potts Point I’ve been trying to find an excuse to book a trip back there.

Tokyo: if someone has the patience and stamina to deal with the bureaucracy of Japan’s various border agencies, they should attempt to sell them the technology to cut down on

the paper bill that comes will all the redundant forms that need to be filled out on entry. The country may have just reported its highest visitor numbers for the month of February but there’s still much that could be done to make it easier for visitors entering the country. They could also do with turning down the heat in arrival halls to save energy.

San Francisco: where do I start? I hadn’t touched down there for a while but, after a day spent visiting all the big tech outfits and being shown all their massive canteens bursting with mountains of kale and various essential grains, I had to question why all these companies don’t put a little more emphasis on designing better bathrooms. Given that every tech entrepreneur is keen to show visitors how he’s trying to reinvent the workspace with yet more collaborative dens for “ideating” (a word that must be banned), it’s odd that bathroom facilities are still an after-thought with zero-privacy toilets, ugly lighting, poorly designed sinks and hand-drying systems that could do with a bit more engineering.

Toronto: do city planners here only approve one style of building? With so much money and cranes swinging in every direction across the skyline, there’s a lack of differentiation in terms of housing on offer and certainly an opportunity for someone to raise the bar when it comes to architecture.

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More columns at ft.com/brule



SNAPSHOT

George Harrison (1964) by Max Scheler

This shot of George Harrison on the set of the 1964 film *A Hard Day’s Night* is part of an exhibition highlighting the use of windows as a framing device or conceptual tool, spanning the work of early to contemporary photographers.

In another photograph, John F Kennedy appears on television giving a speech; beyond him, we look out through an open hotel window on to the long avenues of New York City.

Elsewhere in the show, JFK’s wife, Jacqueline, is pictured arriving on a 1967 state visit to Cambodia sitting in the back of a car, the media scrum outside reflected on to the windows.

The Kennedys join Harrison as the identifiable faces in the works collected for the show but we also see the faces of strangers, as well as glamorous interiors, communal courtyards, vanishing reflections, the geometric patterns in architectural exteriors — all, of course, framed by a window.

Theo Leanse

“The Window — Das Fenster” is at Johanna Breede Photokunst Gallery, Berlin, until June 13; photography-now.com. For a slideshow, visit ft.com/snapshot

Inspiration is losing out to perspiration

Harry Eyres

The Slow Lane



If anyone pictured the writer of this column as a retiring type, who when not reciting poetry might be scanning the reed beds for warblers or bitterns, let them reconsider. I come from rugby-playing stock: my grandfather Captain Wally Eyres RN led the navy both at rugby and boxing and played for England and the Barbarians. He once quelled a riot in the White City Stadium, which he managed after the war, simply by walking out into the arena.

I don’t know what my grandfather, who showed his gentler side to me by imparting his love and knowledge of birds, would have made of the current state of rugby union but I suspect he would have been scathing. The code he played remained amateur until 1995, when rugby union was declared an “open” game and professionalism was sanctioned by its governing body. Whether professionalism has ruined rugby union remains a moot point but the game, at least as showcased by this year’s Six Nations Championship, seems to have lost most of the excitement it once possessed as a spectacle and descended into a pit of muscle-bound turgidity.

I’ve been following the Six Nations (formerly Five Nations) since my early teens and I cannot remember a less memorable campaign. Perhaps a lot of rugby — the scrums and forward battles — was always prosaic but I struggle to recall such a dearth of poetry.

The team I always supported was not England but Wales (there’s loyalty for you — my other grandfather was Welsh). They were the team of poets, of quicksilver halfbacks and lightning

wings, with mavericks such as the fullback JPR Williams with his long sideburns, or the number eight forward Mervyn Davies, as unstoppable as a bull elephant in must.

Wales, with France, was one of the lands where rugby union was not the preserve of the privately educated classes. Welsh players were miners and miners’ sons from the valleys, the flower of Bridgend and Neath. French players were from southern towns such as Béziers and Narbonne and many were the sons of immigrants, not the products of *grandes écoles* or posh Paris

Perhaps a lot of rugby has always been prosaic but I struggle to recall such a dearth of poetry

schools. Perhaps for those reasons Wales and France, far more than the other sides (Ireland is a partial exception), produced the unforgettable moments of flair and brilliance.

Darting tries by Gareth Edwards, the outrageous brilliance of Phil Bennett or Barry John, the arrogant daring of Serge Blanco and Philippe Sella, the D’Artagnan-like marauding of the great Jean-Pierre Rives; lucky were those in the golden era of the 1970s who witnessed those deeds. Sleight of hand and the art of sidestepping made anything possible. Tactical kicking was the last, not the first resort. Jonny Wilkinson had not been conceived.

One change since those days is the increase in musculature. Wings and

centres, such as the Welshmen George North and Jamie Roberts or the Frenchman Mathieu Bastareaud, are huge hulks, not sinuous thoroughbred runners like their predecessors Gareth Davies or JJ Williams. They are used more as battering rams than as instruments of guile or subtle penetration. The result is a boring succession of frontal charges, met by cast-iron defence. The result is a dreary stalemate and a drought of tries.

Fitness, as in all contemporary sport, is fetishised, and facilitated by armies of nutritionists and other sports professionals armed with flip charts. One recalls Horace’s saying that “force without wisdom falls through its own weight”.

Last weekend boredom morphed into incompetence as France and Italy produced one of the direst, most error-strewn displays I have seen. England v Scotland was not much better, as the English spurned try-scoring opportunity after opportunity.

This year’s championship is going to the wire and will most likely be decided this weekend by the mathematical niceties of points difference. I still hope Wales will win; they have produced two moments of transcendent skill, a little “cat flap” pass by flanker Dan Lydiate that led to a try and a classic dummy that brought another five points.

Whether any of that would have impressed my grandfather is another matter; I suspect he might have linked the lack of excitement on the pitch to a virtuousness verging on blandness off it.

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More columns at ft.com/eyres

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10. **The Fast Lane** Tyler Brûlé wakes up to some top-flight treatment (March 14)

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Drink up or pay up

Former ‘Midsomer Murders’
scriptwriter *David Hoskins*
suggests one way to save
a great British institution:
tax the non-pubgoers



Jean-Paul Sartre said hell was other people, but then he also said that if you feel lonely when you're alone, you're in bad company. Well we can't all be Sartres. The rest of us go a bit stir crazy from time to time and need to get out and about and be around other human beings. In the countryside the local village pub is often your only option. If it's not there, you're in trouble. And if things continue the way they're going, a lot more people in rural Britain will be going quietly nuts in splendid rural isolation in the future.

Nobody seems to be doing anything about it. It's as if the general belief is that the village pub has had its day; markets decide; it's a bit of creative capitalist destruction and just one of those things.

But of course it wasn't just one of those things when another great institution was under threat in 2008. If

Above: a cricket match in front of The Barley Mow in Tilford, Surrey
John Miller/Getty Images
Below: a pub in Chew Stoke, Somerset – part of a 1992 photo series about English village life
Martin Parr/Magnum Photos



the market had been left to decide whether our banking system was fit for purpose, the whole lot of them would have gone down the plughole double-quick. But it was decided then that, for the sake of the country, our banks had to be saved.

Well, maybe now, for the sake of our countryside, our pubs have to be saved.

In 2008 there was a lot of blue-sky thinking around. Governments decided to forget about the free market economy for a bit and get taxpayers to bail out the banks to the tune of hundreds of billions of pounds. As the crisis deepened and our economy struggled, the Bank of England reduced interest rates to almost zero, which was essentially a tax on savers and a big encouragement to borrowers. That seemed very blue-sky indeed to a lot of us who had always imagined, before the crisis, that saving

was supposed to be encouraged rather than punished as it provided funds for banks to invest in new businesses. But the financial experts this time decided that a consumer-led recovery was the thing to go for, and that meant doing everything they could to encourage everyone to spend. Whether they could afford it or not, it was all for the general good of the country.

Perhaps it's time we took a leaf out of the economists' book to solve the village pub crisis; save the pubs not just by encouraging locals to use them, but by actively discouraging them from staying at home: a tax on non-pubgoers. Why not? It's just like the concept of taxing savers till they start spending. Why not tax non-pubgoers until they get down the pub and have a couple. It would be good for them to get out and about anyway, and they would benefit along with other locals, not just in keeping their village pub but also in the way a thriving local increases the attractiveness of an area and adds a premium to local house prices. Win-win, as they say.

And if some locals persist in not using their village pub, then the tax raised could be used to give beer tokens to the local unemployed and hard-up pensioners – to be redeemed, of course, at their local. They could all do with some cheering up. It would be much more fun than the butter tokens they used to hand out in the 1970s.

Of course, some will think the idea outrageous, but then that's often the case with new ideas, especially ones based on economic theory. The idea of negative interest rates seemed ridiculous to most of us when we first heard it. But now even sensible countries such as Switzerland and Denmark are using them, and they seem positively normal. The more familiar a crazy idea becomes, the more normal it seems. And if it works, hey, why not?

There would be a supplement for “local hostelry support” on our council tax bills. And then we'd need some techno wiz kids to come up with an app

Save the pubs not just by encouraging locals to use them, but by discouraging them from staying at home

that would sort out the rebates for pub users automatically. Or perhaps hard-copy tokens redeemable against the council tax supplement for the less techno-capable among us. It wouldn't be that hard to sort out, surely. And the prize would be our local village pubs thriving once more.

If there's one thing sadder than a boarded-up village pub, it is a pub in its last throws of decline; when you pop in for a bite at lunchtime and the only other people there are a surprised barmaid texting on her mobile and a chef dozing in the kitchen. They smile and do their best, but you know that your custom is not going to be enough and that their wages, as you chat to them, are just ticking away.

It's time we did something to save the ones that are left. It's time to get tough on non-pubgoers.

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‘High’ tea simply refers to the price



David Tang

Agony uncle

Three correspondents have accused me of lying about the story of my aircraft seat 1A being taken by someone who had a boarding pass for 41A, because she had covered the figure “4” with her thumb and was shown to the wrong seat. One made the remark: “*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*” (which loosely translates as “Even if it’s not true, it’s well invented”). But I protest. My report was absolutely true. It feels like I’m being accused by Brick in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* when he says: “We’re through with lies and liars in this house. Lock the door.” The truth is that if I lie at all, I don’t do so in the FT which frowns upon mendacity. So, take it from me that the incident occurred exactly the way I told it.

Other correspondents have expressed surprise that I travel on budget airlines. But of course I do. I travelled everywhere on cheap tickets when I was young and got perfectly used to steerage and cattle class. I even risked flying with extremely dodgy airlines. On a local Chinese carrier in the late 1970s, I was flying on a turboprop when I suddenly noticed smoke billowing into the cabin. I raised the alarm with a very relaxed-looking

stewardess. She assured me that nothing was on fire and that the “smoke” was the clouds coming through a half-broken window. Please do not write in to accuse me of being a liar again. I swear that this was a true incident in 1979 when I flew to Hangzhou en route to climbing the wondrous Yellow Mountains.

“High tea” is a children’s meal served at about six o’clock and in my experience might consist of boily egg and soldiers or pilchards on toast. Afternoon tea is a different thing altogether: sandwiches, cakes, etc, served at about four o’clock. I knew some smart Alec would point out that I had misused the term “high tea” when I meant “afternoon tea”. I concede this is true, although modern usage has given a new popular meaning to “high tea” which, incidentally, is not necessarily taken by children. On the contrary, the origin of the “high tea”, taken at about 6pm, is the repast enjoyed by the working classes when they come home from a hard day’s work, as well as boarders at boarding schools, which I discovered when I was at one. It was certainly not a meal I

looked forward to. Usually it consisted of sandwiches made with Marmite or cheese or both, sometimes jazzed up by disgusting pickles. I always went hungry and eventually, as head of house, I introduced Chinese takeaways after prep at 8pm. All of us who ordered would pay a premium towards the boy who cycled to the shop to pick up the food, effectively earning himself a free meal. Even the house tutor became a regular and, like everybody else, chipped in with a tip for the delivery boy.

The popular usage of “high tea” as a substitute for “afternoon tea” has come from hotels keen to talk up their fares. By offering sandwiches, scones and cakes, they are able to charge like the Light Brigade. The word “high” might as well apply to certain afternoon teas because of their prices. At The Ritz in London, reservations for “tea” tables (£50 to £77 per person) are booked months in advance, and when I pass all those who have managed to get in, sitting round their genteel tables with eats daintily placed on a tiered tripod, I never cease to feel they are looking at me with contempt because I am supposed to be envious of their status.

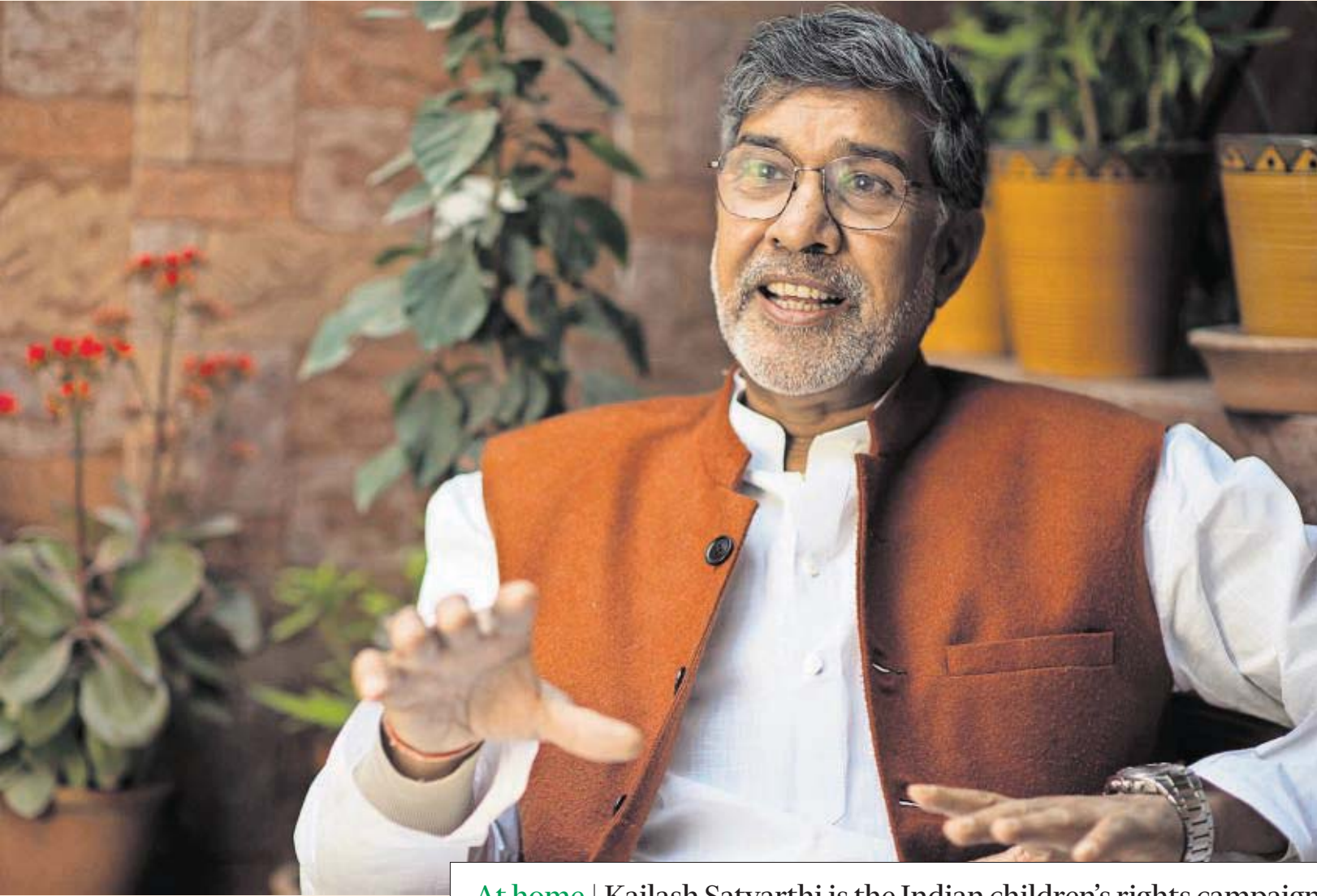
At school it usually consisted of sandwiches made with Marmite or cheese or both

You are absolutely right about the quality of the food offered today on trains and most airlines. That is the reason why many people now carry their own snacks on the go. Mr Twit, for instance, has been doing this for a while. According to Roald Dahl, he always keeps some cornflakes and little lumps of sardine and cheese inside his beard. How clever!

Sorry, but Mr Twit was a horrible person who did not “keep” some cornflakes and lumps of sardines and cheese in his dirty beard. These were leftovers slovenly stuck to his beard. So I do not think that any one of us who wishes to be prudent against bad food being served on public transport would do so by trying to imitate Mr Twit.

If I have time, I always try to take on board with me a couple of decent sandwiches, preferably made with Mother’s Pride white bread, which is artificially chewy and absolutely delicious. The secret is to cut each slice into four small squares so that they can be taken discreetly in single mouthfuls.

To post comments and questions, please visit ft.com/life-arts/david-tang



Photograph: Simon de Trey-White

At home | Kailash Satyarthi is the Indian children’s rights campaigner and joint winner of last year’s Nobel Peace Prize. He talks about the difficulties and rewards of life as a social activist. By Amy Kazmin

Kailash Satyarthi the Indian Nobel laureate who has spent a lifetime battling child labour, arrives for our early afternoon meeting. “You reached here before me,” he says apologetically, stepping into the small, austere living room of his government-built flat in Alaknanda, a middle-class neighbourhood in Delhi.

The 61-year-old founder of Bachpan Bachao Andolan, or Save Childhood Movement, has been in overdrive since October last year, when he and Pakistani schoolgirl Malala Yousafzai were jointly awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in recognition of their “struggle against the suppression of children and young people”.

Satyarthi is making the most of his new global profile. He has recently met US president Barack Obama, the Prince of Wales, UN secretary-general Ban Ki-moon and other global leaders, urging them to push for the elimination of child slavery to be included in the UN’s new sustainable development goals, now being negotiated. Doors are also opening at home in India, where Satyarthi has spoken to powerful New Delhi political and business elites, students and small town industrialists. These are crucial audiences in a country where, according to Unicef, about 28m children under the age of 14 are working, around two-thirds in agriculture, especially as New Delhi considers whether to push ahead with a law to ban all employment of such young children.

Satyarthi sinks into one of two black vinyl sofas in the modest sitting area. It is utilitarian, with a few paintings on the white walls. It also has little natural light, so we move outside to bask in the winter sun on a small outdoor terrace lined with potted plants. A bamboo fence offers privacy from a home just a few feet away, across a narrow lane. Settling into the cane chairs, Satyarthi warns, “my wife will come any time and she will definitely insist that you have lunch with us”.

Sumedha Kailash has been an active part of her husband’s crusade but their unlikely union faced stiff resistance. “It was a very revolutionary marriage,” recalls the activist, who was born Kailash Sharma, and adopted the surname Satyarthi, or “seeker of truth”, later.

He was the youngest son of a police constable and illiterate housewife

The struggle to save childhood

Above: Kailash Satyarthi at his home in Delhi

Below: a wooden board painted by a child Satyarthi rescued from bonded labour in 2000

in the small town of Vidisha in India’s Hindi heartland. His future wife was the scion of a prosperous Delhi publishing family.

Satyarthi was an engineering student when he started contributing to one of the magazines published by Sumedha’s family; she was his editor. He met her while visiting Delhi in 1976. Both families objected when they announced their intention to marry. His elder brothers were already receiving proposals from families eager to marry their daughters to an engineer-to-be. Her family didn’t consider a small-town boy from a humble family as an appropriate match, despite his being a Brahmin – on the highest rung of Hinduism’s hierarchical caste ladder. “It was not caste – they were very particular about the status,” he says.

In October 1978, Satyarthi received a desperate call from his sweetheart. Her father had abruptly delivered an ultimatum: the couple could marry in five days’ time – on a Sunday – or forget about each other. Five days later, they married in a simple temple ceremony in Delhi, returning to Vidisha that same night.

It was already clear that Satyarthi would not pursue an engineering career. He had been disturbed by the plight of poor children since his school days, when boys his own age stood on the school-house steps waiting to polish the shoes of arriving students. Aged 11, he displayed an early impulse for social activism, organising a campaign to collect

used textbooks for students whose families couldn’t afford them.

Not all his initiatives worked, however. At 15, he tried to hold a taboo-busting dinner to honour Mahatma Gandhi’s birth centenary, with sweeper women – considered to be “untouchable” – cooking for high-caste local dignitaries. Yet the guests failed to show, and Brahmin community elders declared Satyarthi an “outcaste”, forcing his own family to bar him from their kitchen or risk being boycotted themselves. “I was given a separate room that opened on the street, and I was not allowed to enter into my kitchen,” he recalls. “I did not care, but it was so difficult for my mother, who used to eat with me every day. She could not do it because she was frightened of the neighbourhood.”

After getting married, Satyarthi lectured in engineering for 18 months to earn some money. In 1980 he, his wife and baby son moved to Delhi, where their home was a small storeroom that they sublet from a civil servant. Outside, “they built a kind of shed – half of it was kitchen and half of it was bathroom,” he says.

Satyarthi began writing about social issues for national newspapers, then started a small magazine dedicated to the cause of children, women, and India’s most marginalised people. But when an impoverished brick-kiln worker travelled from Punjab to Delhi seeking help to save his daughter from being sold into prostitution, Satyarthi leapt from journalism to fully fledged activ-



Potted plants outside the family’s two-bedroom flat



Main bedroom



Buddha sculpture



Sunken sitting room – the family’s favourite place

ism. He became known for his dramatic, and often dangerous, rescues of children working in industries such as carpet-making, which put the issue of child labour on the political agenda. In 1986, India passed its first law against child labour, banning children under the age of 14 from hazardous industries such as mining and chemicals.

Back in their “storeroom house”, there were frequent tensions. “Many poor people used to come to meet me

Satyarthi’s most treasured object is a stone Buddha head found decades ago on the site of his childhood home in Madhya Pradesh, 10km from Sanchi, one of India’s most important archaeological sites.

“This came out of the ground when my father was making the wall of the home where I spent all my childhood,” says Satyarthi, who believes the head dates from the third-century BC.

“It was lying in my home for many years, and when I moved here to Delhi I brought it with me. Most of the Buddhist artefacts in my home town are about 2,000 years old.”



Favourite thing

and my wife, and my wife was cooking food for those whose children were kidnapped or held in bondage,” says Satyarthi. “My landlady didn’t like it.” After a few years, the family moved to the slum area of Govindpuri, in South Delhi, where they had greater autonomy. Then in 1996, the couple, who had since had a daughter, bought their current home, a 90 sq metre, ground-floor flat built by the Delhi Development Authority, a state agency charged with building affordable housing.

The family home is functional, with two small bedrooms and basic furniture, such as a metal dining table with six chairs. There are lots of family photos and a fine Madhubani painting – the traditional art form of India’s impoverished Bihar state. The sunken sitting area is cosy, with low banquettes, a colourfully covered mattress on the floor, lots of soft pillows with embroidered cushion covers, and a large flatscreen television. Built as an add-on to the original unit, Satyarthi says the inviting nook is now the family’s favourite space.

The couple’s two children are both adults now and live elsewhere, but the house remains an open, busy place, with a constant flow of guests, including work colleagues, visiting activists and others seeking Satyarthi’s help. “In my 35 years of married life, I cannot recall two consecutive evenings when we ate alone. There are always guests. We live like that,” he says. Using the ancient Persian word for a travellers’ inn, he adds, “my house is like a big *serai*”.

Amy Kazmin is the FT’s south Asia correspondent

US property Jobs growth and a rising population are driving a rethink of Washington DC’s planning laws. By *Caroline Thorpe*

Regulars on the train from New York City to Washington DC may know the feeling: exiting Union Station upon arrival in the US capital is a moment when calm appears restored. Gone is the commotion of Manhattan and the need to crane your neck for a glimpse of sky between skyscrapers; instead there is the relative tranquillity of the National Mall and the comfortingly low-rise buildings lining DC’s boulevards.

Yet a review into the capital’s planning laws is poised to blur the contrast between the two east-coast cities, if only a touch. City planners have been grappling with the updating of Washington’s planning laws – passed in 1958 – since 2007, and officials are now polishing final proposals ahead of public consultation and approval. Suggested reforms include allowing more residential units in mixed-use developments, relaxing building height rules in limited cases, and promoting walking over car use.

Inevitably, the review has fuelled tensions between reformers keen on mixed-use, higher density developments and those protective of the city’s heritage, including its streets of 160-year-old “row [terraced] houses”.

“Opponents fear that if you start changing the rules in a few places . . . the city government won’t be able to resist the pressure from developers,” says Roger Lewis, professor emeritus at the University of Maryland School of Architecture.

Arguably, though, change is needed to help accommodate DC’s growing population, which totalled 658,893 inhabitants in 2014, according to official estimates – a 9.5 per cent increase on 2010. This compares with a 3.3 per cent increase in the national population over the same period.

Such popularity is explained partly by strong private-sector growth, which, according to US Congress data, created 63,700 new jobs in the city between February 2010 and December 2014. There was an 8.8 per cent uplift in net job gains in the capital last year, compared with 1.4 per cent nationally.



Sunrise over the US Capitol Building and the National Mall in Washington DC — Danita Delmont/Getty Images

Capitol investment



New arrivals, say local realtors, include job-seeking millennials and “empty-nesters” – parents relocating from the suburbs now that their children have left home. Property prices increased 8 per cent in 2013, according to S&P/Case-Shiller, although growth in the market fell to 1.5 per cent in 2014. “Government employment is a major driver of the local economy and the

housing market was impacted initially by the government shutdown in October 2013,” says Paul Tostevin, associate director at Savills.

He adds that prices are still 17.9 per cent below their high point in 2006. “The DC market saw a bigger peak, and subsequent trough, than cities like New York, but was more stable than Miami, for example.”

This benefits international investors, says Mark Lowham, managing partner of TTR Sotheby’s International Realty. “If you compare Washington to other global capitals, [homes represent] good value,” he says. “You can buy a beautiful new flat for \$600 to \$800 per sq ft.” In comparison, Savills research shows that residential capital values per sq ft in 2014 were \$1,300 in Hong Kong, \$1,100 in London and \$1,000 in New York.

Lowham, who estimates 10 to 15 per cent of his buyers are international, says DC might see two sales at \$10m to \$15m annually. “One of the things that’s capturing the attention of the global market

is the price because . . . [DC] is relatively inexpensive compared to other international cities.”

He adds that buyers pay a premium for homes of distinguished provenance, such as those once “owned by a former US president’s family member or a supreme court justice”.

TTR is asking \$9.5m for a nine-bedroom detached house in the sought-



Nine-bedroom house in Georgetown, \$9.5m

i / BUYING GUIDE

Washington DC police recorded 38,142 crimes in the year to March 2015, a 5.9 per cent increase on the previous 12 months

There are about 9,856 people per sq mile in the US capital, compared with about 27,012 in New York City

From 2018, a new metro line extension will offer direct train services from the city centre to Washington Dulles airport

What you can buy for . . .

\$500,000 A second-hand, two-bedroom condominium in central Washington

\$1m A three-bedroom house requiring modernisation on Capitol Hill

\$5m A six-bedroom, detached home in a popular residential neighbourhood

after Georgetown neighbourhood. Lowham says this “significant historical residence” was built in 1797 with bricks imported from England, and former owners include the late Senator Claiborne Pell, known for the college grant programme bearing his name.

In nearby Kalorama, a prestigious neighbourhood northwest of Downtown where foreign ambassadors live on mansion-lined avenues, the prices are similarly high. Yet opportunities exist for buyers with budgets at the lower end of the seven-figure spectrum.

Washington Fine Properties (WFP) is selling a two-bedroom, two-bathroom apartment in The Dresden, a landmark Beaux Arts-style building close to the metro. Priced at \$1.1m, WFP founder William Moody says the property is an opportunity to buy into the area relatively cheaply. “It’s a building where people wait for apartments to come on [the market]; it has great cachet.”

In Wesley Heights, a high-end neighbourhood northwest of central Washington, Marc Fleisher, of Long & Foster Real Estate, is marketing a family home with a very different sell: it has no history. Priced at \$4.29m, the seven-bedroom, detached house is a rare, upmarket new-build. “Anywhere you’re building in [DC] you’re looking at infill [development]. Because the price of land is so high, not a lot of developers will buy homes and tear them down; but in this case [the old home] was torn down and this is the only new home in the area,” says Fleisher.

Perhaps when DC’s planners finish their review, it will prove less of a rarity.

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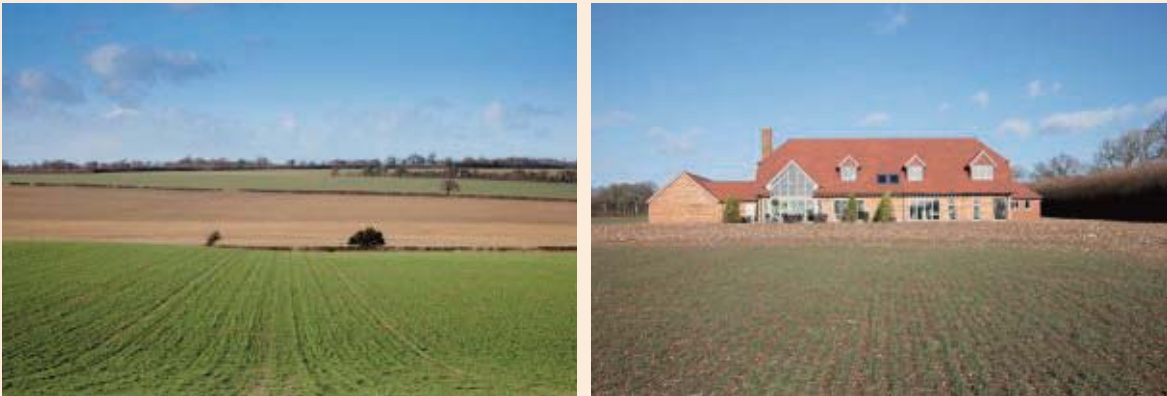
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Manchester powers on

UK property The city is driving northern England’s recovery, with some of the country’s highest price rises. *By Graham Norwood*

Manchester’s rich history since the Victorian era ranges from rapid industrialisation to the creation of global football and music brands. Yet it is a new, still emerging, role that may be key to redefining the city and its housing market in the future. Manchester is now at the geographical and political centre of a drive to create a “northern powerhouse” – alongside Liverpool, Leeds and Sheffield – that would act as a north of England counterbalance to London’s economic and cultural domination of the south of the country.

The powerhouse idea, promoted this year in “Unleashing Metro Growth”, a report by former Goldman Sachs economist Jim O’Neill, has been seized upon by Manchester’s civic leaders. They have struck a deal with the UK government to emulate London by gaining more local control of transport, skills

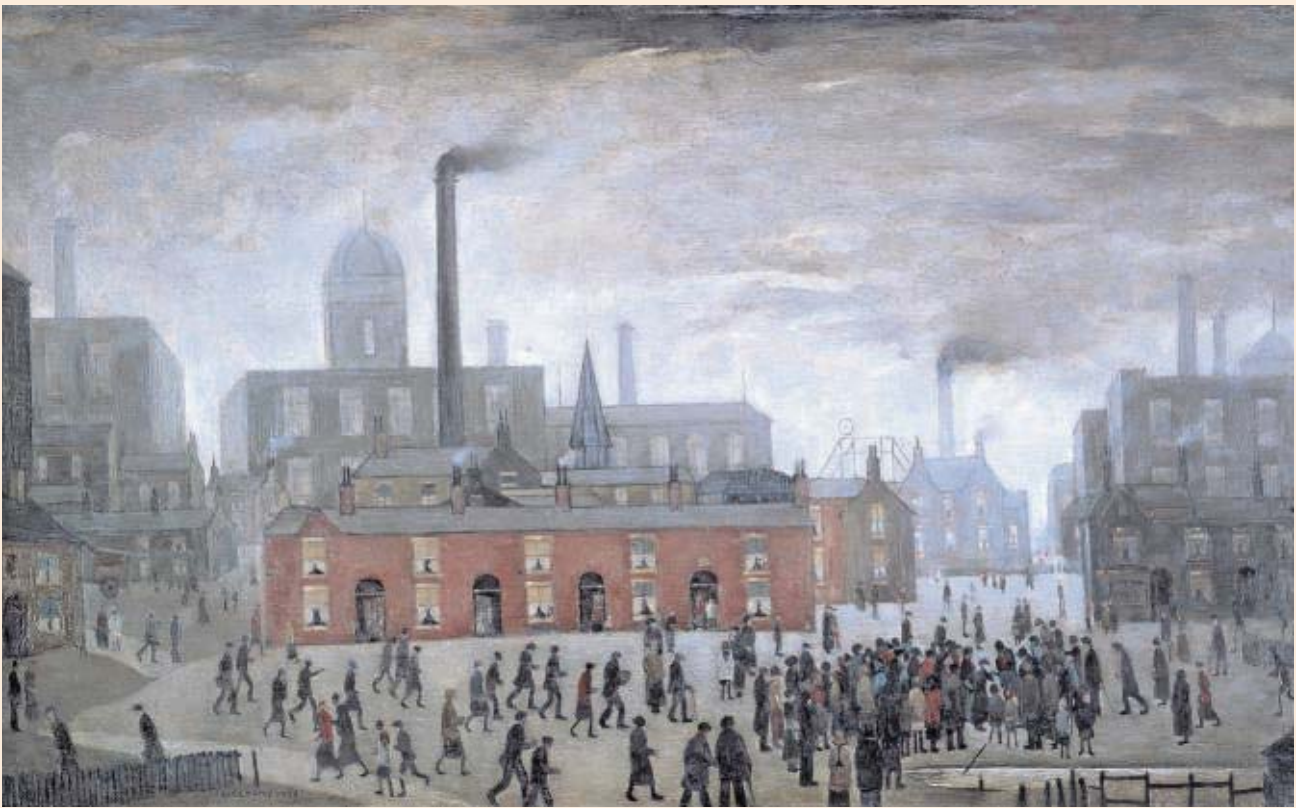
and policing, and electing a powerful mayor, despite the fact the city voted against such a post as recently as 2012.

“Manchester has recovered from the recession more quickly than other cities in the north and the economic outlook is more positive than that in Liverpool and Leeds in the short to medium term,” says Grainne Gilmore, head of research for estate agency Knight Frank.

As evidence of this newfound confidence, Manchester planners have just approved Axis, a 28-storey city-centre tower containing 173 high-end apartments – some of which are likely to fetch £425 per sq ft, one of the highest prices in the city. Elsewhere in Manchester about 2,733 homes are in the process of being built, according to analysis by Knight Frank and building consultancy Glenigan, while planning consent has been secured for a further 3,937 homes.

Meanwhile, in the Greater Manchester metropolitan area – comprising 2.7m residents in 10 boroughs – average house values have risen 3.92 per cent over the past year, according to property website Zoopla. Across Greater London, average prices has risen 6.27 per cent in the same period.

In the past three years MediaCityUK, a 200-acre site at Salford Quays on the Manchester Ship Canal, has become



‘An Accident’ (1926) by LS Lowry, depicting Pendlebury in Manchester
Manchester Art Gallery/Bridgeman Images

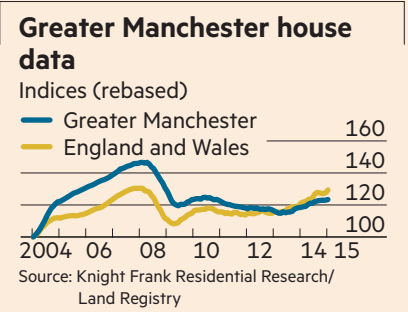
home to parts of the BBC and ITV broadcasting empires, as well as the University of Salford’s media department. The area has a Metrolink station – one of 92 on Manchester’s seven-line tram network – which is being expanded as part of the Northern Hub scheme.

“MediaCity has been a significant trigger for the housing market with more than 2,000 professionals [relocating] from London. Several London law firms have opened regional offices in Manchester, too, bringing up more high-end buyers,” says Jeremy Hinds of Savills.

He says these purchasers have mostly sought homes in southern suburbs such as Hale, Altrincham and Wilmslow – locations that are also popular with footballers from Manchester’s two Premier League clubs, United and City. These suburbs are also within a short drive of Manchester airport, Britain’s third busiest airport (it handles 20m passengers a year). “These areas of south Manchester are the nearest we have to London-style suburbs and [they] have many of the most expensive homes in northern England,” says Hinds.

In Bowdon, near Hale, 10 miles south of central Manchester, a 9,380 sq ft Arts and Crafts-style house with 1.9 acres of land is on sale for £3.6m through Jackson-Stops. Close by, the same agency is selling a seven-bedroom house with 1.5 acres of grounds for £3.75m.

Such properties, although typical in their leafy suburbs, are the exception to the rule across Greater Manchester. “A



few inner-city areas have seen regeneration projects such as the Green Quarter [north of the city centre] but . . . overall values are still low,” says Hinds.

While the average detached house in affluent Wilmslow, 12 miles south of the centre, costs £607,000, according to Zoopla, a similar house close to central Manchester would be £266,000. “And

there are a few parts of the city where four-bedroom houses can be bought for not much more than £100,000,” says Hinds.

Regenerated areas such as Salford Quays and Spinningfields show what the rest of Manchester may become in the future. In Salford, a three-bedroom waterside apartment near MediaCity-UK is on sale for £599,000 through Jones Lang LaSalle (JLL), while at Spinningfields the same agency is selling a two-bedroom apartment for £349,950.

In the city centre, meanwhile, the new Axis tower is set to be a landmark in more ways than one, according to Steve Hogg of JLL’s Manchester office. “It’s the first high-end resi scheme in the centre since 1 Deansgate [completed in 2002] and Beetham Tower [2006] so there’s plenty of pent-up demand. There’s scope for more of them, too,” he says.

Hogg believes that such developments, plus the political and media interest in a potential northern powerhouse – possibly with a high-speed rail link connecting nearby cities – has put Manchester on the map internationally.

“We’re seeing Singapore, Hong Kong and Dubai investor interest, especially as capital appreciation predictions for Manchester for the next five years outstrip those for prime London,” he says, adding that JLL predicts prices in Manchester could rise 25 per cent by 2019.

“It’s taken a long time for this to happen,” says Hogg, “but there’s a real spring in the step of the residential market in Manchester now.”



Seven-bedroom house in Bowdon, near Hale, £3.75m



Canal in the city’s Castlefield area and Beetham Tower

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▲ A woman weaving alpaca pillows for The Citizenry in Patacancha, Peru

Fard that sustainable pieces no longer imply a hair-shirt look. “This is a market that is mainly driven by aesthetics, but the point of the exhibition is that you don’t need to sacrifice it for sustainability. There are lots of options out there that incorporate both,” he says.

The demand for sustainability in luxury goes beyond furnishings. Will Bax is director at property group Grosvenor London. He says sustainability is becoming more important to customers of its homes in Mayfair and Belgravia. “It’s definitely moved up the agenda over the last two or three years,” he says.

According to Bax, Grosvenor London is investing £50m over the next 10 years in sustainability and its portfolio includes a number of highly energy-efficient passive homes. “These homes let really well and for a premium,” says Bax. “There’s a sense that customers are doing something different, but it’s also about wellbeing. Luxury consumers are demanding in terms of wellbeing and . . . passive homes have filtered air so the air quality is



◀ Decorum Est tiles made from fish skin, price on request, decorumest.co.uk



▲ Jam stool, £150, jamfurniture.com



▼ Incense burner, £3,360, therubytrecollection.com

better, and they are also quieter and draft-free. And there’s no compromise on quality of the interior.”

Interior design group Oliver Burns also works on residential projects and is committed to sustainability. Co-founder Joe Burns agrees maintaining quality is vital. “We use sustainable resources when we can but we make sure they still deliver an original and luxurious feel,” he says. The company uses materials including bamboo-silk carpets, made from eco-friendly bamboo that resembles silk but is more sustainable; capiz shell, a renewable resource that resembles mother of



▲ Magma rug, €830, martinazua.com



▲ Kvadrat’s Revive textiles, £104 per metre, kvadrat.dk/collection



▲ Alpaca pillows, \$85-\$125, the-citizenry.com



▲ Zua lamp, \$175, the-citizenry.com

pearl; and salmon-skin leather, from which it makes cushions. “Salmon skin is a byproduct of fisheries and is usually thrown away but it makes a distinctive leather,” says Burns. “It’s a sustainable resource but it’s also unique and luxurious.”

Furniture designers are also exploring more environmentally-friendly materials. Craftsman Sebastian Cox works with hardwoods such as coppiced hazel to create the Hewn stool and the Crown candelabra.

Spanish designer Martín Azúa has produced objects using sustainable materials and ethical production, including his Magma rug, made from esparto grass by craftswomen in Murcia.

London-based Studiomama was founded in 2000 and co-founder Nina Tolstrup says the group has always worked to a sustainable agenda. One collection, “Re-Imagined”, saw the group upcycle discarded office chairs by painting them in bright colours and reupholstering them in vivid fabrics.

“Today, people are much more committed to sustainability. And at least in this market, where buyers are not price-focused, narrative, storytelling, artisan-ship and authorship are all very important. People want stories, they want authenticity, it’s not just about a big price tag any more,” says Tolstrup.

In a sense, luxury has always been about sustainability. Most brands started as small family businesses, operated by artisans and craftspeople who earned a global reputation. Their products, designed to last a lifetime, were sustainable by their very nature. The difference today is that this is no longer a secondary element of luxury — it’s rapidly becoming one of the sector’s most marketable attractions.



Computer generated image of a terrace at XY Air

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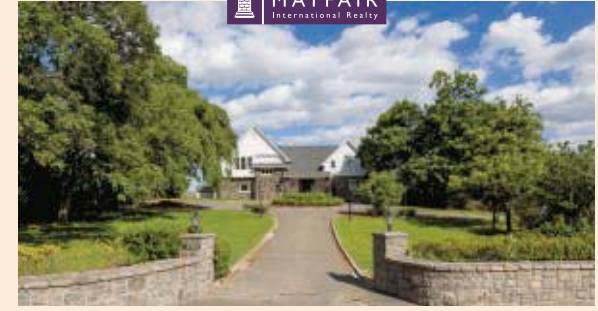
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What A villa with six bedrooms (four of which are en suite), two fully-fitted kitchens and a separate staff cottage.

Why The property has an octagonal tower, circled by a balcony, with panoramic views of the Atlantic coast. The beach is within a two-minute walk. The town of Sintra, a Unesco world heritage site, is a 10-minute drive away. Sintra is renowned for its 19th-century Romantic architecture and the former holiday residences of Portuguese royalty.

Who Fine & Country Cascais/Lisbon, fineandcountry.com, tel: + 351 214 643 636



▲ The Old Tower, Whempstead Road, Benington, Hertfordshire, UK, £1.35m

Where In Benington, a small village on the outskirts of Stevenage, 30 miles north of London. Luton and Stansted airports are both about a 35-minute drive away.

What A four-storey converted Victorian water tower. Its four bedrooms are accessed from a

central spiral staircase, while the drawing room is fitted with a Swedish log stove. The tower's original coal store, converted with chute, has been converted into a modern storage area.

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A lough near Clonbur, County Galway — Johan van der Wielen/Buiten-beeld/Minden Pictures/Corbis

“I try to avoid labels to the greatest extent possible,” he replies. “I find them divisive.”
A pause.
“Craftsperson is certainly fine by me. In a sense, they are artistic objects . . . but I don’t worry about the label thing. You hear some talking about ‘only craft’, and that’s unfortunate.”
Yet we live in a world of branding and demographic targeting. If the avoidance of labels is Hogan’s principle, what kind of consumers constitute his market?
“The functional things are made to



Harvested willow — Joe Hogan

Artisans | In the west of Ireland, *Jonathan Foyle* meets a craftsman working in an ancient art form: basketmaking

The bend in the willows



Joe Hogan’s bog pouch and horned pouch, £2,700 each
Joe Hogan

The world’s a total basket case. Its cultures have forever woven containers from twigs, reeds or whatever fibres have come to hand — from the diamond patterns of Zulu tribes in South Africa to the Inuit baskets of snow-blown Alaska. And the Moses baskets we buy from department stores to nestle newborns in give barely a hint (beyond the name) of the antiquity of such vessels, found in archaeological sites up to 10,000 years old. In mid-November, a 4,000-year-old basket was lifted from the sands of Baleshare beach, North Uist, off the west coast of Scotland.
Not a million miles south — it must be 380 as the gull flies — Irishman Joe Hogan continues his quest to make baskets into which people put, if not babies,



Basketmaker Joe Hogan
Peter Rowen for Design Island

then bread, flowers, fragments of their lives, or nothing at all. His, I discover, is a spiritual journey. “I knew it would be you, Jonathan,” he says. “We don’t get many telephone calls out here.”
I like the humour. But he isn’t joking. Clonbur in County Galway sits in a broad landscape of felted mountains between two long lakes. The willow grows in this part of Galway because Hogan plants it. The forms he sculpts from the harvested strands often transcend rural practicality and — like Andy Goldsworthy, the celebrated artist of natural materials — he plays with form and space, texture and memory. The results are subtly man-made, as the bare twisted willow betrays its nature.
“Would you say your basketmaking makes you an artist or an artisan, Joe? Or both?”

order, usually by people who have had them before. I’ve made over a thousand of the potato baskets. They’re straightforward and practical, less labour-intensive, so they might sell from €55 to maybe €300.”
The baskets are woven with the local techniques Hogan learnt in his twenties. But it wasn’t the baskets that brought him here; rather it was the mountain and valley location that encouraged him to make baskets.
“I met my future wife at art college, and we visited this part of Galway on our bikes. We decided we wanted to live in this environment. But if it were possible to exist here, you’d have to turn isolation into an advantage. One option was basketmaking, as the valley floor is very fertile. There’s a saying: ground that grows grass grows rods. It doesn’t have to be boggy for straight rods, as it does for whole trees.”
But what about learning the techniques for these baskets?
“I spent a year travelling and looking and learning from the masters. It was very clear that traditions were very local. One type of basket is a creel — I visited a maker called Tommy Joyce and watched and learned from the way he made it. But 30 miles away was a completely different kind of creel.”
The variety in the forms he observed

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must have added up to a sense of “Irishness”, though?
“No, I don’t see it that way. It’s local in terms of materials, but . . . they have a broader appeal.”

Again, we encounter the soft boundaries between craft and art in items that appeal to an international clientele. In galleries such as the Scottish Gallery in Edinburgh, Hogan sells his more conceptual baskets, incorporating silvered bog wood of indeterminate age, scarred and perhaps lichen-covered, woven into baskets of sculptural forms.

There is an elementary power in the hollow form — voids express the potential for containment — and creating objects with an interior and exterior relationships with the natural world. Hogan walks over the valley floor where the willows grow and up on to the mountains. His camera records the textures under the changing Atlantic skies. He picks up twigs gnarled and twisted in their growth and decay. Here are some of the oldest rocks in the world, their



Traditional tools — Peter Rowen for Design Island

crystalline surfaces each a microscopic landscape in greens, grey and purple. And any combination or discovery can spur the start of a symbiosis between man and nature.

Once a basket starts, there is little room for manoeuvre, as the tight weave cannot be remoulded unless it is completely dismantled. As Hogan puts it: “I’m open to chance. But the only thing about chance is that something small can’t suddenly belarge.”

His reputation spread when he published a book, *Basketmaking in Ireland* (2001). It was a record of tradition, but also a source of inspiration for designers far and wide.

In 2011 he received a request from Joanne Hynes, a fashion designer, for an “outlandish hat”. What he delivered was at first too much like, well, a basket



The basketmaker adds base sticks to a skib, a traditional Irish potato basket — Peter Rowen for Design Island



Hogan at work weaving the sides of a tall vessel basket
Peter Rowen for Design Island

serving as a hat. But, reconceived, the series resembled variations on the Milky Way, spiralling around the models’ heads so dynamically that “it exceeded my expectations”.

A new generation has taken up this rooted, but clearly evolving, tradition, which is now served by the internet to enable international buyers to own a piece of Irish basketmaking. Hogan’s son Ciaran, formerly an architectural technician, has set up his own business.

Hogan’s ambitions for his own career may sound modest, but he has found them profoundly rewarding. “I suppose the thing is to get to know one place really well, to develop empathy with other people. The older you get the more you recognise that these are some of the key things in life. And there’s always a new way of seeing things.”

Design classic
Smeg FAB28 refrigerator

In some ways the Smeg FAB28 is a phoney — despite its 1950s “retro” look, it was designed in the 1990s and first sold in 1997. But coated in glossy enamel, with curves rather than corners, and coming in a dozen bright colours (from gold and pastel-green to the Union Jack and Italy’s il Tricolore), the Smeg FAB28 is surely fabulous.

Less fabulous, maybe, is the price. At John Lewis, the 113 different variations of the retro refrigerator range from just below £1,000 to almost £1,800. But the aesthetic value of the appliance is as important as its function (it operates just like any other fridge); its main purpose is to be an object of desire. In the company’s own words, its refrigerators are “status symbols to be proud of” — Smeg has granted its customers the opportunity to feel smug.

Smeg (an acronym for Smalterie Metallurgiche Emiliane Guastalla) is an Italian company founded in 1948 by Vittorio Bertazzoni, originally as an enamelling plant. The Bertazzoni family were distinguished blacksmiths during the 19th century.

In the late 1950s, Smeg began to manufacture kitchen appliances, producing one of the first gas cookers with an automatic switch and a cooking timer. For the next 30 years, they made a range of relatively mundane-looking dishwashers and washing machines before conceiving their most famous design.

The Smeg FAB28 fridge, designed by Vittorio Bertazzoni himself, is part of a resurgence of interest in mid-20th-century electrical appliances. Roberts Radio reissued a line of “Revival” radios, which combined a similar 1950s retro design with the latest digital audio broadcasting technology inbuilt, thus ensuring that the listening experience, unlike the aesthetic, was not 50

years behind. In light of Smeg’s success, other companies such as Bosch Classics and Hotpoint Retros have also manufactured vintage electrical appliances for modern-day use. The 1950s retro design of the FAB28 fridge has also permeated other electrical appliances from Smeg: washing machines, toasters and even electrical fires are available in this style.

Smeg Group has factories based in northern Italy from where they ship to 16 subsidiaries worldwide: from the US to Kazakhstan, but above all to the UK (the brand’s second biggest market after Italy), where consumers are particularly keen to pay above the average for a 1950s-style fridge.

Given that refrigerators were rare in British kitchens in the 1950s — even by 1962, only 33 per cent of households in the UK owned one — the craze for the Smeg FAB28 is a craze for a style that barely existed.

Maud Goodhart



Photographed in the Plimsoll Building show apartment: Teresa Eberle, Central Saint Martins’ alumna and Ben Griffiths, principal double bass from the Aurora Orchestra. Neighbours at King’s Cross.

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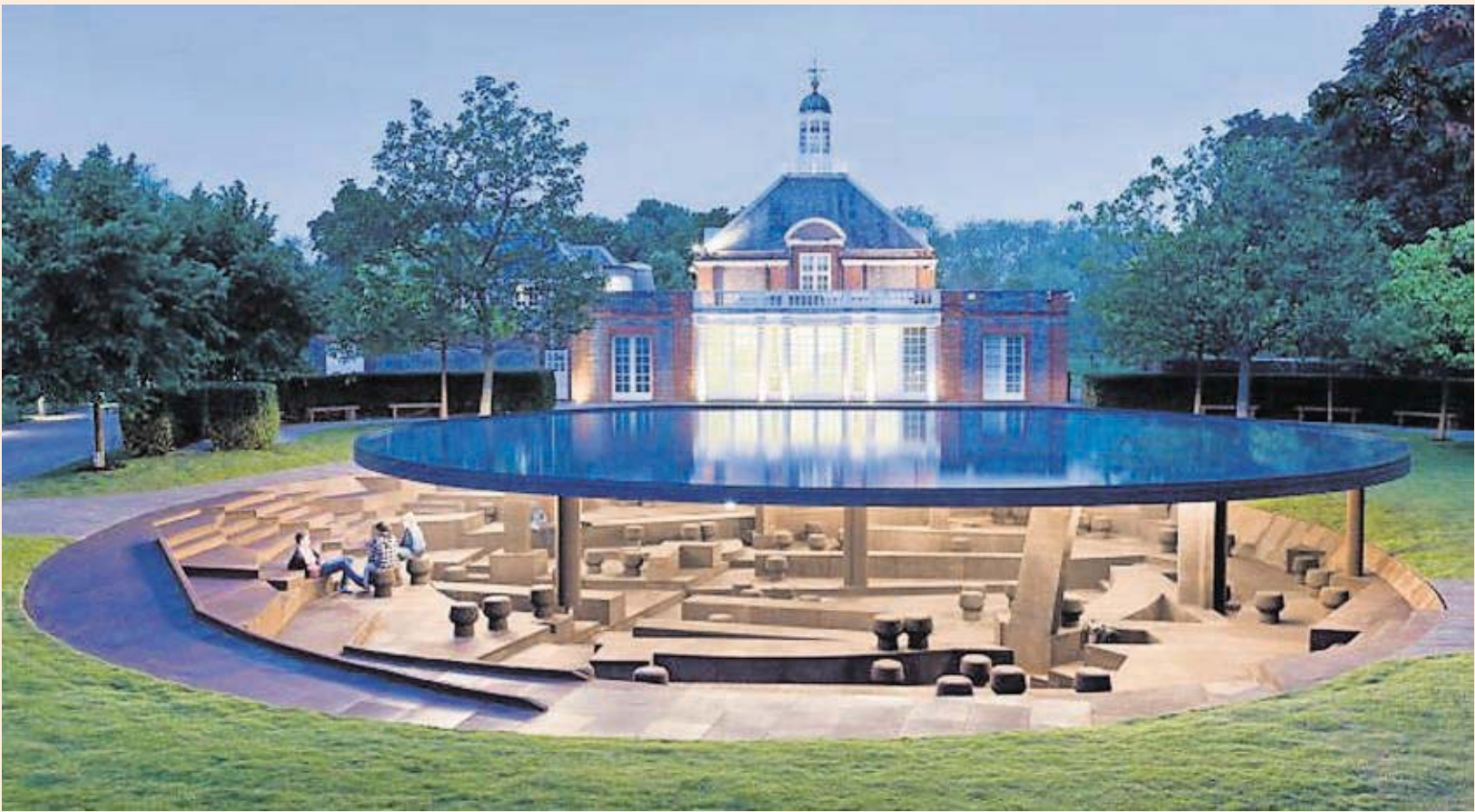
Architecture London's annual Serpentine Pavilion has inspired a number of international equivalents. By *Ed Brooks*

This year marks the 15th anniversary of London's Serpentine Pavilion, an annual commission that has spearheaded a global trend for small-scale architecture. This movement is grassroots-orientated; upcoming designers build experimental structures to be enjoyed in public spaces without charge. In turn, a passion for architecture is nurtured and a legacy created that should last longer than the structures themselves.

London's Serpentine Pavilion, the forerunner of this movement, is one of the top 10 most-visited design exhibitions in the world: each year 300,000 people visit the installation during its three-month lifespan. The pavilion is sold at the end of the season, usually to a private collector, with the sale making up about 40 per cent of its total cost.

A programme is created "that introduces contemporary architects to a wider audience," says Rose Dempsey, the Serpentine's head of communications. Celebrated for its innovation, the commission has a global focus, with only designers who are yet to complete a building in England eligible for invitation. Spanish architects SelgasCano will build this summer's pavilion, which is co-funded by Goldman Sachs.

The Serpentine Pavilion has acted as a blueprint for other projects around the world, sparking commissions and competitions from Asia to North America. In New York, the fifth City of Dreams Pavilion Design Competition will take place this summer on Governors Island,



Summer springboard

The 2012 pavilion at the Serpentine Gallery by Herzog & de Meuron and Ai Weiwei — Iwan Baan

A CGI of Lekker Architects' 'Soft Machine' pavilion in Singapore

a former military base 800 yards south of Lower Manhattan. Set up as an inclusive, community-driven project, a jury selects a winning design from entrants ranging from young students to established design firms. The pavilion is then built on the island, where it serves as an arts hub and lecture space for the entire summer. Central to the project is an awareness of the limitation of resources, both natural and economic, with an emphasis placed on sustainability.

David Koren, executive producer of Figment, an arts organisation behind the competition, notes that "there are very few community-based art activities that are free in New York". City of Dreams is important in other ways, too. Hundreds of volunteers help to build the pavilion, many of whom gain valuable, first-time, hands-on experience.

Figment relies on donations to fund the pavilions, resisting corporate sponsorship in order to maintain the project's community focus.

This year the jury selected two winning designs. "Organic Growth" by Izaskun Chinchilla Architects takes

discarded objects such as broken umbrellas, damaged bicycle wheels and old stools, and assembles them to create a flower-like structure.

The second winning proposal is Bang Studio's "Billion Oyster Pavilion", which interweaves steel bars, nylon ropes and hose clamps to create a shell-like structure. At the end of the summer season, the pavilion will be donated to a high school on Governors Island.

On the shoreline of Lake Michigan, 800 miles west of Governors Island, a new competition has been set up to design four new kiosks — fit "for a commercial vendor (retail or food)" — to add to 40 pre-existing ones. Part of the Chicago Architecture Biennial, the Lakefront Kiosk Competition seeks to demonstrate how small-scale architecture can transform its environment. The Biennial's sponsor, BP, will provide a prize of \$10,000 to the winner, on top of a \$75,000 budget to create the kiosk. Three of the kiosks will be collaborations with schools of architecture, with an architect working alongside students to deliver the structure.

In February, the inaugural OUE Artling Archipavilion design competition was judged in Singapore. Organised by The Artling, an online art gallery, and the Singapore Institute of Architects, entrants were tasked with designing a pop-up structure in which to display contemporary Asian art. The

competition has a strong focus on upcoming local talent — so long as that talent comes from Singapore. Only applications from architectural firms based in the country and founded since 2004 are allowed to enter.

Talenia Phua Gajardo, The Artling's founder, acknowledges that there is a need to give younger practices more opportunities. She hopes that "competitions such as these serve as a springboard" to help nurture Singapore's next generation of architects. On top of providing useful architectural experience, the pavilion "is a great way to test ideas that designers may not usually be able to pursue with more permanent structures," she adds.

The winning design, "Soft Machine" by Lekker Architects, is scheduled to be constructed in three weeks in September — during the Singapore Grand Prix — and must cost no more than \$350,000, with the money being sourced from sponsors, philanthropists and the Singapore Tourism Board.

At the core of the Archipavilion brief was the requirement for sustainable construction. Lekker's pavilion is an adjustable polycarbonate and steel structure that is able to adapt to different usages. Their brochure shows how "Soft Machine" can become a compact urban building or an overhead pedestrian bridge. Such versatility, they say, will bring "art to spaces and visitors who may not normally seek it out".

Gajardo hopes to establish the competition as an annual event in the global art calendar, "where visitors can look forward to a new structure and fresh art programme every year". Her inspiration for Archipavilion? The Serpentine Pavilion, of course.



A CGI of Bang Studio's 'Billion Oyster Pavilion' in New York



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Like money, gardening never sleeps. It is not only that weeds are always with us. So are new plants, new plans and the constant challenge of time and weather. The spring awakening is beginning, one which I have never anticipated with more keenness.

There will be new plants, of course, but there are also more ways of planting and arranging them. It is wholly untrue that flower-gardening is stuck in a rut and that nothing has happened except dry summers in the past 40 years. Options have multiplied.

To keep up to speed, I have been off at the eighth International Perennial Plant Conference, held in Grünberg, the ultimate “small town in Germany”, only one change of train from Frankfurt.

The Internationale Stauden-Union is not well enough known to keen British gardeners. It backs these summit meetings and this year’s guiding spirit was Anja Maubach herself. She is not only the Anja behind the excellent pink-white Aster universum Anja’s Choice. She is the direct descendant of the great German plant-breeder, Georg Arends, immortalised in the fine blue Aconitum arendsii and much else. Anja has perpetuated his legacy in her famous nursery in the Wuppertal and still wears the right kind of gardening knee-breeches. When she presides over a conference, 120 of us turn out to enjoy what she has decided to present.

How many of you know what tremendous herbaceous planting has been carried out in Prague’s Botanical Garden beside St Clara’s hillside vineyard since 1992? An inspiring lecture by Petr Hanzelka, one of its masterminds, has convinced me that Prague is a prime summer stopover.

My Czech is not exactly reliable but I am sure he told us that he had 140,000 summer phloxes on the site. The slides looked only too likely to back up the claim. Kilometres of day lilies march onwards to the horizon, the emblems of former Iron Curtain botanical gardening. There is also a peony-and-magnolia meadow, nowhere to be seen in Britain, and a stunning array of unfamiliar asters. Meanwhile, much of Kew’s herbaceous planting has been asleep.

In Germany, nearer Frankfurt, there are lessons by the dozen in the fine gardens at Hermannshof, open daily to visitors without charge. Their home town is Weinheim, set in a mild plant- and vine-friendly zone. The director, Cassian Schmidt, has carried forward the legacy



North American border perennials at Hermannshof botanical garden south of Frankfurt — sichtungsgarten-hermannshof.de



Irises at Prague botanical garden — Prague Botanical Garden



Hermannshof c1920

the new styles’ special needs. Like every other style of gardening, they need close attention in their early years. Weeds will always be weeds. Before you go into “applied ecology”, remember that the establishment of a dense community is laborious and that the density of planting is too expensive for most private gardeners. The planters in this free style begin with as many as 24 young plants per sq metre, ready-grown in 9cm pots. The rest of us are planting only up to five or seven. To build a similar density we have to begin with a nursery-bed in which fewer parent plants are lined out and then split into more. It has to be a long, planned haul.

My current thinking is that a “meadow” planting does not have to be unusually large. I will try the style in a patch where the garden starts to run into informality, the point where fruit trees and long grass would otherwise take over. I do not want polygonums and ever more rudbeckias. I like the idea of tall inulas rising out of a lower layer of asters-to-be and purple-flowered salvias. The difference from a formal border is that this style’s model is a selected meadow “community”. It is made up of layers, not single — plant drifts. To see what it can be, I recommend Cassian Schmidt’s paperback *Schau-und Sichtungsgarten Hermannshof* (2013), with photos that cross the language barrier.

Nearly 70 years ago, Hansen started using perennials in this open, “natural” style. Their range has increased with yet more imaginative study and the subject is still far from closed. The shame will be if the “new wave” becomes the copycats’ “new bore”. Take a look, as I have, and then try to pioneer choices of plant and “community” which are in the spirit, but not the exact steps, of the masters.

Perennial possibilities

German and Czech ‘natural’ plantings show how flower-gardening can blossom



Robin Lane Fox
On gardens

Euro-plantings? They are certainly not herbaceous borders, arranged in formal beds and planted to look their best when viewed down their full length. They allow far more plants to intermesh as a “matrix”, or basic ground plan, combining different heights in a single square metre. They are based on perennials’ habits in the wild, where they build up their own layers and allow later flowers to come through the earlier canopy.

One development of this “natural” style has been the perennial planting on the site of the London 2012 Olympics, masterminded by a team that included James Hitchmough. In the further half of the Oxford Botanic Garden, Hitchmough has now advised on a similar “plant community”. It is one to visit





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